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THE NEW YORKER

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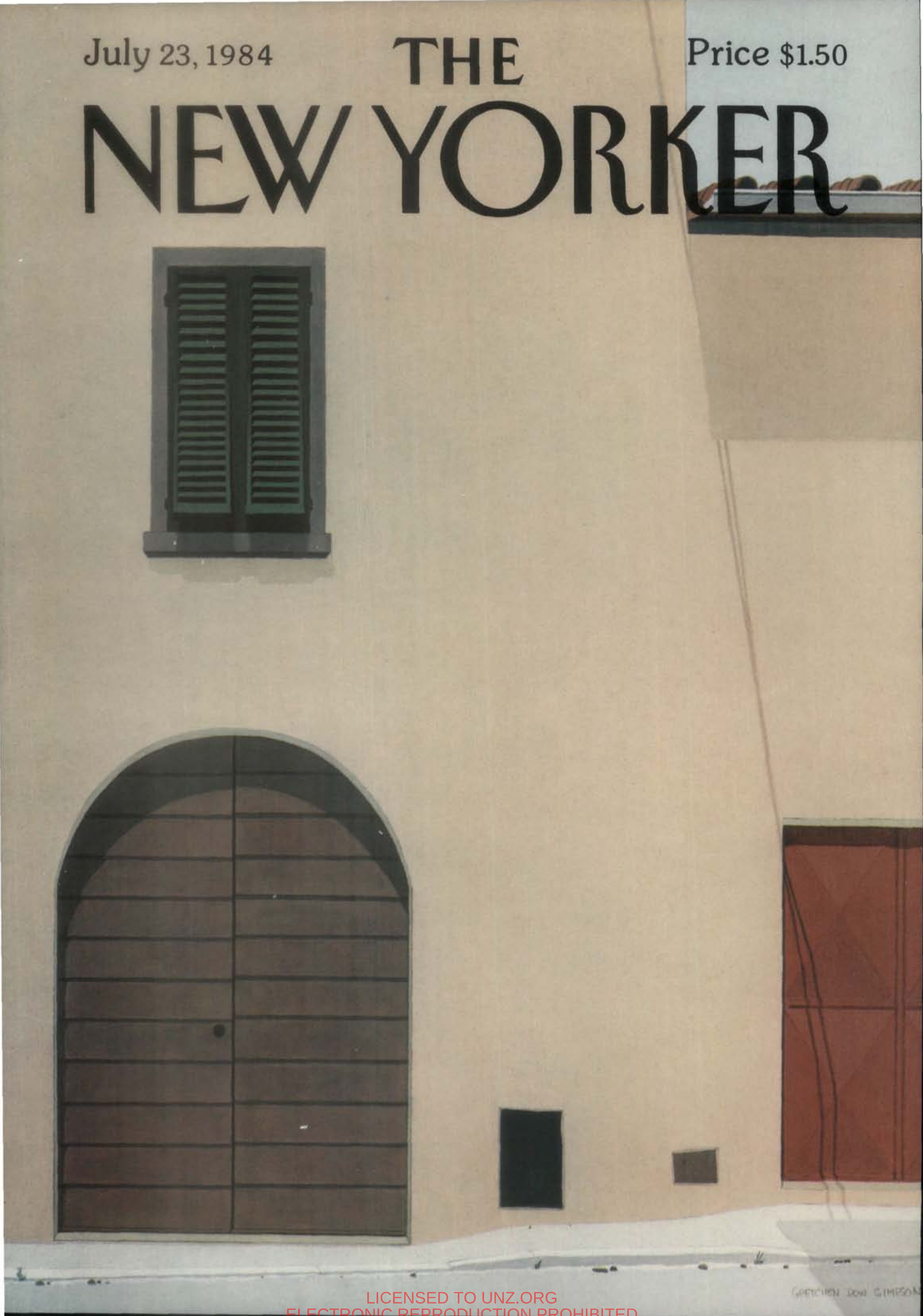
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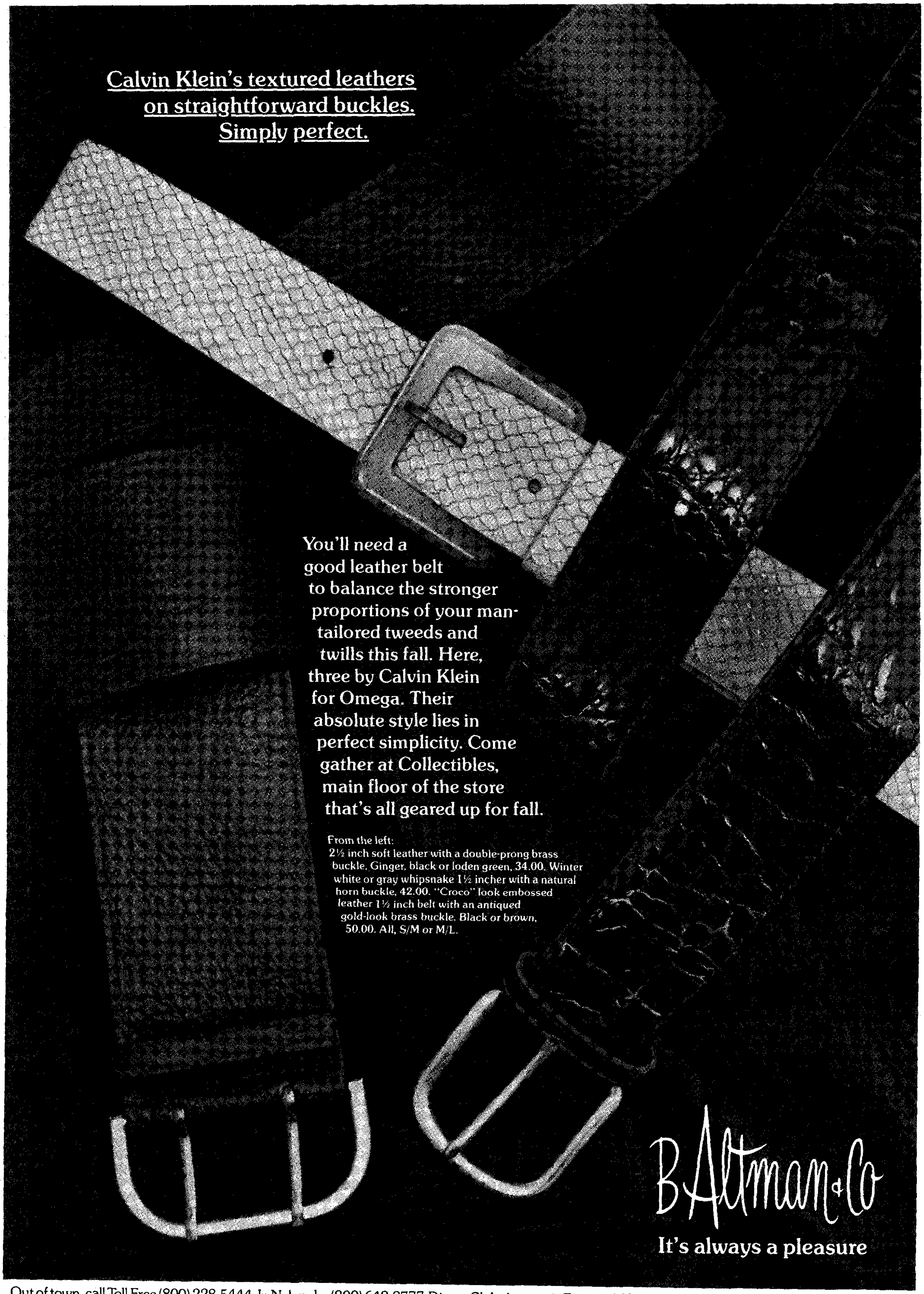

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

A . . . My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/11/84.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Blue Window—A comedy by Craig Lucas. (Production Company Theatre, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—A revival of a play by William Inge, with Shirley Knight, Philip Bosco, and Mia Dillon. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Danny and the Deep Blue Sea—John Turturro is the rough truck driver and June Stein the tough young woman who meet in a bar in the Bronx and proceed from there in John Patrick Shanley's melodrama. The strong direction was by Barnet Kellman. (6/18/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Design for Living—A highly successful revival of Noël Coward's comedy of bad manners and low morals, once played in by Coward and the Lunts and now starring Jill Clayburgh, Raul Julia, and Frank Langella. The excellent direction is by George C. Scott. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A well-written, eloquently scatological melodrama about some unscrupulous real-estate salesmen in Chicago. David Mamet is the author and what he knows about Chicago must make Chicagoans nervous. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Greek National Theatre—In a one-week engagement of Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex," in modern Greek, with Nikos Kourkoulos. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 787-6868. Wednesday through Saturday, July 18-21, at 8. Matinées Wednesday, July 18, and Saturday and Sunday, July 21-22, at 3.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Christopher Walken, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. (7/2/84) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Isn't It Romantic—A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. With Barbara Barrie, Lisa Banes, Scottie Bloch, Tom Robbins, Cristine Rose, Alan Rosenberg, and Steven Gilborn. (12/26/83) (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Lehár's **the merry widow.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Nest of the Wood Grouse—Eli Wallach plays a fraudulent Soviet bureaucrat in Victor Rozov's domestic comedy, which aims at satire but settles for entertainment. Mary Beth Hurt, Rosemary De Angelis, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Anne Jackson are among the supporting actors. The play is a long-running hit in Russia. (6/25/84) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 22.)

Nite Club Confidential—An amiable salute—tongue in, tongue out of cheek—to night clubs in the fifties, with new songs written for the occasion by Dennis Deal and Albert Evans, and old ones by, among others, Harold Arlen, Frank Loesser, and Johnny Mercer. The music sounds fine, and the company is able and agreeable; Tom Spiroff is, for a few brief, shining moments, a knockout as Elvis Presley. (Ballroom Theatre, 253 W. 28th St. 594-0326. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 11; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30.)

Noises Off—The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many a long year, written by a Martian named Michael Frayn. (12/19/83) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Night-

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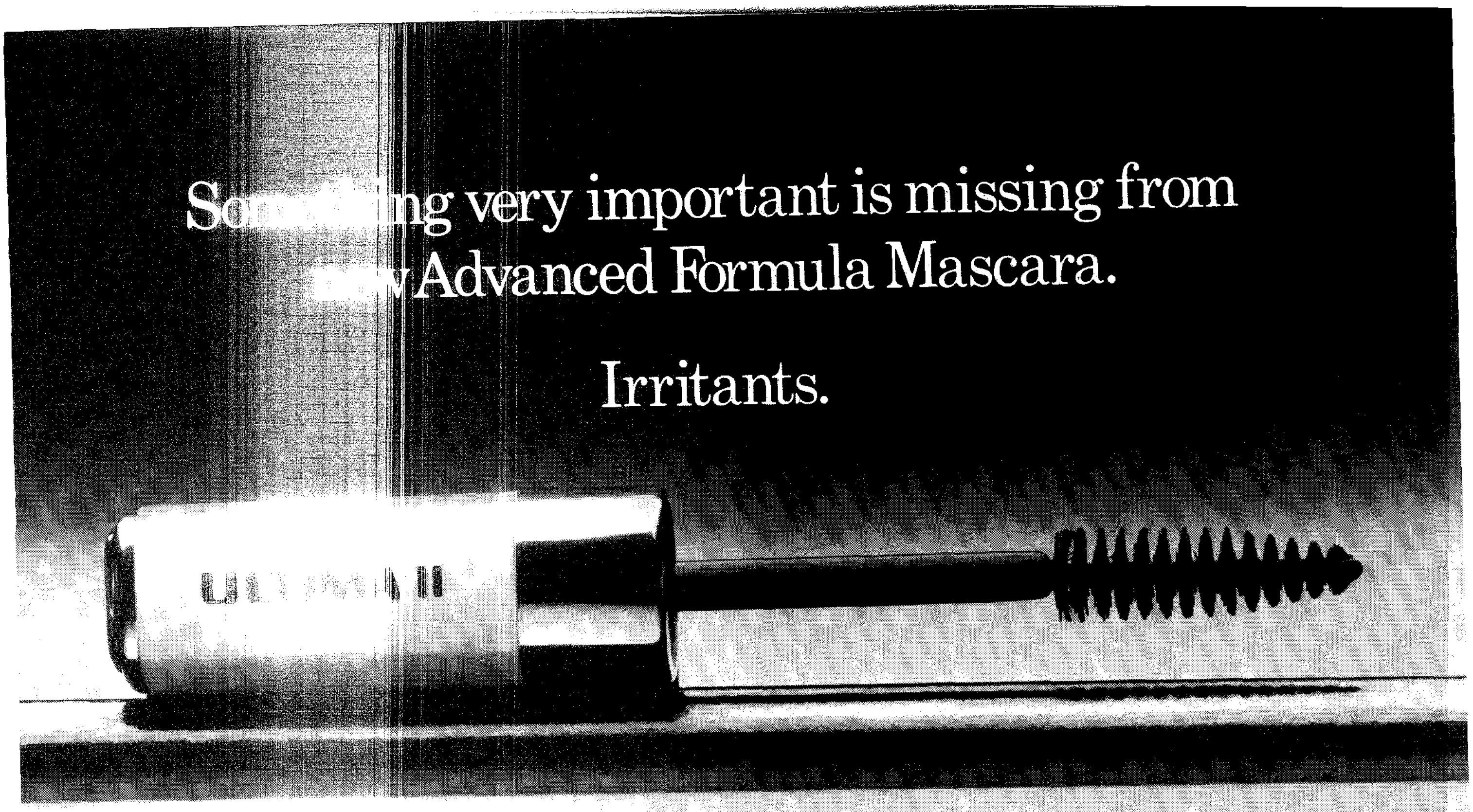
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

On Approval—An acceptable, summer-stock kind of revival of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy of British high life in the nineteen-twenties. The four American actors of the company do pretty well under the brisk, capable direction of Daniel Gerroll. (5/21/84) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Real Thing—A very funny and yet unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. The cast is headed by John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt. (1/16/84) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rink—A lavishly produced musical that unwisely devotes itself not to its agreeable songs (by John Kander and Fred Ebb) but to the bickering of an estranged mother and daughter—Chita Rivera and Stockard Channing—and the imminent destruction of an old roller-skating rink. Peter Larkin designed the superb scenery. (2/20/84) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Robert Frost: Fire and Ice—A one-man play, written by Arthur Peterson and June August, in which Mr. Peterson portrays the poet. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

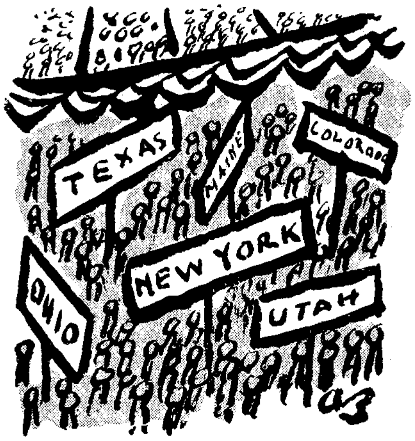
Split Second—This play, by Dennis McIntyre, tells the story of the killing of a racially abusive white thief by a black policeman, and the consequences of the murder among the policeman's colleagues and family and within his own conscience. With John Danelle in the leading role, Michele Shay, and Norman Matlock, among other good actors. (6/18/84) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine have invented a highly entertaining musical about Georges Seurat and his celebrated painting of the island of La Grande Jatte. Mandy Patinkin is Seurat to the life and Bernadette Peters is lovable as Seurat's model and mistress. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Tap Dance Kid—An attractive cast does much to brighten what is otherwise a curiously gloomy musical about a black family making good. (1/2/84) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Waltz of the Stork Boogie—A revised version of a comedy-with-music by Melvin Van Peebles, starring Harold Nicholas and the Brewery Puppets. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 29.)

Zorba—Reopens Monday, July 23. Anthony Quinn's performance makes this otherwise dour musical about life in a Cretan village worth paying attention to. Also in the cast are Lila Kedrova and Jeff McCarthy. Music by John Kander, lyrics by Fred Ebb, and book by Joseph Stein. (10/24/83) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)



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Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tender-hearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are George Hearn and Jamie Ross. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,080 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Aidan Quinn and Moira Harris have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hoofer who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **my one and only:** A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twiggy and Tommy Tune head the superb cast. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, at 2.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Hadary at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **true west:** Sam Shepard's lively comedy about two rival brothers in California, with Erik Estrada and Peder Melhuse. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

John Curry Skating Company—A seventeen-member company, with guest artist Dorothy Hamill, which will perform works created by, among others, Twyla Tharp, Laura Dean, Peter Martins, and Mr. Curry. Program I: Tuesday, July 24, at 7:30; Wednesday, July 25, and Friday, July 27, at 8; and Sunday, July 29, at 3. . . . ¶ Program II: Thursday, July 26, at 8; Saturday, July 28, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 29, at 8. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "Gotta Getaway!," starring Liliane Montevecchi, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre—Final performances—Wednesday evening, July 18: "Fontessa and Friends," "Treading," "Night Shade," and "Concerto in F." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 19: "Night Creature," "Treading," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 20: "Concerto in F," "Fever Swamp," "Pigs & Fishes," and "Precipice." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 21: "Landscape," "Love Songs," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 21: "Concerto in F," "Cry," "The Stack-Up," and "Revelations." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinée at 2.)

Twyla Tharp Dance—Presenting "Nine Sinatra Songs" and "Fait Accompli." (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway, 586-6510. Wednesday through Friday, July 18-20, at 8; Saturday, July 21, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, July 22, at 3 and 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Debonair, straight-arrow baritone **ronny whyte** has taken over the piano, singing songs by Coward, Porter, and Joel. Music in the Oak Room Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine to one, and in the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, bassist **mickey bass** leads a trio; and Friday

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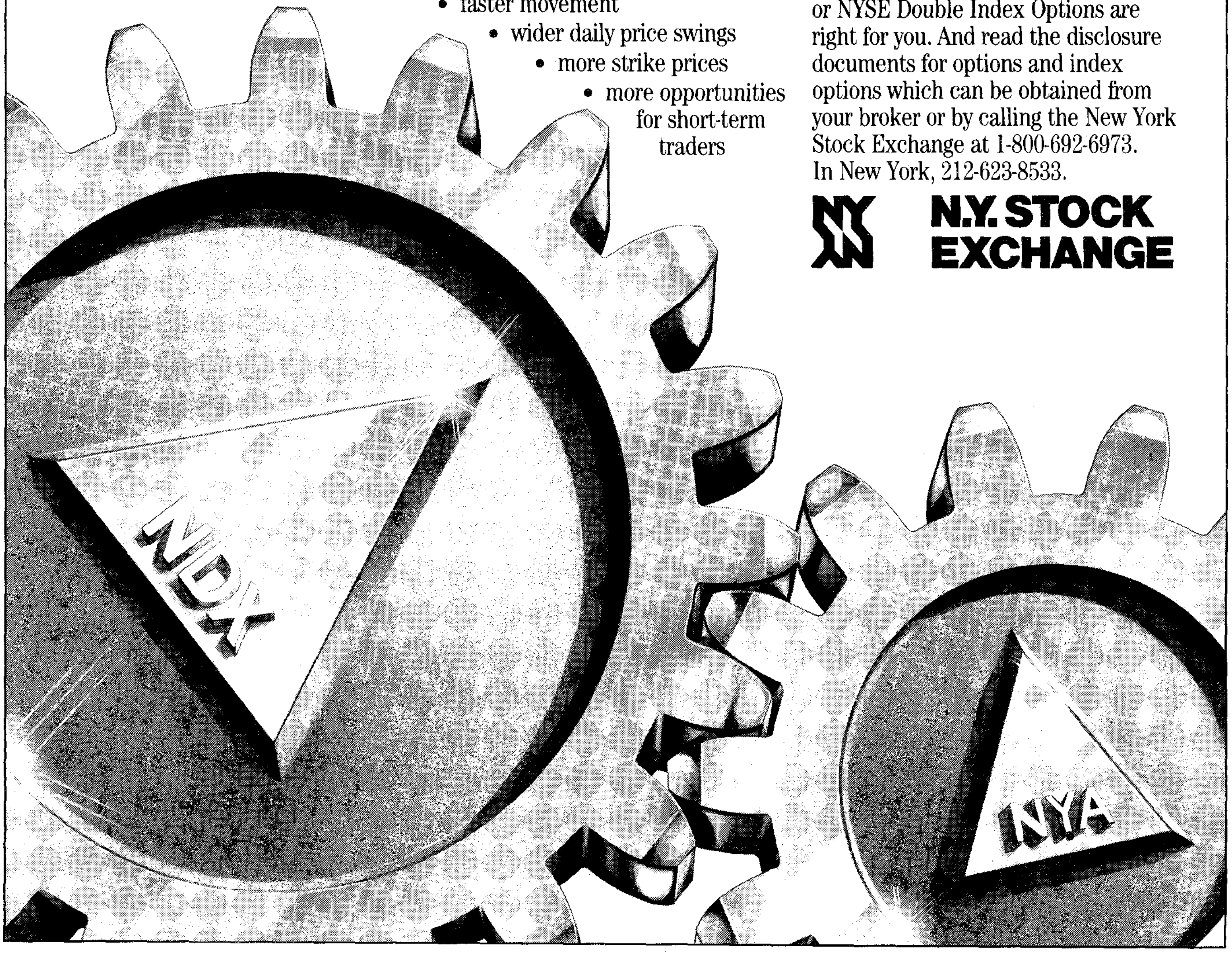

and Saturday, July 27-28, drummer **VERNEL FOURNIER** and tenor saxophonist **HAROLD OUSLEY** will be aboard. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. Wednesday, July 18, Mitch Frohman & the Cultural Connection, Eclipse, and Maximum R. & B.; Thursday, July 19, Sharynn Harper, Circle of 5, Centerfold, and Strate A's; Friday, July 20, Holy War, the Shane Gang, and the Knobs; Saturday, July 21, the Lounge Lizards and Wired; Sunday, July 22, the Ola Dixon band; Wednesday, July 25, Fritz Hauser, Project 7, and the Alain Daniel band; Thursday, July 26, Essra Mohawk, Au Touch, Cardinal Aire, and Foob & the Cavebears; Friday, July 27, Big Deal, On the Edge, and Richard X. Heyman; and Saturday, July 28, the Igloos, Paul Guzzone, and 4-Way Ping. Shows start at ten weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Wonka Tonka Mondays feature a mixed bag of music from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Trumpeter-composer **SHORTY ROGERS** and his fellow-West Coaster saxophonist **BUD SHANK** work here through Sunday, July 22; Monday, July 23, will belong to Sudan Baranian and his band, Taksim; and on Tuesday, July 24, blues vibraharpist **MILT JACKSON** will move in along with bassist **RAY BROWN.** Music from ten. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Wednesday, July 18, Kenny G; Thursday, July 19, **BILL MONROE & THE BLUEGRASS BOYS;** Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, a bunch of TV clips; Sunday, July 22, the Dream Syndicate and the Smithereens; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25, Jack Bruce & Friends; Thursday, July 26, Robert Hunter; Friday, July 27, David Van Tiegham; and Saturday, July 28, an evening of music by Windham Hill Records folk artists. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The sophisticated New York piano-bass duos: **FRED HERSCH** and **GEORGE MRAZ** through Sunday, July 22, and starting Monday, July 23, **KENNY BARRON** and **RAY DRUMMOND.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanely swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Friday and Saturday, July 27-28. Dining.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ,** whose piano style was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, is at the piano nightly through Friday, July 27, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, July 18, Carbon, Damage, and Bump; Thursday, July 19, Vernon Reid's Living Colour, the Cries, and Steve Speck & the Spots; Friday, July 20, Miller, Miller, Miller & Sloan, Leap of Faith, and Richard X. Heyman; Saturday, July 21, the Drongos, Glenn Phillips, and Lifeboat; Tuesday, July 24, the Spongetones, the Tall Boys, Station FM, and Kidstuff; Wednesday, July 25, the Mood Elevators, Chris Bond, and D.P. & the Grays; Friday, July 27, Hi Fi Tie, the Toasters, Venus 2, and Feeline Territories; and Saturday, July 28, Band of Outsiders, the Young Hegelians, and Floor Kiss. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

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EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Irish music on Mondays and Fridays; Wednesday, July 18, Nancy Crutcher; Saturday, July 21, the Navesink Valley String Dusters and the Screaming Lulu's; Wednesday, July 25, John Roberts & Tony Barrand; and Saturday, July 28, **JAY UNGAR, LYNN HARDY, MOLLY MASON,** and **RUSS BARENBERG.** Music from eight on Wednesdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The Joe Muranyi sextet, featuring horn solos by **BILLY BUTTERFIELD** through Wednesday, July 25, and by **WARREN VACHE** starting Thursday, July 26, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday, July 22, trumpeter **VALERY PONOMAROV'S** band will be present. Music from eight-thirty to two. The Bill Simon and George Simon quintet is here on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—The jazz: guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA'S** trio through Sunday, July 22; Monday, July 23, the **LES PAUL** trio; and starting Wednesday, July 25, singer **MORGANA KING.** Sets begin after eight-thirty. Dining.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, July 18, at nine and eleven, the Nitecaps; Thursday, July 19, Becum A; Friday, July 20, **RICK DANKO;** Saturday, July 21, at eight and eleven, Suzanne Vega; Wednesday, July 25, at nine and eleven, Helen Wheels and the Têtes Noires; Friday, July 27, at eight and eleven, **MOSE ALLISON;** and Saturday, July 28, at eight and eleven, Livingston Taylor. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: pianist **HAL SCHAEFER** through Thursday, July 19; Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN;** Sunday and Monday, July 22-23, Betty Shirley; Tuesday through Thursday, July 24-26, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and bassist **CALVIN HILL;** and Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM.** Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio through Sunday, July 22; Wednesday through Sunday, July 25-29, **DAVID ALLYN** will sing with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays singer-pianist Judd Woldin performs with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** All these groups begin after ten. Sundays through Fridays, pianist Don Golson plays from five until ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a wonderful stride-piano specialist, is present Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sunday and Monday, July 22-23, Vinson Hill will be at the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. The piano-bass teams: **JACK WILSON** and **JIMMY ROWSER** through Saturday, July 21, and **MR. WILSON** and **VICTOR GASKIN** from Tuesday, July 24. Music from ten. No music Sundays and Mondays.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, July 18, Tom Johnston and the Border Patrol; Thursday, July 19, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN;** Sunday and Monday, July 22-23, Fairport Convention; Tuesday and Wednesday, July 24-25, the Radiators; and Thursday, July 26, **PETER ROWAN,** with **VASSAR CLEMENTS.** Dining.

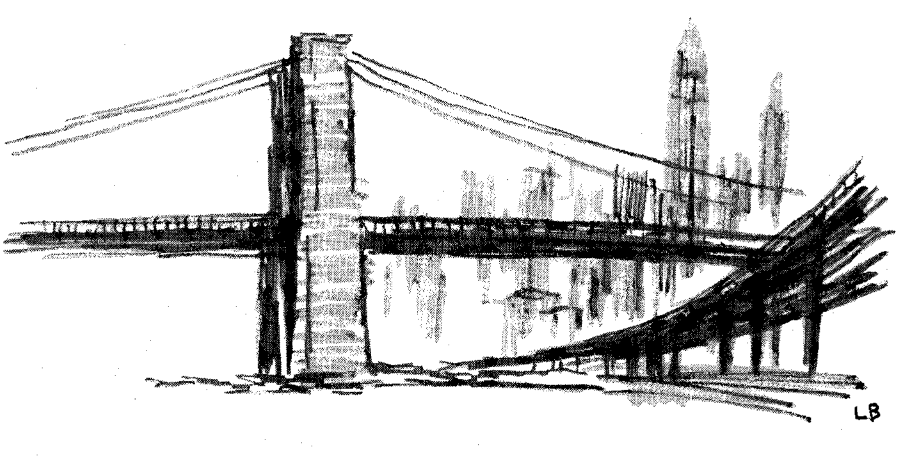
LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—**ANITA MOORE** sings here through Sunday, July 22, and on Tuesday, July 24, the elegant pianist **HANK JONES** will bring in his trio. Mondays belong to the **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI-LEW TABACKIN BIG BAND.** Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Julius La Rosa sings Tuesdays through Saturdays beginning at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, with Woody Allen usually on celebrity clarinet, occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue is this club, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, July 18; Michel Camilo's sextet; Thursday, July 19, the Lines; Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, *and* Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, vibraharpist **ROY AYERS;** Monday, July 23, **JUMP STREET,** a lively R. & B. band; Tuesday, July 24, Nelson Rangell; Wednesday, July 25, Rock Wilk; and Thursday, July 26, Vivian Prince. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show: Friday, July 20, Lenny Kaye and the Vipers; Friday, July 27, the Fuzztones; and Saturday, July 28, the Rockats. Live music from way past your bedtime. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** heads up an infectiously



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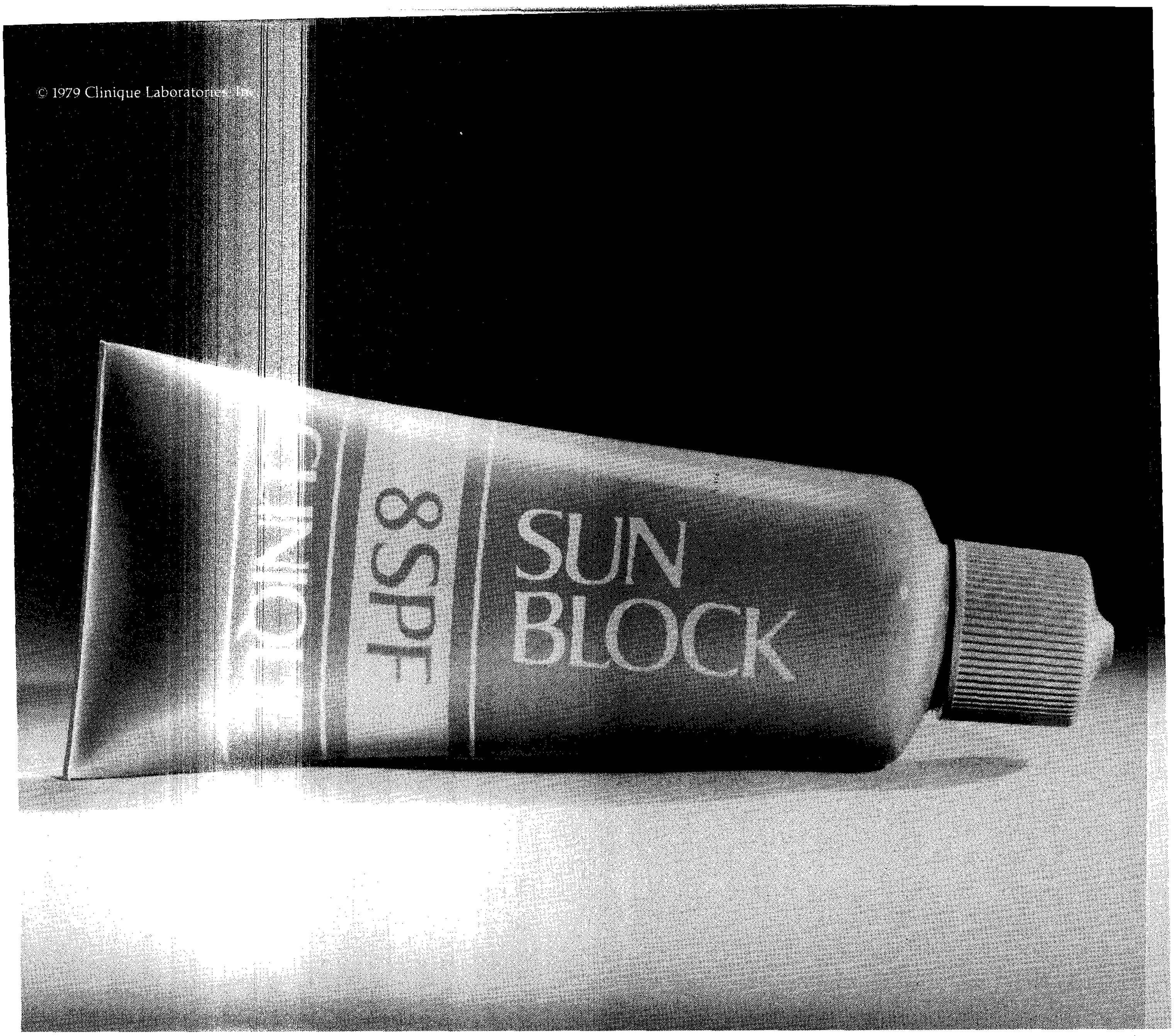

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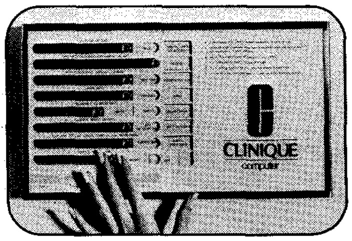

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

rhythmic outfit through Sunday, July 29. The music hours run Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Thursday, July 19, Test Dept.; Friday, July 20, Sapho; Saturday, July 21, Icicle Works; Thursday, July 26, Southside Johnny; and Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, **ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, July 18, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Thursday, July 19, Ladji Camara; Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Tuesday, July 24, Kenia; Wednesday, July 25, Mario Rivera & the Salsa Refugees; Thursday, July 26, Kimati Dinizulu & the Kotoko Society; and Friday and Saturday, July 27-28; **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** leads a quintet through Sunday, July 22; Monday, July 23, will be claimed by **SUN RA & THE OMNIVERSE JET SET ARKESTRA;** and starting Tuesday, July 24, **NAT ADDERLEY'S** crackling hard-bop quintet, which will consist of **JUNIOR COOK, DOUG CARN, WALTER BOOKER,** and **JIMMY COBB,** will take charge. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic, unposh blues and Irish-music hangout. The New Orleans-based **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** takes this club by storm until Saturday, July 21. Music after ten.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room: on July 23, **LARRY HARLOW & ORCHESTRA HARLOW, GRUPO FASCINACIÓN,** and a guest jazz soloist, saxophonist **GARY BARTZ,** will all be onstage. On Friday, July 27, the **DIRTY DOZEN BRASS BAND** will move in here to perform every night but Monday at about ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Meanwhile out on the Terrace one will find pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** after nine-thirty nightly, except Mondays. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this basement. And so are two prominent trumpeters and their respective combos: **JON FADDIS'S** quintet through Sunday, July 22, and **WOODY SHAW'S** quintet beginning Tuesday, July 24. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music after ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz musicians. Wednesday, July 18, Leslie Pintchik; Thursday through Sunday, July 19-22, Ted Chavis; Monday through Wednesday, July 23-25, Susan Chen; and Thursday through Sunday, July 26-29, Joel Forrester. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. A band entitled the Dizzy Gillespie All-Stars (Mr. Gillespie is in Europe) will be on hand through Sunday, July 22; Monday and Tuesday, July 23-24, will belong to the Percy France quartet; and on Wednesday, July 25, baritone crooner **ARTHUR PRYSOCK** will arrive with a quintet. Mondays are the property of saxophonist Percy France. Music from about nine.

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Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists and bassists in it. The pianists and bassists: Jeanne Matisse and **MAJOR HOLLEY** through Saturday, July 21, and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** starting Monday, July 23. Music from eight. Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

The Itals—With Messenjah. (Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Thursday, July 19, at 10.)

New Jazz from New Orleans—Friday, July 20, at 8: Patrice Fisher & Jasmine, and Allen Toussaint. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8: Ramsey McLean & the Survivors, Jimmy Robinson & Woodenhead, and Allen Toussaint. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Jazz Center of New York—Friday and Saturday, July 20-21, at 9 and 10:30: Al Grey Stars, featuring Bobby Durham, Carol Britto, and J.J. Wiggins. . . . ¶ Monday, July 23, at 9: Tom Pierson's Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 9 and 10:30: Armen Donelian trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 9: James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra. (380 Lafayette St. 924-5026.)

Malicorne—With Dan Ar Bras. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, July 21, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

The Mighty Invaders—Irving Plaza. Thursday, July 26, at 10 and 11:30.

Hamiet Bluiett—With a seventeen-piece ensemble, presenting a composition entitled "Paperworks." (Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, July 27-28, at 8.)

ART

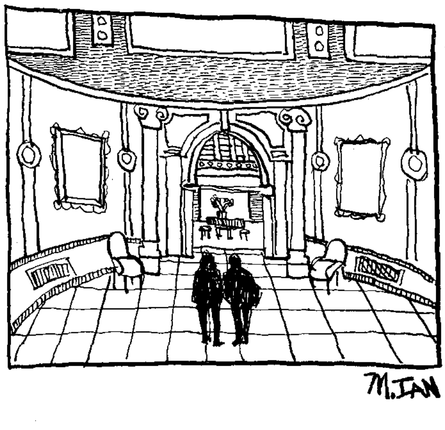
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Al Hirschfeld—More than a thousand original drawings. Through Aug. 24. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St., between University Pl. and Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Christopher Lucas / Peter Nadin—Sketchy drawings and wall sculptures, in nearly all of which a cross appears. / Small gouaches by this English-born artist and poet. Through Friday, July 27. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeff Mendoza and Stephen Whisler—Sculptured landscape forms—mesas and plateaus in abstract wall pieces by the former, and rugged freestanding characterizations of canyons and geysers by the latter. Also drawings by both men. Through Friday, July 27. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)



Fairfield Porter and Friends—A show of thirty-one works by fifteen artists who constitute a community, in this instance, because of their professional links to Mr. Porter (1907-75), whose portrait by Elaine de Kooning and self-portrait are included. Among the other artists are Robert Dash, Jane Freilicher, Larry Rivers, and Nell Blaine. Through Sept. 9. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Tuesdays through Sundays.) . . . ¶ Paintings and drawings by Porter. Through Friday, July 27. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. These shows, of course, complement Porter's retrospective at the Whitney Museum.)

George Stave—Small, deft oils of Venetian palaces and large Jersey summer homes. Through Aug. 4. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ In the south gallery, a show of eight relatively unsung painters, including Jean-Charles Blais, who brushes in a rifleman on a strip of stratified posters he tore off a Paris kiosk, and Maria Scotti, who on a single canvas combines a child's and an adult's version of a monument.

Art on the Beach—Eight environmental installations, each the product of an association among an artist, architect, and performer and all appropriate in concept to this acre of sand (the environmental part) tended by Creative Time. Through Sept. 16. Performances are held Sunday and Wednesday evenings at 6:30 (Oliver Lake on Wednesday, July 18; Jane Comfort & Dancers on Sunday, July 22, and Wednesday, July 25); exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. (Battery Park City Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. For information, call 571-2206.)

Group Shows—At **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St.: What these paintings and sculptures by about twenty artists have in common is a centered image. Martha Diamond, Suzan Pitt, Troels Worsel, others. Through Aug. 17. . . . **BLUM HELMAN,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by David Salle, pastels by Francesco Clemente, and sculptures by Bryan Hunt. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **CASTELLI,** 142 Greene St.: The chefs d'oeuvre of the current show are Frank Stella's twelve-foot-nine-inch mixed-medium construction; Richard Serra's twenty-ton Corten-steel sculpture; and Robert Rauschenberg's high-fire ceramic painting, just under nine feet tall, incorporating a copy of David's portrait of Napoleon on a rearing charger. Through Friday, July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CUTLER,** 164 Mercer St.: Seven unfamiliar artists, among them Alfonse Borysewicz, who paints in a deliberately primitive style on unstretched canvas, and Imants Tillers, an eclectic Australian who borrows subject matter from reproductions in art magazines. Through Aug. 3. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 137 Greene St.: A hundred and twenty-one drawings on loan from the Victoria and Albert Museum in a selection that systematically covers practically every aspect of the art, with examples from Tiepolo and Dürer to LeWitt and Hockney. Through Saturday, July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **ESMAN,** 121 Spring St.: Works by seven young artists, including airy, painted wall sculptures by George Creamer and an arresting semi-abstract oil by Kathleen Loe, inspired by an American Indian poem in which the moon is called a silver papoose canoe. Through Wednesday, July 25. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FORUM,** 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Figurative drawings in various mediums by more than sixty American artists of the twentieth century. Through Aug. 31. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 50 W. 57th St.: Frederic Amat, Philip Pearlstein, and William T. Wiley are some of the artists represented in a rotating show offering paintings and works on paper that deal with the theme of the artist's studio. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **GETLER-PALL-SAPER,** 50 W. 57th St.: "Swimming and Other Pools" is the title that explains this grouping of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Jennifer Bartlett, David Hockney, Budd Hopkins, Debra Pearson, and others. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 152 Wooster St.: Contemporary surrealist paintings, including a large one by David Humphrey of a man whose face is a

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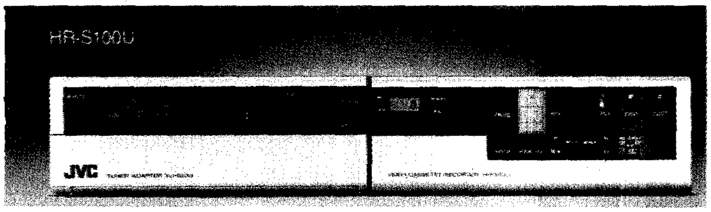
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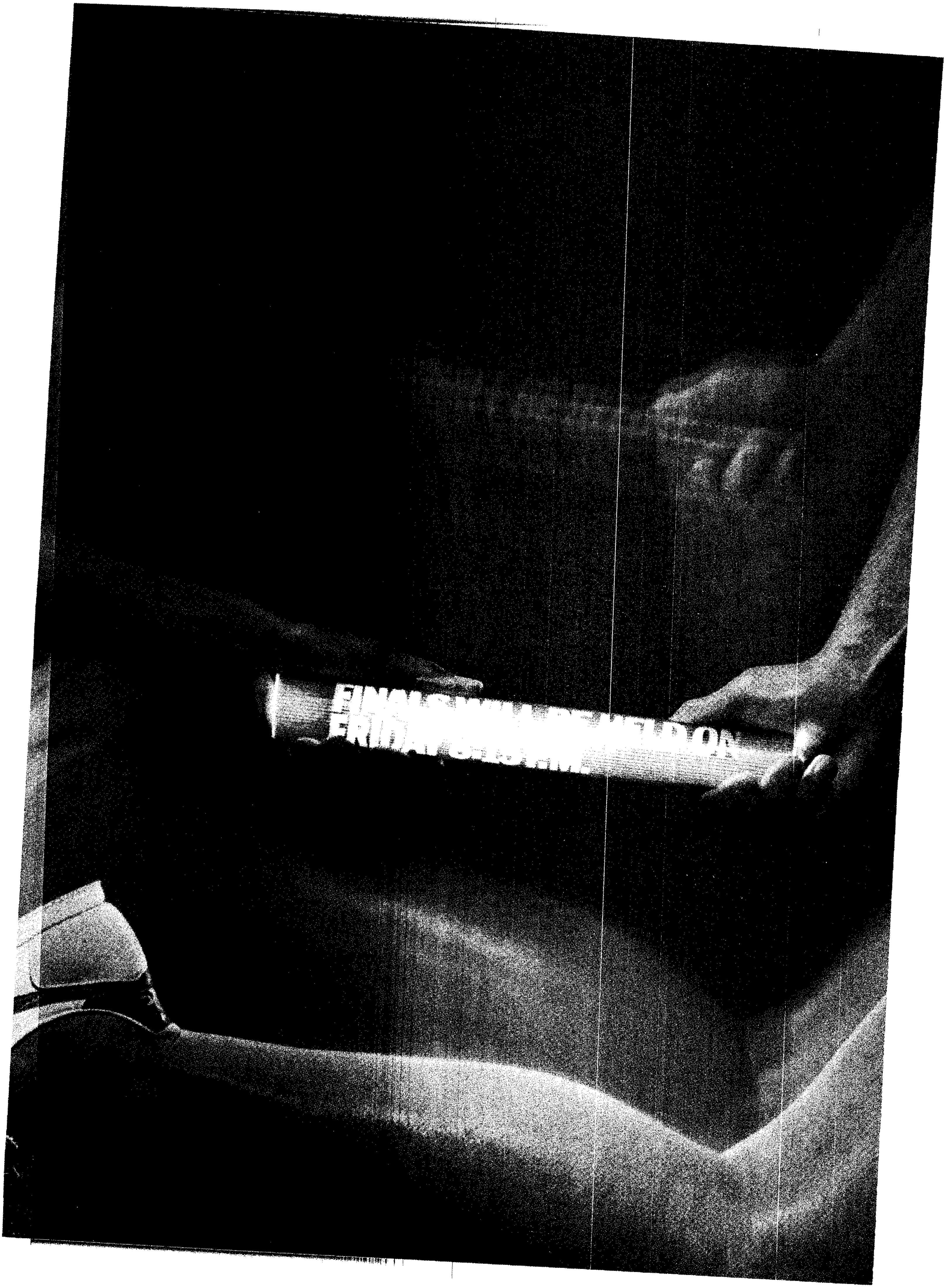
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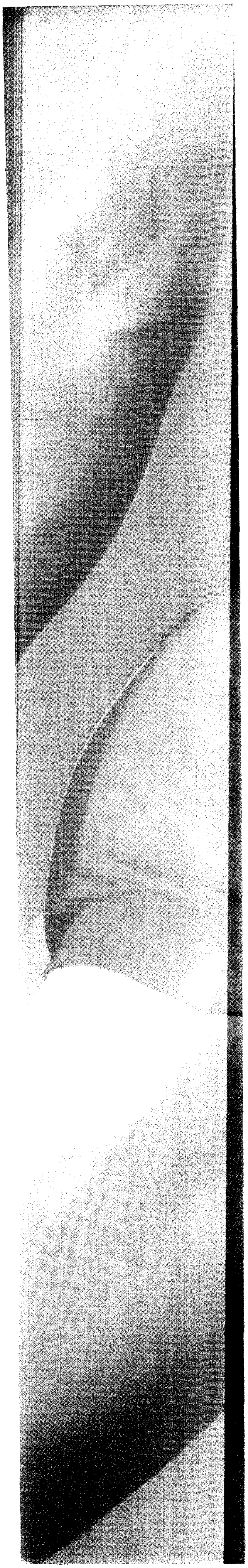

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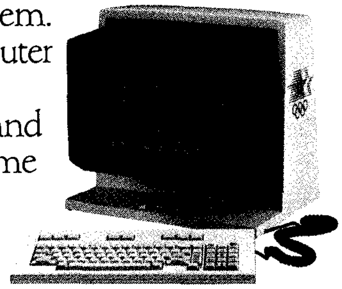

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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howling upside-down baby, and one of sausagelike cloud formations by Andreas Schulze. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings of women, including Thomas Sully's "Mother and Child" and Carmen Cicero's "Golden Dreams." Through Aug. 31. . . . **COE KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: Bathers as a subject in contemporary art; Graham Nickson, Judy Rifka, and Tom Wesselmann are among the twelve here with bathers in paintings and works on paper. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **MATHES,** 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: Mother Nature was the common denominator in this selection of paintings by a half-dozen artists, among them Michael Mazur and Ree Morton, whose treatments range from the representational to the abstract. Through Wednesday, July 25. . . . **PEARL,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings, dated 1945 to 1984, by American artists whose compositional themes centered on color and geometry. Ad Reinhardt, Joseph Albers, Sol LeWitt, Charmion von Wiegand, and others. Through Friday, July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PINDAR,** 127 Greene St.: A smorgasbord of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by Philip Corey, Mimi Korach Lesser, Carol Unger, and numerous others, inspired by the artists' feelings about their kitchens. Through Saturday, July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: An all-watercolor exhibit, including landscapes by Sally Vagliano and Simon Harling, and abstractions by Dorothy Dehner and John Ferren. Through Friday, July 27. . . . **SOHO CENTER FOR VISUAL ARTISTS,** 114 Prince St.: Paintings by Mark Kostabi, Bruce Wall, Joel Handorff, and Rick Prol. Through Saturday, July 21. (Opens at noon.) . . . **THORP,** 103 Prince St.: Large abstractions by Marjorie Welish and David Hannah, showing at the gallery for the first time, plus works by Alfred Jensen, Joan Snyder, Edward Finnegan, and Henri Michaux. Through Friday, July 27. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Paintings and sculptures by twelve contemporary artists; three of them are Heide Fasnacht, Bill Spira, and Alvin Tada. Through July 31. . . . **WASHBURN,** 42 E. 57th St.: American abstract paintings from the thirties and forties in a show that complements one at the Whitney Museum. Paintings by Arthur B. Carles, George L. K. Morris, and others. Through Friday, July 27.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, most of them with changing exhibitions of works by gallery members: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ARMSTRONG,** 50 W. 57th St. . . . **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St. . . . **DAVID FINDLAY, JR.,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. . . . **METRO PICTURES,** 150 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **ROBERT MILLER,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **NOSEI,** 100 Prince St. . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **STOLER,** 13 White St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St.

SCULPTURE—At the **FOURCADE,** 36 E. 75th St.: Works in various mediums by John Chamberlain, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and others. Through Sept. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Peter Agostini, Lee Bontecou, Raoul Hague, Reuben Nakian, Richard Stankiewicz, and George Sugarman in a show of works and related drawings, all executed in the nineteen-sixties. Through Friday, July 20.

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANSEL ADAMS (1902-84)—A memorial show consisting of more than sixty works by this landscape photographer. Through Sept. 1. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GEORGE L. AGUIRRE—Eighteen portraits of women artists by a photographer who uses a computer-assisted laser technique. Through Saturday, July 28. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays.)

BARBARA BLONDEAU (1938-74)—A series of time-motion studies, each work a contact print of an entire roll of film. Through Friday, July 27. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ—Various prints. Through Aug. 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LUCIA MOHOLY—Photographs of Gropius's Bauhaus buildings in Dessau and a portrait of Florence Henri are among forty works. Through Friday, July 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

LUCAS SAMARAS / WALTER IOOSS, JR.—Polaroid photographs (chiefly self-portraits) taken between 1969 and 1983. / Photographs of America's Olympic hopefuls. Through Aug. 19. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CARIMOR,** 20 E. 76th St.: Civil War prints removed from Alexander Gardner's two-volume "Photographic Sketch Book of the War." Through Saturday, July 28. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **CITY GALLERY,** 2 Columbus Circle: More than a hundred photographs of the lower East Side, by Sylvia Plachy, Jill Freedman, Mark Feldstein, and others. Through Aug. 10. . . . **PACE-MAC GILL,** 11 E. 57th St.: Prints by gallery artists Harry Callahan, Nancy Hellebrand, Richard Avedon, Jim Goldberg, and others. Through Aug. 31. . . . **PFEIFER,** 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Painted photographs by Holly Roberts, Russell Drisch, Susan Chang, and others. Through Friday, July 27.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A display of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Rhode Island samplers and silk embroideries—works that no doubt are perfect examples of this sort of needlecraft, which was part of the curriculum in the state's "female academies" where they were done. Starts Thursday, July 19. . . . ¶ Shows of two nineteenth-century French artists—Delacroix (represented by lithographs, drawings, and etchings) and Antoine-Louis Barye (gouaches and bronze plaques), noted for his animal forms. Through Aug. 19. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's twelfth annual revel is devoted to the designs of Yves Saint Laurent. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The inaugural exhibition in the expanded galleries is entitled "An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture." Recent with a capital "R": the nearly two hundred works are by artists who were selected because they have become prominent only in the past decade. Through Aug. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works of a social and political nature by Robert Adams, Jim Goldberg, and Joel Sternfeld. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—In a show of sculptures taken from the collections, twenty artists whose works date from late in the past century to the nineteen-fifties are represented by a number of pieces as well as by related works on paper; Calder, for example, is represented by fourteen works. Also Degas, González, Brancusi, others. Starts Friday, July 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of Fairfield Porter. Through Aug. 19. (Complementary shows are at the Tibor De Nagy Gallery, 29 W. 57th St., and Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ A survey of abstract paintings and sculptures in America covering the years 1927 (the date of Stuart Davis's "Eggbeater" series) through 1944 (the year Mondrian died); nonobjective and hard-edge styles typify these works by Albers, Noguchi, David Smith, and others, done prior to Abstract Expressionism. Through Sept. 9. . . . ¶ Fifteen illuminated sculptures by R. M. Fischer, constructed from found objects and industrial materials, are aglow in the lobby gallery and lower gallery. Through Sunday, July 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Picasso's "Parade," the fifty-seven-foot painted curtain executed in 1917 for use on the set of the Cocteau-Satie-Massine ballet of the same name, has been mounted in the fifth-floor rotunda. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A selection of American watercolors and pastels from the permanent collection, which boasts a number by Homer and Sargent, and includes Cassatt, Demuth, Hopper, O'Keeffe, and others. Through Sept. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Contemporary color prints. Starts Thursday, July 19. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

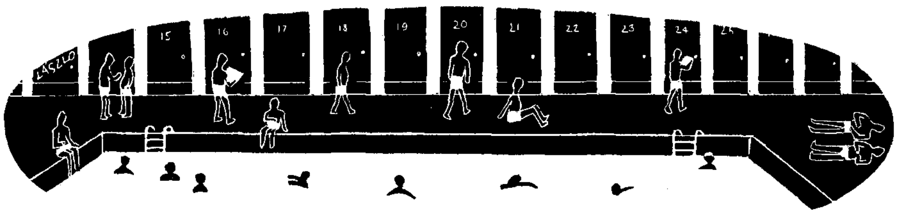
AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.— An exhibition of more than fifty human and pre-human fossils. Through Sept. 9. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.— Two shows reflecting contemporary life in the People's Republic of China. Brush-and-ink paintings (primarily hanging scrolls) and some sketches by thirty-six artists ranging in age from twenty-nine to ninety-one. . . . ¶ Photographs of the people there by Tom Zetterstrom. Both shows through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Fridays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An architectural exhibit that reviews the changes in skyscraper design in Manhattan between the world wars, and specifically the impact of the 1916 "setback" zoning law on the city's skyline. The Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, and the Waldorf-Astoria are a few of the projects considered in original drawings, models, and photographs. Through Sept. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of neoclassical terra-cotta sculptures by the eighteenth-century French artist called Clodion (Claude Michel). All but two of the fifteen pieces are on loan. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Precious Legacy: Judaic Treasures from the Czechoslovak State Collections," a display of approximately three hundred religious and domestic objects, such as Torah ornaments, synagogue furnishings, and cooking utensils. Through Aug. 26. (Open daily except Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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noon to 5:30, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Fridays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Two anniversary exhibits (it's the library's sixtieth) from the collections: French drawings, 1550 to 1825, by Poussin, Claude, Watteau, Ingres, Delacroix, and others; and illuminated manuscripts and autograph manuscripts ranging from a Dutch "Hours of Catherine of Cleves" to Steinbeck's yellow-pad manuscript of "Travels with Charley." Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—An exhibit reflecting the nineteenth-century whale trade. Scrimshaw, paintings of maritime families, and ships' figureheads. Through Sept. 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of eighty original *New Yorker* covers that were inspired by—or at least reflect—the seasons of the year. Through July 31. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Censorship: 500 Years of Conflict," an exhibit whose materials include Calvin's "Religious Institutes," Daumier's "Liberty of the Press . . . ," Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Sanger's "The Woman Rebel," and Orwell's "1984"—each of them once anathema to somebody. First editions, autograph copies, original manuscripts, prints. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Faith Ringgold's twenty-year retrospective contains more than a hundred paintings and sculptures. Through Sept. 9. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, July 18, at 8; Friday, July 20, at 8; Saturday, July 21, at 8; and Sunday, July 22, at 1: "Candide," with Leigh Munro, Deborah Darr, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, David Eisler, and Scott Reeve; conducted by Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8; Saturday, July 21, at 2; and Sunday, July 22, at 7: "Candide," with Claudette Peterson, Maris Clement, Joyce Castle, Cris Groenendaal, and Joseph McKee; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 25, at 8: "La Traviata," with Marianna Christos, Robert Grayson, and William Stone; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Rosemarie Freni, Cynthia Rose, Riccardo Calleo, and William Dansby; and "Pagliacci," with Catherine Lamy, Harry Theyard, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 2: "La Bohème," with Judith Haddon, Wilhelmenia Fernandez, Richard Leech, and William Stone; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Elizabeth Hynes, Sharon Christman, Walter MacNeil, and William Parker; Scott Bergeson. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week festival of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs, which will run through Saturday, Aug. 25. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 18: Eduardo Mata conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Philipe Entremont, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19: Vittorio Negri conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 20-21: Eduardo Mata conducting the orchestra, with Young-Uck Kim, violin, and Alicia de Larrocha, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, July 23, and Wednesday, July 25: Christoph Eschenbach conducting the orchestra and playing the piano, with Justus Frantz and Jeffrey Swann, pianos. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 24: The American String Quartet, with Richard Goode, piano, and Mr. Stoltzman. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26: Barry Tuckwell, horn; Michala Petri, recorder; Arnold Steinhardt, violin; and assisting string ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 27-28: Christopher Hogwood conducting the orchestra, with Miss Petri and Mr. Tuckwell. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

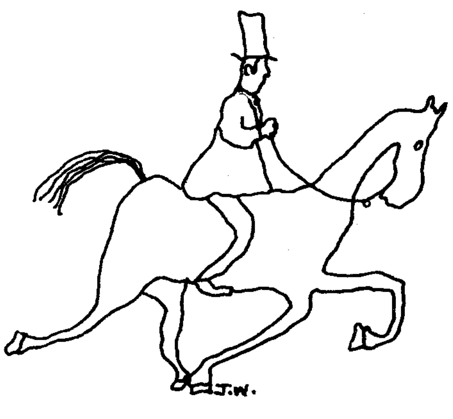
Pendyrus Welsh Male-Voice Choir—Glynne Jones directing, with David Gwesyn Smith, baritone. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, July 26, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 19, at 8:30: Elly Ameling, soprano, and Rudolf Jansen, piano, in an all-Schubert program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 7: Joseph Silverstein, violin, and Jonathan Feldman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 9: Kurt Masur conducting the Boston Symphony in a Mozart-Beethoven program, with André Watts, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Kurt Masur conducting a Beethoven–Richard Strauss program, with Charles Kavalovski, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 2:30: Kurt Masur conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mr. Silverstein. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26, at 8:30: Joel Krosnick, cello, and Gilbert Kalish, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 7: Alexis Weissenberg, piano, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 9: Edo de Waart conducting the Boston Symphony in a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Faye Robinson, soprano; Delia Wallis, mezzo-soprano; David Rendall, tenor; Lenus Carlson, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:30: Emil Tchakarov conducting a varied program, with Mr. Weissenberg. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 2:30: Edo de Waart conducting a varied program; no soloists. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

Caramoor Festival—Thursday, July 19, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble in a chamber-music program. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 9: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra, with William Purvis, horn. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 22, at 5:30: Miriam Fried, violin, and Garrick Ohlsson, piano, in an all-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26, at 4:15: The ensemble in a second chamber-music program, this one featuring a performance of Walton's "Façade," with Janet Bookspan reciting. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 9: Alicia de Larrocha, piano, in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:30: Julius Rudel conducting the orchestra, with Andras Schiff, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 29, at 5:30: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble in an all-Bach program. (Katonah, N.Y.; festival ends Sunday, Aug. 26. On Saturdays, buses leave at 6 from the back of the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center; reservations must be made in advance. For information about tickets and buses, call 1-914 232-5035.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances, tentative schedule, by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday, July 18, at 8:15: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Bugaku," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Réjouissance," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 19, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . ¶ Friday, July 20, at 8:15: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Menuetto," "Seven by Five," and "Episodes." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 2: "Allegro Brillante," "Menuetto," "Seven by Five," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, July 21, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Bugaku," and "Brahms/Handel." . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Sunday, July 22, at 8:15: Billy Idol. . . . ¶ Monday, July 23, at 8:15: Perry Como. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 24, at 8:15: .38 Special and Night Ranger. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27, at 8:15: Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28, at 8:15: Peter, Paul & Mary. (Saratoga Springs. Through Saturday, Sept. 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)



Summerfare '84—A festival of theatre, dance, and music which takes place at the State University of New York, at Purchase, through Sunday, Aug. 12. *Un soupçon*—**WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, AT 8:** "Secrets," a musical-dance production from Australia, with life-size marionettes and live performers. . . . **AT 9:** Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones," starring Cleavon Little, with original jazz music by Coleridge Taylor-Perkinson and a dance sequence performed by the Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 19, AT 8:** "Secrets" and the Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 20, AT 8:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Jazz Tap Ensemble. . . . **AT 9:** Sankai Juku, an avant-garde dance company from Japan, and "The Emperor Jones." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 21, AT 3 AND 8:30:** The Jazz Tap Ensemble. . . . **AT 5:** Sankai Juku. (No tickets necessary.) . . . **AT 6:** Anthony Newman, organ. . . . **AT 8:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 9:** Sankai Juku and "The Emperor Jones." . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 22, AT 3 AND 7:30:** "Secrets." . . . **AT 8:** The Jazz Tap Ensemble. . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, AT 8:** "La Tempesta," a production of Shakespeare's "The Tempest," performed in Italian by the Piccolo Teatro de Milano. . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 26, AT 8:** "La Tempesta." . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 27, AT 8:** "La Tempesta." . . . **AT 8:30:** The Feld Ballet. . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 28, AT 3 AND 8:30:** The Feld Ballet. . . . **AT 6:** An all-Bach choral concert, Michael Hammond directing. . . . **AT 8:** "La Tempesta." . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 29, AT 3 AND 8:** The Feld Ballet. . . . **AT 6:** The all-Bach choral concert. . . . **AT 9:** "The Emperor Jones." (For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 21: Sara Yarborough, Andrea Duffin, Deirdre Duffin, and others. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 24-28: The Ohio Ballet. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Texas, Wednesday, July 18, at 1. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Thursday and Friday, July 19-20, at 8; Saturday, July 21, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving old Yankee warriors and former members of other American and National League teams); and Sunday, July 22, at 2. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Monday and Tuesday, July 23-24, at 7:35, and Wednesday, July 25, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Chicago, Friday, July 27, at 8:05, and Saturday, July 28, at 1:35.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 30. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 21; the Tom Fool, Sunday, July 22; and the Sword Dancer, Saturday, July 28. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 21, and the Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 28. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:30.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 1. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 28. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, July 24. . . . **WOODBINE,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, Sunday, July 22.

SOCCER—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. World All Stars, Sunday, July 22, at 7. . . . ¶ Cosmos vs. San Diego, Wednesday, July 25, at 9. (For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TENNIS—North American Tennis Open, formerly the Mutual Benefit Life Open. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Starting Saturday, July 28. For information about tickets, call 1-201 740-1715.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 18.

YACHTING—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Through Saturday, July 21.) . . . ¶ Around Long Island Regatta. (Starts Thursday, July 26, at 1, off Staten Island, and finishes off Sea Cliff.)

ET ALIA

DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION—Continues at the George Moscone Center, in San Francisco, through Thursday, July 19.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **HENRY V,** with Kevin Kline and Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, will be given through Sunday, July 22. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. James DePreist will conduct the first in a series of three programs: **CENTRAL PARK'S GREAT LAWN,** Tuesday, July 24, at 8. . . . **CROCHERON PARK,** Queens, Wednesday, July 25, at 8.

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free concerts on Pier 16. Thursday, July 19: Roger Kellaway and Michael Moore. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20: Kirk Lightsey and Harold Danko. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26: The Jay Hoggard quintet. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27: Dave Valentin, with Bill O'Connell, Lincoln Goines, Roger Squitero, and Tito Marrero. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8.)

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Martin Josman directing the National Chorale. (Saturday, July 21, at 8, an all-Sondheim program, and Tuesday, July 24, at 8, a program of varied music from Broadway shows.) . . . ¶ Jens Nygaard conducting the Naumburg Orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Nan Nall, soprano, and Ilana Vered, piano. (Saturday, July 28, at 8.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company in performances of Puccini operas. Thursday, July 19, at 8: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Thursday, July 26, at 8: "Le Villi" and "Gianni Schicchi" (in English).

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Charles Darden conducting the Festival Orchestra. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 24, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Wednesday, July 18: Little Steven and the Disciples of Soul. . . . ¶ Friday, July 20: Psychedelic Furs and Talk Talk. . . . ¶ Monday, July 23: Night Ranger and Tony Carey. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 24: The Everly Brothers. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 25: Three Dog Night, the Turtles, the Association, Gary Puckett, and Spanky and Our Gang. . . . ¶ Friday, July 27: Weather Report and Angela Bofill. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 28: Grover Washington, Jr., and Pieces of a Dream. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Friday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

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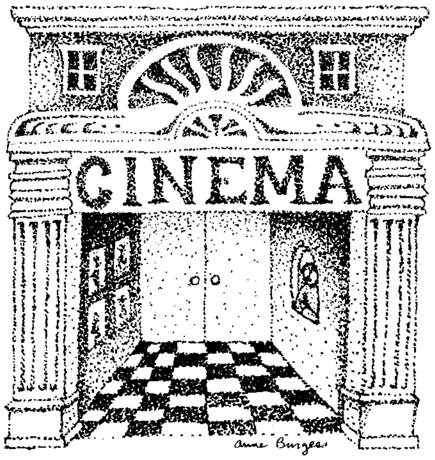
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
- A festival of Charlie Chaplin films:
  - Through July 19: A program of five short films—"Caught in a Cabaret" (1914), "Oh What a Night!" (1914), "His New Job" (1915), "The Perfect Lady" (1915), and "The Champion" (1915).
  - July 20-22: A program of five short films—"Mabel's Busy Day" (1914), "The Rink" (1916), "The Vagabond" (1916), "The Fireman" (1916), and "The Count" (1916).
  - July 24-26: A program of five short films—"The Bond" (1918), "The Adventurer" (1917), "The Cure" (1917), "Easy Street" (1917) and "One A.M." (1916).
  - From July 27: A program of five short films—"The Floorwalker" (1916), "By the Sea" (1915), "A Night at the Show" (1915), "The Bank" (1915), and "Shanghaied" (1915).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
- Through July 19: "This Is Spinal Tap" (directed by Rob Reiner), with Reiner and Christopher Guest.
- July 20-26: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
- From July 27: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
- Through July 19: "Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes" (†) and "Risky Business" (†).
- July 20-26: "Romancing the Stone" (†); and "All the Right Moves" (Michael Chapman), with Tom Cruise and Craig T. Nelson.
- From July 27: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
- "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
- "Gremlins" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
- Through July 19: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.
- From July 20: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
- Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†). From July 20: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.
- Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).
- Theatre 3: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
- Through July 19: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
- From July 20: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
- Through July 19: "Moscow on the Hudson" (†).
- From July 20: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
- Through July 19: "The Natural" (†).
- From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
- "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
- "The 4th Man" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
- Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
- Theatre 2: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
- Theatre 1: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
- Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Rhinestone" (Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton. From July 20: "One Deadly Summer" (Jean Becker; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
- "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
- Theatre 1: "Under the Volcano" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
- Theatre 1: Through July 19: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From July 20: To be announced.
- Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 20: To be announced.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
- Through July 19: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†).
- From July 20: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
- Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
- "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
- "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
- Through July 19: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
- From July 20: "The Natural" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
- Through July 19: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
- From July 20: To be announced.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
- Theatre 1: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
- Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†). From July 20: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
- "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
- Theatre 1: "Gremlins" (†).
- Theatre 2: Through July 26: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz). From July 27: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
- Theatre 1: "Cruel Story of Youth" (1960; directed by Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
- Theatre 2: "The Hidden Fortress" (†).

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
- Through July 19: "Class Enemy" (Peter Stein; in German).
- From July 20: Theatre temporarily closed.

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
- Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
- Theatre 1: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Last Night at the Alamo" (Eagle Pennell).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
- Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger. From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.
- Theatre 2: Through July 26: "Sugar Cane Alley" (Euzhan Palcy; in French). From July 27: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence.
- Theatre 3: Through July 19: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni. From July 20: "Electric Dreams."
- Theatre 4: "Les Compères" (Francis Vêber; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Pierre Richard.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
- Through July 26: A program of Donald Duck cartoons.
- From July 27: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
- "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
- Through July 19: "The Guest" (1977; Ross Devenish), with Athol Fugard; and "Marigolds in August" (1979; Ross Devenish), with Winston Ntshona, John Kani, and Athol Fugard.
- From July 20: "The Natural" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
- "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
- "Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
- Through July 19: "Gabriela" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni.
- From July 20: "Les Compères" (Francis Véber; in French), with Gérard Dépardieu and Pierre Richard.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
- "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
- Theatre 1: "After the Rehearsal" (Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson and Ingrid Thulin.
- Theatre 2: "Another Time, Another Place" (Michael Radford), with Phyllis Logan.
- Theatre 3: "Eréndira" (†).

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
- Theatre 1: "Entre Nous" (†).
- Theatre 2: "Improper Conduct" (Nestor Almendros and Orlando Jiménez-Leal; in French and Spanish), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
- Theatre 1: Through July 26: "Privates on Parade" (Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley. From July 27: "Heart of the Stag" (Michael Firth; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence.
- Theatre 2: "Skyline" (Fernando Colomo; in Spanish and English).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
- Theatre 1: "Ghostbusters" (†).
- Theatre 2: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Cas-

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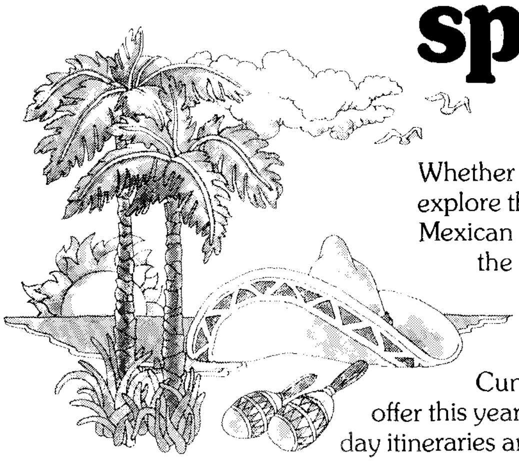

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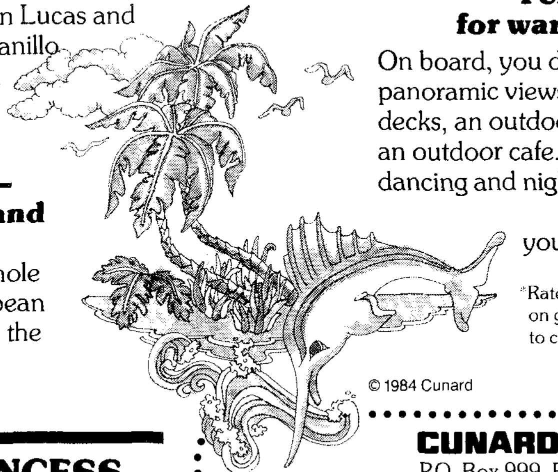

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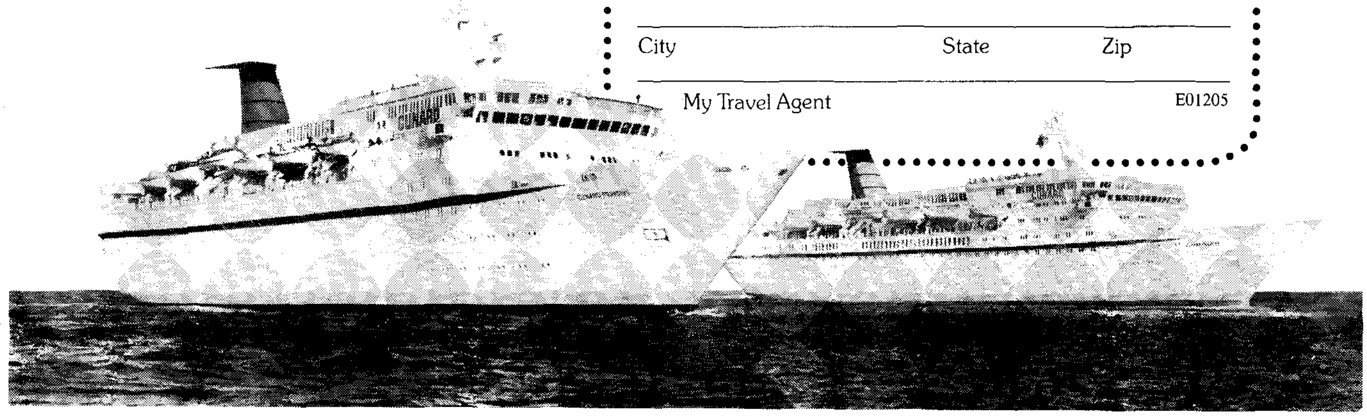

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22	23	24	25	26	27	28

tle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy.
Theatre 3: "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

New Yorker 1 and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 20: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 26: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From July 27 (tentative): "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.
Theatre 2: Through July 19: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.
Theatre 3: Through July 19: "Gabriela" (*Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese*), with Sonia Braga and Marcello Mastroianni. From July 20: "Electric Dreams."
Theatre 4: Through July 19: "Rope" (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger. July 20-26: To be announced. From July 27: "Cheech & Chong's The Corsican Brothers" (Thomas Chong).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Rhinestone" (directed by Bob Clark), with Sylvester Stallone and Dolly Parton. From July 20: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards.
Theatre 2: Through July 26: "Cannonball Run II" (Hal Needham), with Burt Reynolds and Dom DeLuise. From July 27: "Purple Rain" (Albert Magnoli), with Prince.
Theatre 3: "Romancing the Stone" (†).
Theatre 4: "Beat Street" (Stan Lathan).
Theatre 5: Through July 19: "Escape from Women's Prison." From July 20: "Rhinestone."
Theatre 6: Through July 19: "Splatter University." From July 20: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Secret" (Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker), with Val Kilmer.
Theatre 3: Through July 26: "They're Playing with Fire." From July 27: "The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.
Theatre 4: "Star Trek III: The Search for Spock" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: Theatre closed. From July 20: "Best Defense" (Willard Huyck), with Dudley Moore and Eddie Murphy.
Theatre 2: "Ghostbusters" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 19: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. From July 20: "Electric Dreams" (Steve Barron), with Lenny Van Dohlen.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Splash" (†).

Rivoli 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Conan the Destroyer" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From July 20: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through July 19: "The Last Starfighter" (Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O'Herlihy. From July 20: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Bachelor Party" (Neal Israel), with Tom Hanks and Adrian Zmed.
Theatre 2: "The Muppets Take Manhattan" (Frank Oz).

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through July 19: "Gremlins" (†). From July 20: "The NeverEnding Story" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Noah Hathaway and Barret Oliver.
Theatre 2: "Gremlins" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Once Upon a Time in America" (directed by Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods.

Bleecker St. Cinema II, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
To be announced.

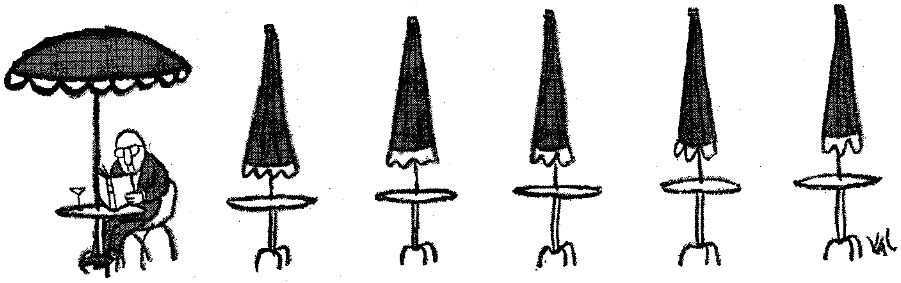
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through July 19: "Beyond Good and Evil" (1984; *Liliana Cavani; in Italian*), with Erland Josephson; and "The Night Porter" (1974; Liliana Cavani), with Dirk Bogarde and Charlotte Rampling.
July 20: "48 Hrs." (1982; Walter Hill), with Nick Nolte and Eddie Murphy; and "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston.
July 21: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.
July 22: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "Citizens Band" ("Handle with Care;" 1977; Jonathan Demme), with Paul Le Mat, Candy Clark, and Marcia Rodd.
July 23: "Hud" (†); and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961; Marlon Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.
July 24: "War of the Worlds" (1953; Byron Haskin), with Gene Barry; and "When Worlds Collide" (1951; Rudolph Maté), with Richard Derr and Barbara Rush.
July 25: "The Stranger" (1967 †); and "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski.
July 26: "1900" (1977; Bernardo Bertolucci), with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.
July 27: "Days of Heaven" (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.
July 28: "American Gigolo" (†); and "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 19: Russ Meyer's "Vixen" (1969); and "Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens" (1979; Russ Meyer).
July 20-21: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."
July 22-24: "Hair" (1979; Miloš Forman), with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo; and "Fame" (1980; Alan Parker), with Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, and Paul McCrane.
July 25-26: "Sons and Lovers" (1960; Jack Cardiff), with Dean Stockwell, Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, Mary Ure, and Heather Sears; and "Women in Love" (1970; Ken Russell), with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
July 27-28: "The Leopard" (1963; Luchino Visconti; in Italian), with Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon, and Claudia Cardinale.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (1984; Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
July 18: "Cross Creek" (1983; Martin Ritt), with Mary Steenburgen, Rip Torn, Dana Hill, Alfre Woodard, and Peter Coyote; and "On Golden Pond" (1981; Mark Rydell), with Katharine Hepburn, Henry Fonda, and Jane Fonda.
July 19-21: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.
July 22-23: "The Fighting 69th" (†); "All Quiet on the Western Front" (†); and "Sergeant York" (1941; Howard Hawks), with Gary Cooper, Walter Brennan, and Joan Leslie.
July 24-25: "Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane" (1980; William Peter Blatty), with Stacy Keach, Scott Wilson, Jason Miller, and Ed Flanders; and "The New Centurions" (1972; Richard Fleischer), with George C. Scott and Stacy Keach.
July 26-28: "The Dresser" (1983; Peter Yates), with Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay; and "Reuben, Reuben" (1983; Robert Ellis Miller), with Tom Conti.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 19: "Blue Thunder" (1983; John Badham), with Roy Scheider, Warren Oates, Malcolm McDowell, and Daniel Stern; "WarGames" (1983; John Badham), with Matthew Broderick, Dabney Coleman, and Ally Sheedy; and "Firefox" (1982; Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
July 20-21: "The Return of Martin Guerre" (1983; Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye; and "Heat and Dust" (1983; James Ivory), with Julie Christie and Shashi Kapoor.
July 22: "Red River" (1948; Howard Hawks), with Montgomery Clift, John Wayne, Walter Brennan, and Joanne Dru; "True Grit" (†); and "The Shootist" (†).
July 23-24: "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Desperate Living" (1977; John Waters), with Edith Massey, Mink Stole, and Mary Vivian Pearce.
July 25-26: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunkhorst; and "The Panic in Needle Park" (†).
July 27-28: "Under Fire" (1983; Roger Spottiswoode), with Nick Nolte, Gene Hackman, and Joanna Cassidy; and "Who'll Stop the Rain" (†).



Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

July 18: "Letter from an Unknown Woman" (1948; Max Ophuls), with Joan Fontaine and Louis Jourdan; and "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux.

July 19: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

July 20-26: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese), with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Empire of Passion" (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).

July 27: "Rockers" (1980; Theodoros Bafaloukos; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Leroy Wallace; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Hanzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.

From July 28: "My Night at Maud's" (1970; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

July 18: "Naughty Marietta" (1935; W. S. Van Dyke), with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy; and "Broadway Melody of 1938" (1937; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, and Buddy Ebsen.

July 19-21: "Red-Headed Woman" (1932; Jack Conway), with Jean Harlow, Chester Morris, and Charles Boyer; and "Possessed" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, and Wallace Ford.

July 22-23: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (1939 †); and "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver.

July 24-25: "Secret Six" (1931; George Hill), with Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, and Clark Gable; and "Whipsaw" (1936; Sam Wood), with Myrna Loy and Spencer Tracy.

July 26-28: "High Society" (1956; Charles Walters), with Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, and John Lund; and "Kiss Me Kate" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 18: "Fire Maidens from Outer Space" (1956; Cy Roth), with Susan Shaw and Anthony Dexter; and "Attack of the 50-Foot Woman" (1958; Nathan Hertz), with Allison Hayes and William Hudson.

July 19: "Picnic on the Grass" (1959; Jean Renoir; in French), with Paul Meurisse and Catherine Rouvel; and "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (1931; Jean Renoir; in French), with Michel Simon and Charles Grandval.

July 20: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

July 21: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina; and "Nights of Cabiria" (1957; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina and François Périer.

July 22: "Ulysses" (1967; Joseph Strick), with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (1979; Joseph Strick), with Bosco Hogan.

July 23: "Raggedy Ann & Andy" (1977; Richard Williams), an animated musical feature; and a program of English cartoons.

July 24: "The Man Who Would Be King" (†) and "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940 †).

July 25: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†); and "Diner" (1982; Barry Levinson), with Daniel Stern, Steve Guttenberg, Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, and Kevin Bacon.

July 26: "Nana" (1926; Jean Renoir), "Catherine" (1924; Albert Dieudonné), and "La Fille de l'Eau" (1924; Jean Renoir), all French silent films, with Catherine Hessling.

July 27: "Top Hat" (†); and "Swing Time" (1936; George Stevens), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness.

July 28: "The Last Wave" (1977; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, and Olivia Hamnett; and "Smash Palace" (1982; Roger Donaldson; a New Zealand film), with Bruno Lawrence.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 18: "A Thousand Clowns" (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels; and "Any Wednesday" (1966; Robert Ellis Miller), with Jane Fonda, Jason Robards, Dean Jones, and Rosemary Murphy.

July 19: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe.

July 20-21: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "The Women" (1939; George Cukor), with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.

July 22: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard, Bob Hope, and John Beal; and "The Old Dark House" (†).

July 23: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919; Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Kraus, Conrad Veidt, Lil Dagover, and Friedrich Feher; and "M" (1932; Fritz Lang; in German), with Peter Lorre.

July 24: "Kind Lady" (1951; John Sturges), with Ethel Barrymore, Maurice Evans, and Keenan Wynn; and "What Ever Happened to Aunt Alice?" (1969; Lee Katzin), with Geraldine Page, Ruth Gordon, and Rosemary Forsyth.

July 25: "Hallelujah!" (†) and "Conrack" (†).

July 26: "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland; and "The Shout" (1979; Jerzy Skolimowski), with Alan Bates, Susannah York, and John Hurt.

July 27-28: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Palm Beach Story" (1942; Preston Sturges), with Claudette Colbert, Joel McCrea, Mary Astor, and Rudy Vallée.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—July 19 at 2:30 and 6: "Simone Barbès" (1980; directed by Marie-Claude Treilhou; in French, with English subtitles), with Ingrid Bourgoin, Martine Simonet, and Michel Delahaye. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30: "Paratroopers" (1977; Yehuda Judd Ne'eman; in Hebrew, with English subtitles), with Guidi Gov. . . . ¶ July 20 at 6: "The Strange Case of Tom Mooney" (1933), "Halstead Street" (1934), "The World Today: Sunnydale and the Black Legion" (1936-37), and "America Disinherited" (1936). . . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "King: A Filmed Record . . . Montgomery to Memphis" (1970; Ely Landau). . . . ¶ July 21 at 5: "Chickamauga ou la Rivière de la Mort" (1963; Robert Enrico; French titles, with English dialogue); "The Two Pigeons" (1962; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Leslie Caron and Charles Aznavour; and "The Fox and the Crow" (1962; Herve Bromberger; in French, with English subtitles), with Michel Serrault, Jean Poiret, and Anna Karina. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2:30: "Passaic Textile Strike" (1926; a silent film). . . . ¶ July 22 at 5: "Mutter Krausens Fahrt Ins Glück" (1929; Piel Jutzi; a German silent film, with German intertitles). . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30: A program of eight short silent films from 1907. . . . ¶ July 23 at 6: "Combat de Boxe" (1927), "Impatience" (1928), and "Histoire de Detective" (1929), all silent films, directed by Charles Dekeukeleire, with Flemish and French intertitles. . . . ¶ July 24 at 2:30: "The Playboy of the Western World" (1963; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Siobhan McKenna and Gary Raymond. . . . ¶ July 24 at 6: "Chickamauga ou la Rivière de la Mort," "The Two Pigeons," and "The Fox and the Crow." . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30 and 6: "Stranger than Paradise, Part I" (1982; Jim Jarmush), with John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson; and "Born in Flames" (1983; Lizzie Borden), with Honey, Adele Bertei, Jeanne Satterfield, and Flo Kennedy. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2:30: "Flamme Blanche" (1930; a silent film) and "Le Mauvais Oeil" (1936; in Flemish, with French subtitles), both films directed by Charles Dekeukeleire. . . . ¶ July 27 at 6: "Passaic Textile Strike." . . . ¶ July 28 at 2:30: "The New Enchantment" (1923; Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Georgette Leblanc and Jaque Catelain. . . . ¶ July 28 at 5: "Nana" (1926; Jean Renoir; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Catherine Hessling. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—July 18: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn. . . . ¶ July 19: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939; Alfred L. Werker), with Basil Rathbone and Nigel Bruce. . . . ¶ July 20: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston. . . . ¶ July 23: "Ship of Fools" (1965; Stanley Kramer), with Vivien Leigh, Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, José Ferrer, Elizabeth Ashley, George Segal, Michael Dunn, and Lee Marvin. . . . ¶ July 24: "Nijinsky" (1980; Herbert Ross), with Alan Bates, Leslie Browne, and George de la Peña. . . . ¶ July 25: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson. . . . ¶ July 26: "The Maltese Falcon" (1941; John Huston), with Mary Astor, Humphrey Bogart, Sydney Greenstreet, Elisha Cook, Jr., and Peter Lorre. . . . ¶ July 27: "The Passenger" (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All Quiet on the Western Front (1930)—More than a hundred million people have gone to theatres to see it and have—perhaps—responded to its pacifist message. One could be cynical about the results, but the film itself does not invite cynical reactions, and the fact that it has frequently been banned in countries preparing for war suggests that it makes militarists uncomfortable. Erich Maria Remarque's 1929 novel, on which it is based, was already famous when Lewis Milestone directed this attack on the senseless human waste of war. It follows a handful of young German volunteers in the First World War from school to battlefield, and shows the disintegration of their romantic ideas of war, gallantry, and fatherland in the squalor of the trenches. Except for Louis Wolheim, who is capable of creating a character with a minimum of material, the actors—Lew Ayres, Slim Summerville, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, John Wray, Raymond Griffith, Ben Alexander—are often awkward, uncertain, and overemphatic, but this doesn't seem to matter very much. The point of the film gets to you, and though you may wince at the lines Maxwell Anderson wrote (every time he opens his heart, he sticks his poetic foot in it), you know what he means. (The year 1930 was, of course, a good year for pacifism, which always flourishes between wars; Milestone didn't make pacifist films during the Second World War—nor did anybody else working in Hollywood. And wasn't it perhaps easier to make "All Quiet" just because its heroes were German? War always seems like a tragic waste when told from the point of view of the losers. It would be an altogether different matter to present the death of, say, R.A.F. pilots in the Second World War as tragic waste.) George Cukor was dialogue director, coaching Lew Ayres in particular; Arthur Edeson did the cinematography; George Abbott, Del Andrews, and Milestone also had a hand in the script. The cast includes Beryl Mercer, Vince Barnett, Heinie Conklin, Edwin Maxwell, Marion Clayton, Yola D'Avril, and Fred Zinnemann, who had just arrived in Hollywood after studying film in Paris and Berlin—he does double duty as a German soldier and a French ambulance driver. Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Director. Originally 145 minutes; cut to 105 minutes (the version being shown here) when it was reissued in 1939. (Remade in 1979 as a film for TV, with Daniel Mann as director.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 22-23.)

American Gigolo (1980)—Richard Gere as a suave, beautifully dressed, and deeply uninteresting male prostitute, who earns a nice dollar, plus perks (he drives a black Mercedes convertible and buys his fancy threads at Juschi's boutique, in Beverly Hills), from his ability to bring sexual pleasure to some rich, spoiled older women who frequent the Polo Lounge, Perino's, and the pools and patios of Malibu, Bel Air, and Palm Springs. Writer-director Paul Schrader probably had something serious in mind here, but he seems to lose interest in his glum hero along the way, and the story trails off into vacuity and violence. With Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, Hector Elizondo, and K. Callan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 28.)

Conrack (1974)—Jon Voight's features look larger, and the anxious, staring eyes that seemed so close together when he was Joe Buck in "Midnight Cowboy" are bright and confident; he seems to have come strappingly alive. He plays a ribald, freewheeling teacher who tries to wake up a bunch of whipped black kids and wakes up the school authorities, who fire him. Based on "The Water Is Wide," by Pat Conroy, a young Southerner's account of what he went through in his year of teaching on an island off the South Carolina coast, the picture takes its mood from Voight's roller-coaster performance. It has the airy feeling of the teacher's improvising nature; it has his gusto. The director, Martin Ritt, and the cinematographer, John Alonzo, work in a clear and spacious style; the script is by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. With Madge Sinclair, who plays a black principal with a slave-overseer mentality; she's so strong and unyielding that she's like an obstinate natural force. Also with Hume Cronyn (this virtuoso of the show-them-what-an-actor-you-are school just can't tone down his slimy villainy for the camera), Ruth Attaway, Paul Winfield, Tina Andrews, and Antonio Fargas. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-film-maker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates; they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/5/84.) (Cinema Studio.)

Eréndira—A moderately amusing nothing in the surreal-picaresque mode, it was written by Gabriel García Márquez but seems more like the work of someone faking Gabriel García Márquez. The Brazilian director Ruy Guerra puts the García Márquez touches in place, but they have no hallucinatory tingle. A mad old witch (Irene Papas) forces her virginal fourteen-year-old granddaughter Eréndira (Claudia Ohana) to work for her as a whore. And before long the witch is festooned in gold ingots. Little Claudia Ohana is lovely, and very convincing as a budding young girl. And Papas is marvellous; she isn't fake anything—she's an original. Roaring with laughter and giggling on top of it, she survives one attempt on her life after another. Papas's merriment is gargantuan; she could play a female Falstaff. With Michel Lonsdale, Rufus, Pierre Vaneck, and Oliver Wehe as the duped angel. In Spanish. (6/11/84) (Lincoln Plaza.)

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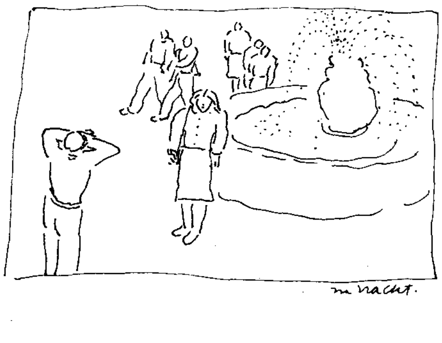
The Fighting 69th (1940)—James Cagney and the patriotic gamut. He plays a First World War coward—a mean, loudmouth runt from Brooklyn who turns yellow in his first charge over the top, screaming in panic and drawing the fire of the Germans upon his regiment. He reforms, of course (the picture was made during the Second World War), and becomes a hero of the Argonne, losing his life willingly. Cagney is an expert in the jangled rotten-nerves department, but you have to be doggedly devoted to him to watch a picture like this voluntarily. You really have to be a masochist, considering that the humor is of the sentimental, fighting-Irish variety, and that Pat O'Brien plays a priest and Jeffrey Lynn is Joyce Kilmer dreaming up "Trees." It's sometimes forgotten that Warners was just as high on patriotic nobility in the forties as it was on social protest in the thirties. With George Brent, Frank McHugh, Guinn Williams, Alan Hale, William Lundigan, Henry O'Neill, John Litel, and Dick Foran. Directed by William Keighley; written by Norman Reilly Raine, Fred Niblo, Jr., and Dean Franklin. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; July 22-23.)

The 4th Man—The dialogue is slangy and pungent. The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk), because he has a passionate yen for her long-time lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. When he sneakily maneuvers the widow into inviting her lover for a visit, he's reminiscent of James Mason's Humbert Humbert in Kubrick's "Lolita," courting Mrs. Haze while he can't wait to get his hands on her daughter. At a literary gathering that recalls the one in "The Third Man," the writer explains that he takes incidents from life and embroiders them, and all through the movie, we see glimpses of his embroideries. They're not conscious, they're involuntary imaginings—omens, forebodings, warnings. Some of these dream glimpses relate to Ingmar Bergman movies, some of them to religious symbolism (the writer is a Catholic), and some to his phobia about women. In his visions, the widow is a deadly spider and castrater—a witch. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Plaza.)



Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Loews 34th St. Showplace, Loews New York Twin, Waverly, Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—James Hilton's gentle tribute to his schoolmaster father became an American best-seller when that old sentimentalist Alexander Woollcott touted it on the radio. M-G-M bought the novel and sent Sam Wood to England to film it. Robert Donat's portrait of the frightened young junior master, rigid and forbidding in his twenties, who is humanized by marriage and mellowed by sixty years of contact with youth, won him an Academy Award. Greer Garson, in her screen début, played his warm and gracious wife. An overripe little boy named Terry Kilburn played the ubiquitous Little Colley. It's an ingratiating, bittersweet record of a good life, though the movie clogs the nose more than necessary. (Regency; July 22-23.)

Gremlins—The director Joe Dante has the sensibility of a freaked-out greeting-card poet. This whimsical pop shocker is set in a sleepy small town at Christmastime. The hero, Billy (Zach Galligan), a young bank teller, is given a mogwai—a tiny creature who nests in a box and makes gentle cooing sounds; when the instructions that Billy is given for its care are inadvertently disobeyed, the mogwai multiplies, and its progeny turn into greedy, demonic little gargoyles. The picture is a black humorist's parody of Steven Spielberg's "E.T." Billy's mogwai is a good child; the other mogwai are its aggressively vulgar, beer-guzzling brothers—children of the night. With Frances Lee McCain as Billy's mother, Polly Holliday as the town's Wicked Witch-Scrooge, Dick Miller as the town drunk, and Phoebe Cates, Hoyt Axton, Keye Luke, Glynn Turman, Judge Reinhold, Edward Andrews, and Chuck Jones as Mr. Jones. Written by Chris Columbus; the critters were designed by Chris Walas. (6/25/84) (Bay Cinema, Manhattan, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin.)

Greystoke: The Legend of Tarzan, Lord of the Apes—The director Hugh Hudson brings his unique mixture of pomposity and ineptitude to this expensively mounted version of the Edgar Rice Burroughs material. The first half, in the jungle, is fairly absorbing. But it's unlikely that anyone will ever congratulate Hudson for seamless moviemaking. When he sets something up, chances are there won't be any follow-through. After a while, you lose that sense of expectation which is one of the glories of big adventure films. And Hudson has his child Tarzan experiencing so much physical torment and humiliation that young kids are likely to be horrified. The young Frenchman Christopher Lambert, who plays the part, has a fine physique, but he's a charmless, unmagnetic Tarzan; he's never allowed to be playful. The only performer who clearly enjoys himself is that old prankster Ralph Richardson, in his last screen appearance; as Tarzan's grandfather, Lord Greystoke, he comes up with one emotional flourish after another. In the film's second half, Hudson twists the story into knots to deliver

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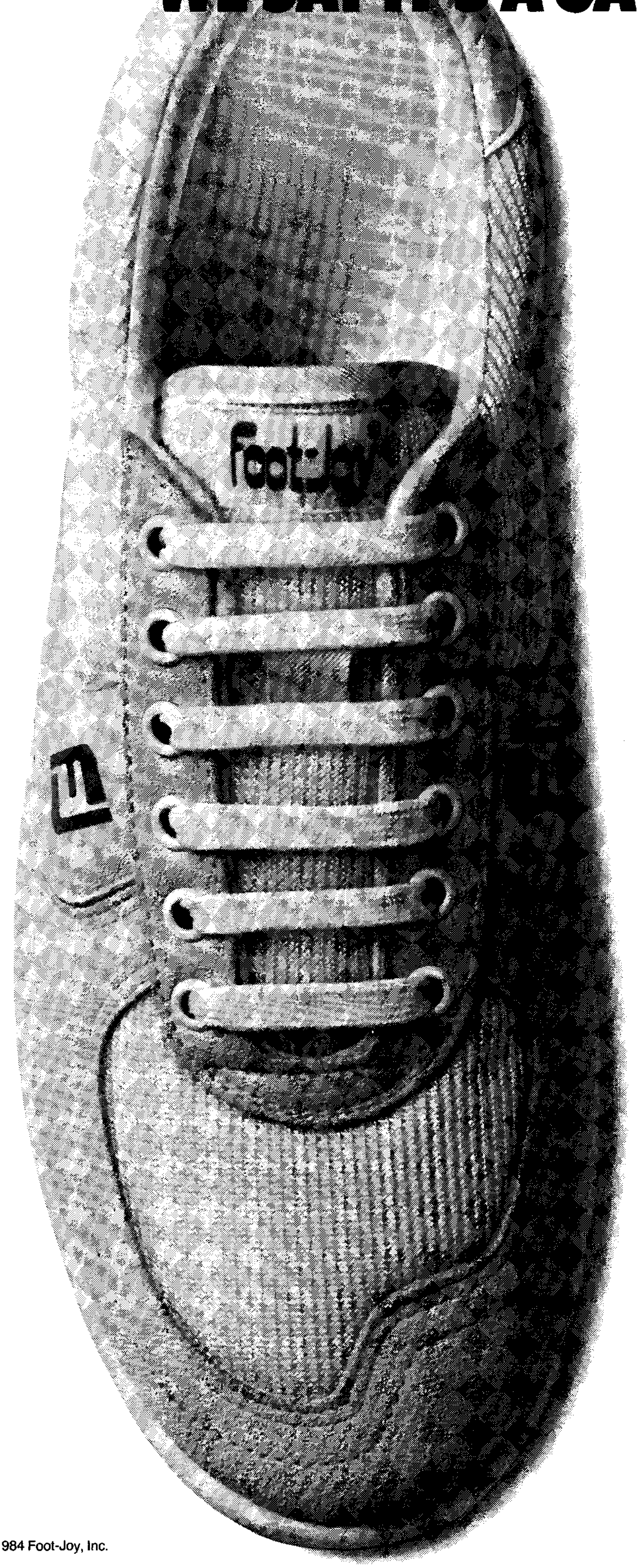

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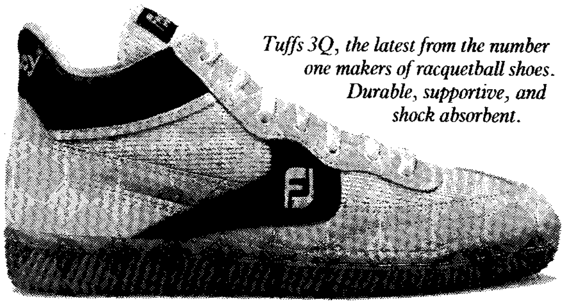

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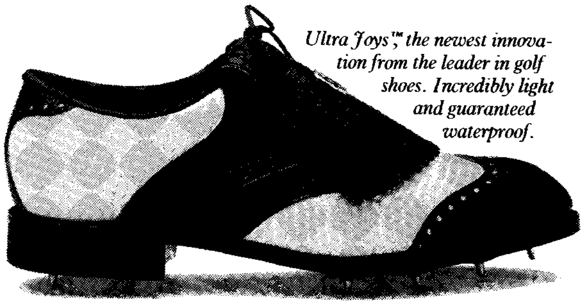

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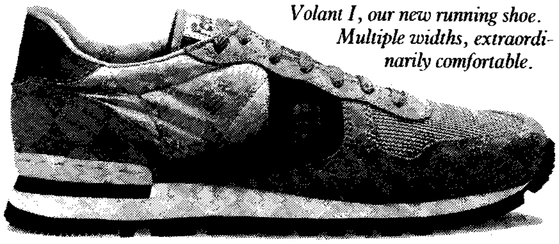

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his "statement" that apes are more civilized than people; the movie simply loses its mind, and dribbles to a pathetically indecisive conclusion. With Andie MacDowell as a softly enticing Jane, Nigel Davenport, Ian Holm, James Fox, Ian Charleson, Paul Geoffrey, and Cheryl Campbell. The cinematography is by John Alcott; the script is by P. H. Vazak (Robert Towne) and Michael Austin. (4/2/84) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 19.)

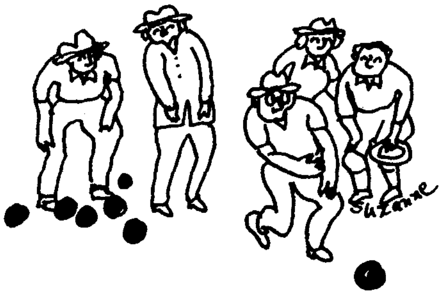
HALLELUJAH! (1929)—The first all-talking, all-Negro film out of Hollywood, and inevitably highly controversial. The story, about a country man and a bad woman, involves church meetings and the singing of spirituals and a chase across a swamp, and the attitudes are certain to offend many, but King Vidor directed, and there are impressive sequences. With Daniel L. Haynes and Nina Mae McKinney; songs by Irving Berlin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 25.)

THE HIDDEN FORTRESS (1958)—The setting is the Japanese civil wars of the sixteenth century, but Kurosawa appears to be influenced by John Ford in this stirring fairy-tale Western, with its fighting and clowning and horsemen escaping across the border. There's a treasure in gold, a princess in anachronistic-looking shorts, and Toshiro Mifune as a heroic general. In Japanese. (Film Forum.)

HUD (1963)—Hugely entertaining contemporary Western, set in the Texas of Cadillacs and cattle, crickets and transistor radios; handsomely designed, and shot in black-and-white (by James Wong Howe), it's visually simple and precise and unadorned. The film is schizoid: it tells you to condemn the nihilistic heel Hud (Paul Newman), who represents modern materialism, but casting Newman as a mean materialist is like writing a manifesto against the banking system while juggling your investments to make a fortune. Newman has energy and wit and his physique and "them there eyes," while his clean-old-man father (Melvyn Douglas), who stands for high moral principles, is a pious fuddy-duddy—inhuman, except for a brief sequence when he's at the local movie house and he follows the bouncing ball and sings "Clementine." The plot involves Hud's wanting to sell off a herd that is possibly infected with hoof-and-mouth disease, and his father's rectitude in having the cattle slaughtered. As the ranch housekeeper, Patricia Neal, full-bodied and likable, has an easy, raunchy good humor, and talks seductively, in a deep-toned Texas twang; the sexual byplay between her and Newman has just the right summertime temperature—this is some of the best work the director, Martin Ritt, has ever done. The script is by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., from Larry McMurtry's novel "Horseman, Pass By." As Hud's nephew—our observer—Brandon deWilde is a less appealing, adolescent version of the boy he played in "Shane." With Whit Bissell as the vet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

KISS ME KATE (1953)—A backstage farce set during the staging of a musical version of "The Taming of the Shrew," with Kathryn Grayson and Howard Keel as the warring stars. Grayson's trilling is something to contend with, and so is her busy, amateurish performance, and there's a lot of badly paced rambunctious comedy from just about everybody. But there's also a marvellous Cole Porter score, with such songs as "Where Is the Life That Late I Led?," "Why Can't You Behave?," "Too Darn Hot," "I've Come to Wive It Wealthily in Padua," and "Always True to You in My Fashion." And there is Howard Keel, with his strong baritone and his good-hearted leering; a dark goatee gives him more chin, and, with his great height, he looks hilarious in Petruchio's striped pants. And there is the dancing of Bob Fosse, Tommy Rall, and Bobby Van—their "From This Moment On" number, choreographed by Fosse, is one of the high points of movie-musical history; in its speed and showmanship one can see the Fosse style in its earliest film realization. This sequence more than balances out the grossly embarrassing moments, such as the one when Keel tells Grayson, who is about to quit acting and go off with a Texan (Willard Parker), that she belongs in the theatre. Maybe because Grayson looks so uncomfortable—so aware of her shortcomings as an actress—Ann Miller, who obviously enjoys performing, comes off as lively and amusing; she doesn't just do her usual tick-tock tapping, because she's working with those three leaping male dancers, and with Carol Haney, too. Produced by Jack Cummings and directed by George Sidney, with dances staged by Hermes Pan. The cast includes Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, who try (and fail) to be delightful clowns, and Jeanne Coyne, Ron Randell, Kurt Kasznar, Claude Allister, and Dave O'Brien. The Cole Porter Broadway show, with a book by Samuel and Bella Spewack, was adapted to M-G-M's requirements by Dorothy Kingsley—i.e., it was tidied up and sanitized. (Regency; July 26-28.)



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THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating, farfetched adventure fantasy, based on the Rudyard Kipling short story, is about two roughneck con men, Danny and Peachy (Sean Connery and Michael Caine), in Victoria's England, who decide to conquer a barbarous land for themselves, and set out for Kafiristan, a region that was once ruled by Alexander the Great. This ironic fable about imperialism has some of the pleasures of "Gunga Din;" it's a wonderfully full and satisfying movie, with superb performances by Connery and Caine and also by Saeed Jaffrey, who plays Billy Fish. The role of Kipling is played by Christopher Plummer, and Roxanne is played by Shakira Caine. The script is by Huston and Gladys Hill; the cinematographer was Oswald Morris; the music is by Maurice Jarre; the production design is by Alexander Trauner. (Thalia; July 24.)

MOSCOW ON THE HUDSON—Robin Williams as a Russian sax player who defects, in Paul Mazursky's wonderful comedy about a tragedy—about going away forever, about never being able to go home. The defection takes place in Bloomingdale's, and it doesn't take long before the sax player discovers the isolation and paranoia of living in New York. Imaginative and mellow, this movie displays Mazursky's distinctive funky lyricism at its best. With Maria Conchita Alonso, a beauty who's an unself-conscious cutup, and Alejandro Rey, Cleavant Derricks, Elya Baskin, and Mazursky himself as a Florida tourist named Dave. The film's comic rhythm (though not its mood) falters in the last third. The script is by the director and Leon Capetanos; the cinematography is by Don McAlpine. (4/16/84) (Eastside Cinema; through July 19.)

THE NATURAL—Robert Redford as Roy Hobbs, who feels he has it in him to be the greatest baseball player there ever was. With the forces of evil (Kim Basinger) and good (Glenn Close) contending for his soul, this inspirational fantasy asks: Will Redford hold on to his dream, will he be strong enough to triumph? Directed by Barry Levinson, the movie turns its source material—Bernard Malamud's lively, magical first novel—into primordial hokum. A few performers—Barbara Hershey, Joe Don Baker, and John Finnegan—stand apart from the sludge of moral uplift; the cast also includes Robert Duvall, Wilford Brimley, Richard Farnsworth, Robert Prosky, Darren McGavin, Michael Madsen, and George Wilkosz as the batboy. The cinematography is by Caleb Deschanel; the music is by Randy Newman; the script is by Roger Towne, with a credit also to Phil Dusenberry, who wrote an earlier version. (5/28/84) (Sutton; through July 19. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Festival; starting July 20.)

NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. Also with Jeff Goldblum, Dori Brenner, Lois Smith, Mike Kellin, Michael Egan, John Ford Noonan, Lou Jacobi, Rochelle Oliver, and John C. Becher. (Thalia; July 25.)

THE OLD DARK HOUSE (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman, Elspeth Dudgeon.) Based on J. B. Priestley's novel "Benighted," this camp comedy-fantasy was adapted by Benn W. Levy, with additional dialogue by R. C. Sherriff. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 22.)

THE PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The New York-set movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag—despite the many incidents, it feels undramatic. It shows a lot of care, though. It has an authentic look and a thoughtfully selected cast that includes Richard Bright, Alan Vint, Kiel Martin, Michael McClanathan, Raul Julia, Warren Finnerty, Paul Sorvino, Sully Boyar, and Joe Santos. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg, from the script by Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, based on a novel by James Mills. Cinematography by Adam Holender. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 25-26.)

THE POPE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE—With Eric Roberts, Mickey Rourke, and Daryl Hannah; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Greenwich Playhouse, Loews Paramount, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Beekman; through July 19.)

Risky Business—At seventeen, the high-school-boy hero (Tom Cruise) is equally worried about what college he'll get into and when and how he'll make out with a girl. When his parents go off on a week's vacation and he's left alone in their expensive ersatz-Colonial house on the North Shore of Chicago, he phones for the services of a call girl named Lana (Rebecca De Mornay). Up until her arrival, he is desperate, horny, and ingratiating; imagining himself a rock star dancing, he's a charmingly clunky dynamo. But once Lana glides in, the picture shifts into an enamelled dreamtime; it gets a vacuous soft-core porno look, and everything is dark and slightly unreal. The movie aims to be hypnotically sexy while satirizing the materialistic values of the affluent. The boy grows up sexually, and financially, too, when the purringly seductive Lana turns him into a pimp and his home into a bordello. There's a stale cuteness in the idea; it's like a George Bernard Shaw play rewritten for a cast of ducks and geese. Directing his first feature, the screenwriter Paul Brickman is overdeliberate, and his control is so tight that there are no incidental pleasures—there's nothing but the one thin situation. With jangling electronic mood music by Tangerine Dream. (9/5/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through July 19.)

Romancing the Stone—This slapstick adventure comedy is in the commercial genre of "Raiders of the Lost Ark," but it's a simpler, more likable entertainment. Kathleen Turner plays the timid, pleasantly slobby author of best-seller romances who is thrust into the kind of perils she has dreamed up for her books. The picture has a bravura opening and a jolly kind of movement, but it becomes too slam-bang. Still, the director, Robert Zemeckis, sustains the carefree tone; and the wide-screen imagery, which is stunning at the start, is always good to look at. (Dean Cundey was the cinematographer.) As Zolo the knifer, Manuel Ojeda is a terrific swinish villain, and Alfonso Arau has an affable spaciness as a Colombian drug-trade chieftain who's hooked on the heroine's novels. It's too bad that the hero is Michael Douglas, the producer of the film, who isn't a comedian and tries too hard. His face exaggerates everything and registers nothing, and no matter how fast he moves he seems to slow down whatever is going on around him. Written by Diane Thomas. With Danny DeVito, Zack Norman, Holland Taylor, and Mary Ellen Trainor. (4/30/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through July 19. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; July 20-26.)

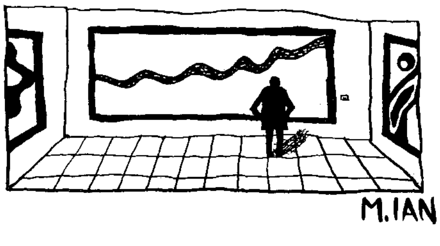
The Shootist (1976)—In this movie that aspires to be a classic, the setting is a Nevada town in 1901, and John Wayne is a legendary Western gunslinger suffering from cancer. Wayne wears a noble hat and acts with dignity, but the script, by Miles Hood Swarthout and Scott Hale, is a mechanical demonstration of how greedy and unfeeling the townspeople are, and Don Siegel's directing lacks rhythm—each scene dies a separate death. Lauren Bacall is unnecessarily tight-faced as a widow; as her adolescent son, Ron Howard overdoes the anguish of learning to become a man, and as the town doctor who treats Wayne, James Stewart talks too loudly, as if he thought we'd all gone deaf. With Richard Boone, Sheree North, Scatman Crothers, Hugh O'Brian, Richard Lenz, and Harry Morgan. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 22.)

Splash—This romantic comedy-fantasy about a mermaid (Daryl Hannah) who falls in love with a New Yorker (Tom Hanks) has a friendly, tantalizing magic. Hannah has the look of a beatifically sexy Nordic goddess, yet her flashing tail and fins are like a butterfly's wings—they're her most ravishing feature. The director, Ron Howard, has a knack for bringing the sweetness out of his performers without lingering on it. He's also the first film director who has let John Candy loose. As the hero's debonair playboy brother, he's a mountainous lollipop of a man, and preposterously lovable. The picture is frequently on the verge of being more wonderful than it is—more lyrical, a little wilder. That verge isn't a bad place to be, though. With Eugene Levy as a nuthead scientist. Written by the team of Lowell Ganz and Babaloo Mandel, along with Bruce Jay Friedman. (3/19/84) (New Embassy 49th Street.)

Star Trek III: The Search for Spock—With Leonard Nimoy at the helm, this is the first movie directed by a Vulcan; maybe we shouldn't be surprised that it's achingly prosaic. This one is really only for Trekkies; others are likely to find it tolerable but yawny. Its predecessor, "Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan," ended with Spock's casket's being sent to a newly created planet, the paradisiacal Genesis, where, the audience could assume, he would be reborn. But this new film seems to take a churlish attitude toward its lighthearted, delicately self-mocking predecessor; almost vindictively, the new film requires that Genesis disintegrate. Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) and his venerable crew must steal the now mothballed Enterprise to rescue Spock—whatever form he's in—and take him home to Vulcan. The principal diversion comes from the Klingons, a bunch of ogres whose brains appear to be on the outside of their foreheads, and their Lord (Christopher Lloyd), who manages to be droll despite the absolute nonexistence of comedy scenes in this movie. There's also a ceremony conducted by a Vulcan priestess, played by Judith Anderson (in her eighty-seventh year); her voice is so commandingly intense it's scary, and she brings a spot of high style to this movie—her huge, pointy ears only add to her grandeur. The rest of the time there's not much to look at besides the collection of hairpieces on the crew of the Enterprise. From a script by the producer, Harve Bennett. (7/9/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews Orpheum; through July 19.)

The Stranger (1967)—Marcello Mastroianni plays Meursault, the Camus hero, very simply, with scrupulous intelligence and concentration. Directed by Luchino Visconti, the movie has great passages and is highly effective in suggesting the atmosphere of the novel—the Algerian heat, the sudden, unpremeditated violence. What's missing is the psychological originality that made the book important. The novel was a definitive new vision—a more honest view of human behavior. But by the time the movie was made that vision had already entered into the modern sensibility, and the concept of alienation had become cut-rate and conventional in movies. And so, although the film is set in the correct period—the thirties—this doesn't help to relate it to what Camus's vision meant in the post-Second World War years, and the movie seems merely a factual account of Meursault's crime and trial. With Anna Karina, Bruno Cremer, and Bernard Blier; cinematography by Giuseppe Rotunno. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

The Thief of Bagdad (1940)—Magical Arabian Nights adventures, on enormous, spacious sets and in brilliantly clear Maxfield Parrish colors; the screen seems to be made of velvet. Sabu is the boy thief who befriends Ahmed (John Justin), the prince who has been blinded and has had his kingdom usurped by the evil magician, the Grand Vizier Jaffar (Conrad Veidt). Though Justin is a wan embodiment of virtue, Veidt sparkles with villainy; in his dashing black ensembles, he makes superb entrances in the calendar-art vistas that the designer, Vincent Korda, supplied for this essentially cheery Alexander Korda production. Sabu seems most appealing when the wicked Jaffar has turned him into a dog; the dog seems to represent the essence of Sabu, and it even looks like him. Best of all is the deep-rumbling-voiced Rex Ingram as the Djinni of the bottle; this Djinni is not only giant-sized but giant-voiced, with a big roaring, threatening laugh and a grin that suggests trouble. (He also has a Southern accent.) Bare except for a loincloth, he has talon fingernails and great quizzical eyebrows, and is bald-headed except for a ponytail. As the heroine, June Duprez—with her pouty mouth and sensual, edgy diction—is an unusual enough choice to catch one's interest. And Miles Malleson does a quirky turn as the Sultan, her toy-loving senile father; Malleson is like a toy himself, and when he becomes enchanted by a mechanical flying horse he and the machine seem a perfect pair. But as a writer Malleson, who, along with Lajos Biró, did the script, lacks enchantment; the flashback device at the beginning is unnecessarily complicated, and the dialogue throughout is distressingly ordinary. This adds to the film's other problems—the uneven rhythms and the occasional dead spots, the stagy use of the spectacular sets. Yet considering how many directors took turns on this picture (Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan are all credited, and Zoltán Korda and William Cameron Menzies, who are credited only as associate producers, also directed, as did Alexander Korda), it's surprising how well it holds together. The Miklos Rozsa score is intrusive and mood-shattering, but the cinematography by Georges Périnal (with Osmond Borradaile on the outdoor footage, and Robert Krasker as camera operator) and the costumes by Oliver Messel, John Armstrong, and Marcel Vertès have a fairy-tale richness. (This version takes off from the 1924 silent film that starred Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., as the thief, but it's very different.) Vincent Korda, Périnal, and the special-effects team all won Academy Awards. (Thalia; July 24.)



Top Hat (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers dancing to Irving Berlin's music. This is the one with "The Piccolino," as well as "Cheek to Cheek" and "Isn't This a Lovely Day?," and it's a lovely movie. (Thalia; July 27.)

True Grit (1969)—Henry Hathaway directing John Wayne in a Western undercut by sentimental truisms about a man's uncle-like relationship with a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old heroine (Kim Darby). The girl is admired—by the film and by John Wayne, at least—for not flinching when a rattlesnake bite is cut out of her flesh with a penknife. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 22.)

Under the Volcano—Malcolm Lowry, who wrote the novel, had a mystique about booze: he somehow got himself to believe that alcoholic self-destruction would give him access to the states of mind necessary to set words on fire. And his hero, Geoffrey Firmin, the former British Consul in Cuernavaca, is meant to be a genius with the courage to destroy himself so that he can transcend the limits of ordinary men and see things more intensely. For the movie to mean anything resembling the novel, we would have to see something of what Firmin—with his psyched-up consciousness—perceives. But all that it does is take a literal approach to the novel, as if it were no more than an account of the final binge of a drunk who becomes suicidally careless and gets himself killed. Since there's almost no attempt to find equivalents of Firmin's visions or of the excitement of Lowry's incendiary prose, the film puts a terribly heavy burden on Albert Finney, who plays Firmin. The drama has to come from his performance, in a big yet virtually unwritten role, and Finney can't help making us aware that he's giving the role more than his best shot—that he's pushing too hard (frequently in closeup), and overusing his facial muscles. Directed by John Huston, from a script by Guy Gallo, the movie has a deep-toned flossy and "artistic" clarity and a peculiarly literary tone—the dialogue doesn't sound like living people talking. With Jacqueline Bisset, Anthony Andrews (who gives an arch, acting-by-the-manual performance), James Villiers, Emilio Fernandez, Katy Jurado, and Ignacio Lopez Tarso. The cinematography is by Gabriel Figueroa; the score, by Alex North, ages the material, gives it a pompous emotionalism. (7/9/84) (Cinema I.)

Who'll Stop the Rain (1978)—A pursuit melodrama with a stodgy start and a big finish, catching the period of disillusionment with the Vietnam War by way of its reflections in the counterculture. A journalist in Vietnam (Michael Moriarty) involves his pill-freak wife (Tuesday Weld) and an old Marine buddy (Nick Nolte) in smuggling heroin back to the States. They're all hounded by paranoia and bad karma. The gallows-humor dialogue is good (the screenplay, by Robert Stone and Judith Rascoe, is based on Stone's novel "Dog Soldiers"), and Nolte turns himself into the metaphor this too-literal movie needs. He's marvellous—a hero without a trace of narcissism. Directed by Karel Reisz. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; July 27-28.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A POLITICAL-MINDED friend writes:

I visited Philadelphia for the first time last week, and on the strength of a seven-hour stay concluded that it is a lovely city, full of parkland and cheese-steak hoagies and the other necessities for good and gracious living. In midafternoon, I joined a number of other Americans in plaid shorts waiting to tour Independence Hall, where the Declaration was debated. (At the time John Hancock writ large his name, the building was the Pennsylvania State House—a not insignificant fact.) The tables and chairs in the crowded chamber are arranged now as they were then, but it is nearly impossible to imagine the Continental Congress at work. Our experience of politics has mainly to do with tedium and distant expertise—with decade-long struggles over air bags in autos or saccharin in soda pop. That politicians could approve the Declaration in less than a week, and return to the same room a decade later to spend a summer on the Constitution, seems a marvel. Where were the legislative aides? And C-SPAN! Were those politicians, eager for the congressional recess, rushing through things? Or were they all so experienced that tossing off a constitution was like tossing down a mug of strong beer? They were not. Some among them were brilliant, and we remember their names. Others were nothing out of the ordinary; and probably their band included a dolt or two. Very few of the men in Philadelphia had spent their lives in what we think of as political careers; they had perhaps belonged to the legislature of their colony or county. Some were lawyers, others came from the farm, and still others from the counting house. In common they had good instincts and a willingness to get on with business.

The nomination of Geraldine Ferraro to the Vice-Presidency drew huzzahs and hisses from the corners one would expect, but it also left a lot of people genuinely troubled. "She lacks experience," people said—some of them because they did not want to vote for a woman or a Democrat but others because we have long assumed that lengthy public service is a prerequisite for the Presidency. The nomination of Ferraro challenges that notion, asking anew the question: What makes a good leader? Could someone who has not spent his—or her—life in politics run the country? In the specific case of Ferraro, I do not know, but in the abstract I think such a person could. If you say that someone is an experienced heart surgeon, you mean that he has opened up a number of people, and that, presumably, he could open you up, too, and sew you back together. But if you say that someone is an experienced public leader you do not mean that he (or she) has mastered some rote task—has successfully negotiated the same arms treaty eleven times, say. An experienced politician is a politician who, confronted with diverse dilemmas over a period of time, has displayed reasonably good judgment. (A politician of similar seniority but less wisdom is called a hack.) That is a very different thing from saying that a politician is wise *because* he has experience; it is saying, rather, that experience demonstrates his wisdom. In a vast number of cases, though, experience also may erode wisdom, leaving in its place only skill and opinion. If a politician has spent ten years negotiating an arms-control treaty, he may have forgotten all about Armageddon and care only about throw-weight; if most politicians are in this position, the arms-control debate becomes a debate about throw-weight, or cruise missiles, or whatever, and not a debate about arms and their effect. The debate must be about both; when it isn't, wisdom has given way to experience.

Technical competence is essential for technicians—for heart surgeons and car mechanics. You don't want the fellow who is supposed to be balancing your tires to install instead a

Richard Edes Harrison

clever device that will float your auto on a thin cushion of air. But in a politician vision makes more sense; bureaucrats are there for tightening nuts, and Presidents who insist on doing so themselves, Carter-style, come to grief. At a party, with a vodka-and-tonic in your hand, the correct question to ask a stranger is "What do you do?" But if, over days and nights and months, that stranger becomes a friend, perhaps you will learn who he is and what he is composed of, and then the fact that he sells stock to earn his living will mean less. Likewise, a politician cannot be summed up as "the former Ambassador to the Court of St. James's," or even as "the former Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, who did an excellent job while he was there." Credentials can enlighten, but they do not define; the things that define, like guts and like spirit, are harder to list and weigh, especially with a politician caught up and sealed in a small glass box by the television networks. But it is necessary to try—to look at people running for office not as a breed apart, not as leaders with some claim in their gray hair to power, but as people like the rest of us. Self-government means confidence in people like oneself; it means realizing that wisdom can come bubbling up in plenty of places, and not just from the fountains in front of the Capitol. It means asking "Who is this person?" as well as "What has she done?"

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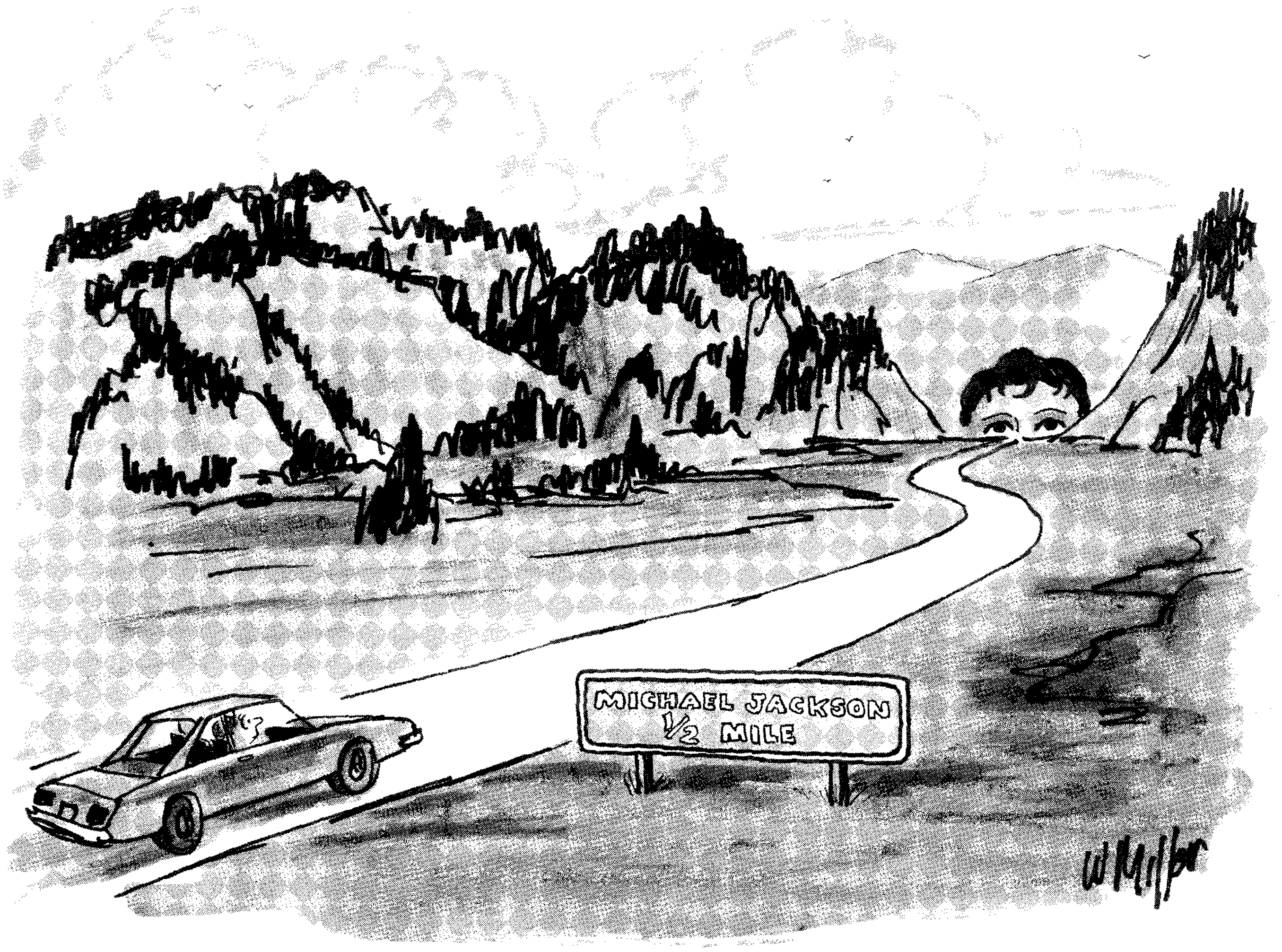
Gramercy Park

On a recent lavender evening, we walked up Fifth Avenue to Twentieth Street, and then across to Gramercy Park. Inside its speared iron fence, the park was darker than the streets around it, for the mature trees have great, sumptuous, leaf-heavy heads. They are mothering, sheltering trees, and the trunk of one of them, silhouetted against the band of twilight in the street, was inclined in a soft curve—a gesture of protective affection. We were on our way to a lecture at the National Arts Club, on the south side of the square, given by Dr. Eugene Weise, an ophthalmologist who is also an amateur historian, and whose specialty is Gramercy Park in the nineteenth century. We had some time before the start of the talk, so we walked around the park: around it, rather than in it, because it is a private park—the only one in the city—and you need a key to get in. Through the spears, which seemed to move as we walked along, we saw lawns, flower beds, and gravel paths under the trees; a pair of lovers on a bench; a fountain, lit up, in one of the darkest places under the trees; a little toolshed with a lighted window under a willow tree; a man and a woman sitting unnaturally—comically—far apart on a bench, talking in a way that suggested that they didn't know each other; a lone person. In the open circle in the middle, five women in summery clothes sat talking under the bronze statue of Edwin Booth, high on its pedestal, cloak blowing blue in the last light. Behind the fence, they all seemed to be out of earshot.

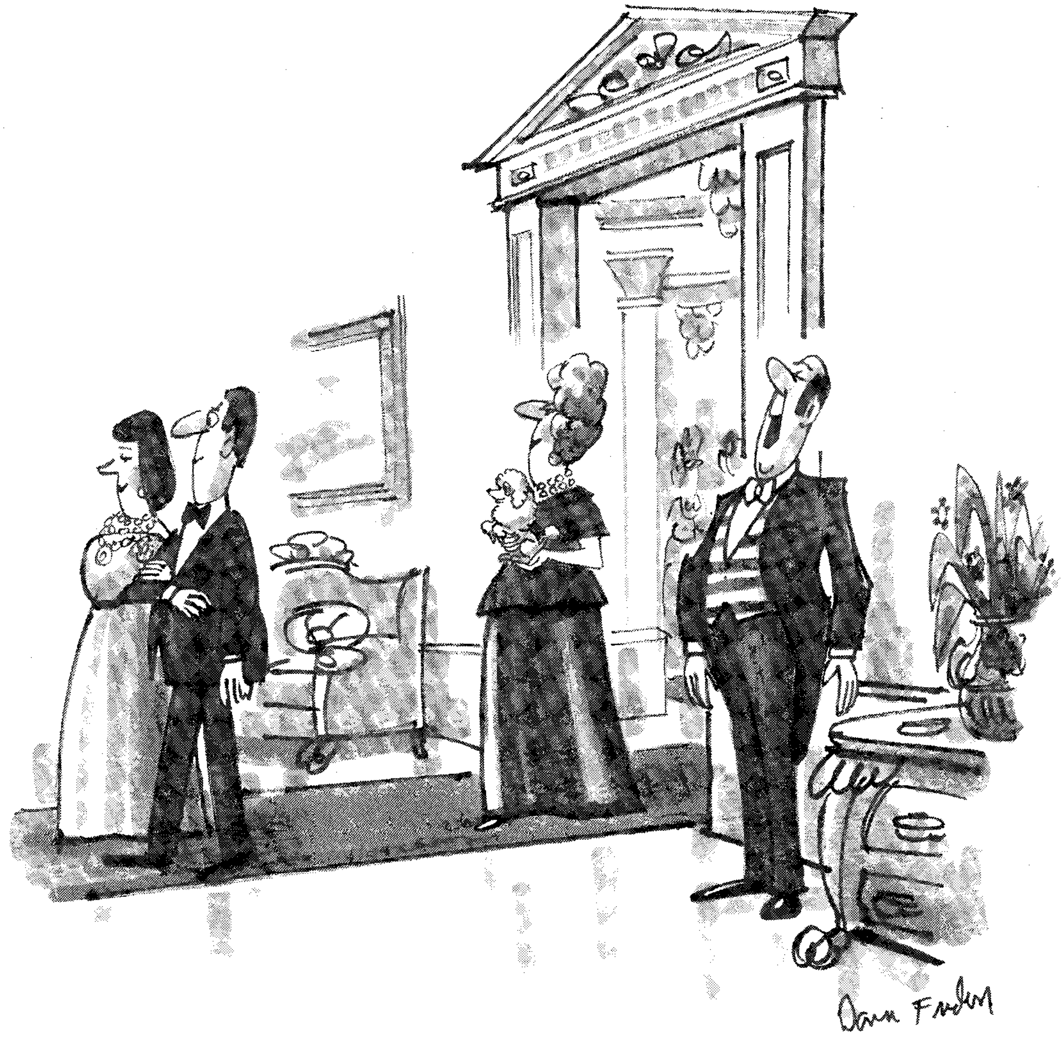
"Did we ever tell you about the night we almost went bowling?"

Thus primed by the park's anachronistic graciousness, we entered the National Arts Club and climbed the marble staircase to the Grand Gallery, where Dr. Weise was scheduled to give his talk. A club official announced that the speaker was a specialist in cataract surgery, and that he had dressed for the occasion in "genuine nineteenth-century costume." Then out popped the antiquarian ophthalmologist, not at all antique himself, tall and slender, with curly brown hair and a wide smile, dressed, to Halloweenish effect, in a black coat with tails, and a ruffled shirt with a high, starched collar. Adopting an alternately oracular and jocular tone, he told us that he was Edward Matthew Stevens, a colonel in the Seventh Regiment, who had served the Union in the Civil War and was now going to introduce us to the interesting people he had met after the war, when he settled in Gramercy Park. He told us, "Your forebears were enamored of the idea of beauty," and by the "toil of their brows, brains, and hands they had built a most beautiful city, and then it was destroyed by their heirs." He said, "Gramercy Park is an isle surrounded by an ever-changing sea of buildings." We saw from the start that he was passionate about his subject and at the same time aware of the comic side of his passion. This was a disarming combination.

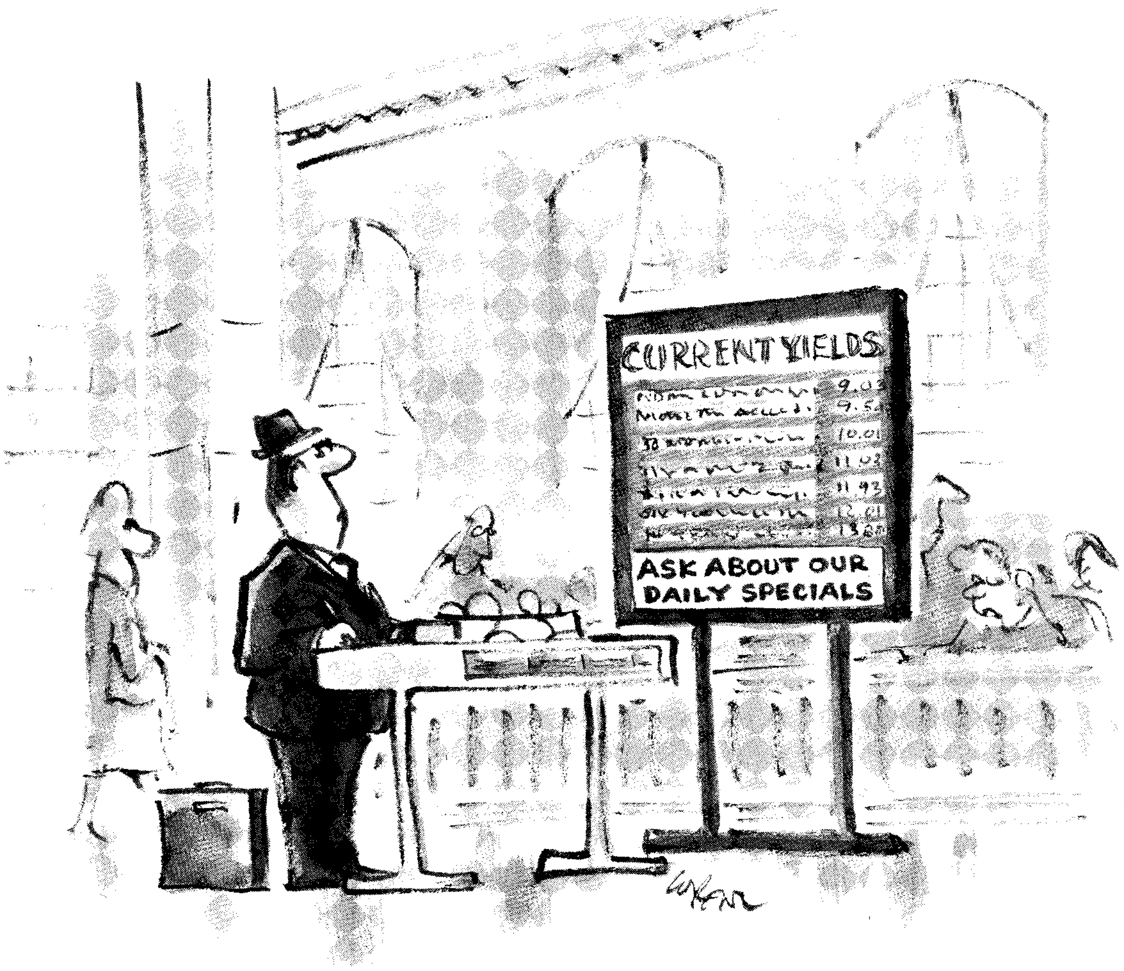
The first slide showed a view of the East Side from about Fifty-third Street and Madison Avenue, looking uptown: a grid of new streets laid out on empty land. Dr. Weise, who said that he was indebted to Stephen Garmey,



the writer of the forthcoming authoritative book "Gramercy Park," for a certain amount of his information, had in his hand an object that we at first took for a nautical glass; it turned out to be a device that could project a little red arrow onto the screen. With this arrow, he pointed to a buildingless spot where, he said, a group of mansions known as Marble Row—now demolished—would be erected. We dutifully contemplated the spot. We were then engulfed by a spate of information about the origins of Gramercy Park, illustrated largely by a series of survey maps. Dr. Weise had a way of stopping dead in wholly unexpected places—because of his enthusiasm, we thought—and then, in deference to the lesser passion of his audience, speeding pell-mell through sometimes miscellaneous facts with actorly flourishes. We emerged with this much: That what is now the square was once part of a large piece of land owned by Peter Stuyvesant; that it then fell to a Mr. Watts, then to a Mr. De Lancey, and then to a James Duane, who called it Gramercy Seat, after a corruption of Krom Moerasje, the Dutch name for a stream that flowed from Madison Square, through the estate, to the East River. In 1803, a few years after Duane died, his five children divided the estate into five strips, but then, somehow, a Samuel Ruggles acquired the property. Ruggles levelled a seventeen-foot-high hill located on the site of the future park—this fact stood out very clearly—and he planted the park in 1838. We saw quite a few pictures of Ruggles, and learned that he graduated from Yale at fourteen (we saw a slide of his degree) and that he began to practice law at twenty-one—a certificate of some sort appeared on the screen. Next, Dr. Weise showed us a photograph of a fountain that had once stood in the center of the park. He was excited about this picture; we saw the historian's passion in him, unadorned by actorly effects. He had found this unpublished photo in the National Arts Club archive, and it showed the fountain in use; as he pointed out, we could see exactly how the water flowed. The fountain was replaced by Edwin Booth in 1918, we learned. On top of the original fountain there had been a female figure holding a staff; she was preserved, and stands to this day in another part of the park. We saw a slide of her. Then we saw "citizens gathering before Samuel Tilden's house"—now the National Arts Club. Then we saw the Tilden House with a pile of rubble on the sidewalk in front of it. This picture, we learned, was taken on the day that the stoop of the building was destroyed. Again we heard passion in our lecturer's voice. "In my opinion," he said, "the stoop that Samuel Tilden built was the most beautiful in all New York." We looked at the rubble. Then the slide changed, and we saw the stoop before it was destroyed. It was made of layers of marble and was ornately carved—the stoop of stoops. We learned that Tilden had had plans for redesigning the park. We saw three different plans. Then we learned that none of them had been implemented. Then we saw a shot of a fancy room. It was, we learned, the very room we were sitting in. This information was greeted by a slight stirring in the audience; the room on the screen looked nothing like the room we were sitting in. But Dr. Weise pointed with his little red arrow to a painted-over wooden ornament in the center of the ceiling above us, then to the same ornament, unpainted, in the room on the screen. This nailed it down. Dr. Weise was becoming triumphant. "I'm standing here," he said, pointing to an empty spot on the screen—and for a moment he did seem like a ghost, albeit of a person who had been invisible in life—and then he began to talk about the arches. There were arched doorways at the front of the room in the slide; these had been in back of where we were sitting, Dr. Weise said. People turned in their seats to look, but the words were coming fast, and they turned forward again. Over time, Dr. Weise continued, alterations had taken place, and walls were moved, eliminated, etc. Arches came and went. People kept turning back and forth, but a short way into this we began to feel addled and refused to turn around anymore. In the end, we learned, one arch remained—there it was, we could look for ourselves, said Dr. Weise. Then we learned that there were long-standing rumors of a secret staircase in the house. Dr. Weise drew out the story, letting the suspense build. But eventually he revealed that in the basement—Eureka! We saw a photo of a narrow marble staircase, visible behind some ducts; it had been lighted for the photo by modern floodlights, we were told, but was normally in pitch dark. Samuel Tilden used this staircase for reasons of security and privacy. We saw a photograph of Tilden—dreamy eyes; bushy, schemer's eyebrows—and learned that he had had the distinction of winning the popular vote in a Presidential election and then losing the Presidency by one electoral vote. Dr. Weise said that what this did to Tilden as a man would be evident from the photos to follow. Many photos followed. "It made him senile," we said to ourself. "It made him hard and bitter; it made him saintly; it made him mean; it made him sweet and old," and so forth. Then we saw some cartoons suggesting that Tilden was involved with Boss Tweed, and we heard that he became the lawyer for half the major railroads in the Northeast. The correct answer, we deduced, was that losing the Presidency made him rich. Then we saw a slide of a newspaper clipping, and Dr. Weise again became very excited. "I don't believe anyone has ever seen this," he said. In the clipping, Tilden was accused of bad character. Dr. Weise read the clipping out loud; then, for a moment, he marvelled at it. Then we saw a shot of a house owned by "a very important man." Pause. "His name was . . . Stuyvesant Fish." Pause. "*Stuyvesant* because of a long line descending from Peter Stuyvesant." Pause. We waited for "*Fish* because . . ." but we heard no more. A photograph of a different man, with a mustache, flashed on the screen; we were allowed to contemplate it for some moments before the man was identified. Then Dr. Weise said, "This is . . . Stanford White." We contemplated some more. "This was Stanford White's house." Ordinary. "*This* is the interior of that house." Palms, marble statues, and indoor fountains galore—a lalapalooza. "This is what's there now": the Gramercy Park Hotel, looking quite innocent. Then we saw a shot of a hotel, called Gramercy Park House, that had stood on the east side of the park: up in 1854, down in three stages (1882, 1903, and 1910). We saw a photograph of David Dudley Field, brother of Cyrus Field, who laid the Atlantic Cable; David Dudley Field was a lawyer, and one of his clients was Jay Gould. The Field brothers lived in adjoining houses on Gramercy Park. More slides of cartoons suggesting shadiness, involvement



"The Countess of Aldershot and her damn poodle!"



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with bosses—this time on the part of David Field. After the Field brothers died, we learned, a Mr. Poor bought both buildings and converted them into a single, grand residence. That house had since been demolished.

"Too bad," said an old gentleman who was sitting in front of his wife.

"What?" she said.

"Too bad," he said more clearly.

"Oh, yes." She bent her head for a moment.

After a while, Dr. Weise said there would be a short intermission, followed by—he tilted his head back—"Irving Place, Fourteenth Street, Union Square, and more." Upon this announcement, we experienced a sudden ebb of stamina, and abandoned the generous and energetic Dr. Eugene Weise. We slipped away not by the secret staircase but by the front door, which now has no stoop, into a warm night.

Leaving Gramercy Park behind—perhaps lovelier today than ever before, because of the age of the trees—we walked west on Twentieth Street. At Park Avenue South, we allowed a man who looked as if he might be a mugger to cross ahead of us, then followed him over to Fifth. He eyed us a couple of times but evidently couldn't figure out how, on the empty street, to maneuver his way behind us. Perhaps he was merely looking out for himself. Alert as Natty Bumppo, we tracked the imagined hunter back into the twentieth century, between buildings that rose into darkness beyond the range of our vigilant vision.

Creativity

THE PROBLEM: Isao Kato, proprietor of the Yamashiro Japanese restaurant, at Fifth Avenue and Thirty-first Street, noticed a gender gap in his lunch trade. "For each sixty-five American men who came, there were thirty-five American ladies," he told us. "I need more ladies. American ladies don't know sushi. If they knew sushi, they'd come to lunch." A classic business dilemma.

THE SOLUTION: Isao Kato used materials close at hand. Most Japanese restaurants have, in their windows, life-size plastic replicas of various kinds of sushi. Isao Kato made jewelry from these. There are earrings of plastic *tekka-maki*, which is tuna and rice wrapped in seaweed. There is a bracelet with a sac of *ikura* on it (salmon roe). Dangling from a necklace is a bauble of *futomaki* (egg, cucumber, fish flake, and a sort of Japanese potato). There are many others. "Ladies will see these and think of sushi and come for lunch," Isao Kato said.

Isao Kato works only with fine ingredients. "Many companies in Japan make plastic sushi, but this is the best," he said, showing us a *temaki*, an orange pickle wrapped in a cone of rice and seaweed. "There is the right amount of space between the grains of rice." The jewelry makes a statement—a raw-fish statement. The *kazunoko* bracelet *looks* like herring roll glued to a bracelet. "*Kazunoko* is what people in Japan eat at Happy New Year's time, just the way Americans eat turkey at Thanksgiving," Isao Kato said. *Sayori*, smelt, looks like smelt, right down to the blue vein that divides its back.

We felt ourself at a confluence of forces: Fashion. Japanese Business Methods. Sushi. "A rich American lady has diamond earrings, diamond everything, but it's not so interesting," Isao Kato said. "But an American girl who buys this necklace, which has tuna, shrimp, and abalone—she is much more interesting. She gets more attention."

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"I WOULDN'T say it was really just like Newton, but maybe a little of the same idea," Kurt Ossenfort told us. "How does creativity work? It's an accident. I just stumbled on it." What Ossenfort stumbled on one fine afternoon in the summer of 1975 was: drawings by trees. He showed us some last week when we stopped by his SoHo studio, which is only a block from the 22 Wooster Gallery, where other examples of his work are currently on display. "These are early pieces

ELECT
DIRIN
VOTE
ELECT
VOTE
DRAW
VOTE

"But let us try to forget politics for the moment."

done by trees," he said, showing us some canvases. "You can see how minimal they are. I'd just see a tree I liked, and set up my easel in front of it, tie a pen to a branch, and wait for the wind to blow. You either like them or you don't. This is by a tamarack tree in the Cary Arboretum. And this is by a white oak. Here's another piece—I set up a bunch of easels in a cornfield and lashed markers to the plants. I guess I was sort of playing with absurdity."

After two years in fields and forests, Ossenfort turned his attention to water, rigging a device that allowed the Hudson River to draw. "Talk about obsessed—I borrowed my parents' car and drove ten thousand miles in two months along either side of the river, looking for locations for the drawing device: a graphite pencil floated on a wooden block. I found out that graphite would write on wet canvas, which was a real milestone for me. But, basically, I didn't have my technology down all that well." In fact, most of the drawings of that early period look as if Ossenfort had tied pencils to the legs of chickens and encouraged them to hop. But he persevered, and before many more summers had passed he had refined the technology to the point where rivers and oceans and inlets could manipulate long aluminum poles connected to floats, and thereby create huge, bright, defiant paintings, full of streak and circle and swoop. "It's become an exercise in problem-solving," he said as he showed us photographs of a rock fifty yards off Long Island, on which he spent most of last summer. "I set up an absurd situation, and then I try to work my way out of it. And there's always the risk factor to bear in mind—you might slip and fall in."

Ossenfort, who recently began his first painting by hand in ten years (and also entered the exciting field of rock-video production), said, "The whole nature thing has been a process of learning about line. With the water, I've been able to create lines I just wouldn't draw in my studio. Look at these incredibly light lines here. If I were in a studio working by hand, I might not have drawn them. But a certain amount of the decision-making is taken care of by the ocean. I stand there and feed it color, and it covers the canvas in a whole different way. Things like those dots—that's a move I really like, but how would it occur to me by myself? And look at the way this pink is clustered over on this side—would a human being know enough to stay over there? Human beings have a tendency to want to imitate, to represent; with this, it looks as if a real maniac did it. It's *honestly* abstract."

After looking at dozens of Ossenfort's canvases, we asked if he was through with water.

"Well," he said, "I do have these fantasies about the Bay of Fundy. They have fifty-foot tides there, you know."

THE KINGFISHER

On the morning of his fourteenth birthday, James met his father in the kitchen. His father came to him and held him by the shoulders, at arm's length, and looked at him with such wry and compassionate warmth that the boy was at once convinced of the imminence of some great cataclysm. Almost the same height, they stared at each other for nearly half a minute.

"So you're fourteen," James' father said. "It seems no time since I first held you in my arms. With great trepidation and very gingerly, but I held you. And here you are, fourteen."

"That's it," James said.

"Fourteen," his father said. "Always a sad anniversary for men of our family. A sad day."

He picked up his cup of coffee, walked to the window, and stared seriously over the garden. When he turned away from the window, he smiled almost shyly at James, as if they shared an enormous, obligatory knowledge—some ominous secret. "Come into the dining room with me, James," he said.

The dining room was cold and quiet. Its mahogany furniture sat solidly in place, heavy, smelling of polish. James remembered it arriving at the house when he was a small boy, sent south from his grandmother's home in Yorkshire. The room was rarely used.

"Sit down," James' father said. "It would be best if you sat down."

James sat on a hard chair. Its seat had been broken long ago and repaired with some old craftsman's adhesive. James felt with his finger the small ridge of the mend. He could see a black streak of dry glue running the length of the wood.

"How do you feel?" his father said. "We can postpone this if you don't feel up to it."

"Get on with it," James said. "Whatever it is."

"Admirably stoic," his father said. "I wish I had been as stoic when my father told me."

"Told you what?" James said.

His father didn't answer. He moved quietly into a corner of the room, and then he spoke. "James, when the men of our family reach the age of fourteen, they are thought old enough to bear a terrible knowledge. Generation after generation, from father to son, we have been told this secret, pledged to pass it on in our turn. Although what we learn has in many ways blighted our lives, made saddened men of us, we have all borne our sorrow bravely. I know you will do the same."

Oh, God, thought James, rigid on his chair, we suffer from incurable hereditary madness. All over the country my cousins, tainted and cretinous, are shut away in stone towers. We are descended shamefully and illegitimately—incestuously, probably—from some nameless criminal family. He pushed away other terrors, too hideous to think of. "Tell me," he said, his voice a croak.

His father, upright and slim and still, stood in the shadows of the room. He was remote and impersonal. His face was dark. "Remember, it is my duty to tell you this," he said. "I would willingly have spared you and kept this knowledge alone."

"Hell's flames!" yelled James, his control at an end. "Tell me!"

For a long moment, until the imagined echoes of his cry had left James' ears, his father waited. Then he spoke. "There is no Father Christmas," he said.

That had been almost two weeks ago, and James still laughed at the memory, although he had been wild with rage at first. He lay in bed listening to his father's voice through the open window, and little uncontrollable giggles made him shake. It was not yet seven o'clock, but his father was already in the garden. James knew what he was doing. He was standing among his rosebushes, encouraging and cajoling. Every morning he spoke to them, full of praise if they were flowering well, like a general before battle if he felt they could do better. James got up and looked out at his father.

The lawn carried a heavy summer dew, and the marks of his father's footsteps were clear. He had wandered all over the garden, but he stood now near the rose bed, talking quietly and fondly. James could not hear what he was saying. His father's thin shanks stuck out below his silk robe. It was a glittering paisley robe in green and blue, tied at the waist with a sash of darker color. Watching his father bend above the subservient shrubs, James thought he looked like an exotic bird, a peacock of some kind.

His father loved birds to come to his garden. He had widened the trickle of a stream that bordered this plot into two small pools, so that he could keep in comfort a pair of ancient mallards, Mr. and Mrs. Waddle. This morning, hearing the man's voice, they hopped out of the water and hurried

"I'm thinking of repositioning you in my life."

loudly to him. Mrs. Waddle, always the braver, marched to his feet and pecked at his brown slippers. She paused to look up, her head on one side, out of a round black eye. A yard away, Mr. Waddle looked on benevolently. He was in his summer glory, his green head glossy, his speculum a trim bar of reflecting blue. James' father went off to the garage, where he kept a sack of poultry food.

It was then that a kingfisher flew in, paused above the stream, and dived. He was blue lightning, an arrow of light; his flight was electric and barbarous. He took instantly from the shallow water a small fish, stickleback or minnow, and perched on the wooden post that had held a clematis, killed by harsh frost two years back. James saw the brilliant turquoise of the bird's back, the warm chestnut breast, his sturdy beak. The kingfisher held the small fish struggling across his beak and whacked it savagely and expertly against the wood before he slid it down his throat. Then he flew, seeming to leave behind a visible echo of his flight, a streak of color. James' father came out of the garage, holding a bowl of pellets. His ducks begged and skidded before him. He had missed the whole appearance of the kingfisher.

SPEECH FROM A NOVELLA

Every night I wake and find myself
Alone in this strange bedroom. Always puzzled,
I walk into the hallway, blinking at the lights,
And somehow know I'm on the highest floor
Of an enormous mansion full of people.
Then, leaning on the bannister, I hear
The noise of a party down below,
And sad, slow music drifting up the stairwell

Like one last waltz that an exhausted band
Will play to satisfy an audience
That won't go home. Curious, I descend
The elegantly curving staircase, finding
Each floor darker and more crowded, people
Everywhere: on the landing, in the corridors,
Some staring, others arguing, most so drunk
They don't even notice that I'm there.

Then someone calls, "Mary, come down, come down
And dance with us!" I try to answer him,
But it's so dark and crowded I can't see
The bottom yet, and I keep walking down
Until the music, laughter, cheap perfume,
The shouting people, all the smoke from cigarettes
Make me so dizzy I could faint, and still
He calls me, "Mary, come down, come down,"
And as I reach for him, the voices pause,
The music stops, and there is nothing there
But one voice laughing in another room.

—Dana Gioia

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THAT afternoon, because his mother had gone to Birmingham to see her sister, James went with his father to the nursing home. His father would not go alone.

"Charles Emerson, to see his mother," he said to the receptionist. "And James Emerson, to see his grandmother."

The nurse smiled at them and told them to go ahead.

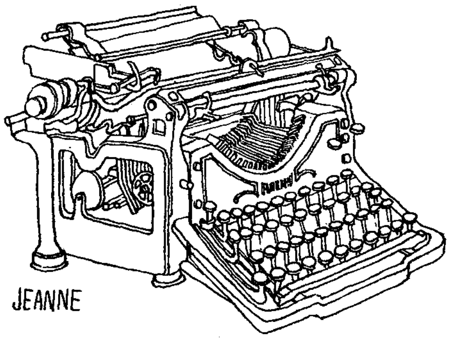
The old lady lay inert in her white bed, her thin hair damp and yellowish against the pillow. James' father held her hand and spoke softly to her, but she didn't answer. Her eyes were closed. She didn't know anybody. Sometimes she had spoken, but her words were disjointed and incoherent. Now she neither spoke nor moved. James watched his father grow quiet and sad as the slow minutes passed. The small room was too hot. It smelled of sickness. The voices of boys playing tennis in the park came faintly to them. James was glad when it was time to leave.

His father drove furiously out of the car park, showering the neat red gravel behind the wheels of the car. He spun the big car roughly through Redmond Corner, his tires protesting. It was always like this. He always left the nursing home in a rage of frustration, in an agony over his mother's decay.

James tapped his father's knee. "Too fast, Dad," he said. "You'll get a ticket."

His father braked, but said nothing. For several miles he drove carefully down the road, heavy now with afternoon traffic—the cars of businessmen, files of trucks taking their loads around Oxford to Southampton.

"You see what we come to," he said at last, as if he were very tired. "You see what time brings us to. We lie insensible in strange rooms, not knowing we are alive. The tyranny of the breath keeps us going. Your grandmother has committed the crime of growing too old."

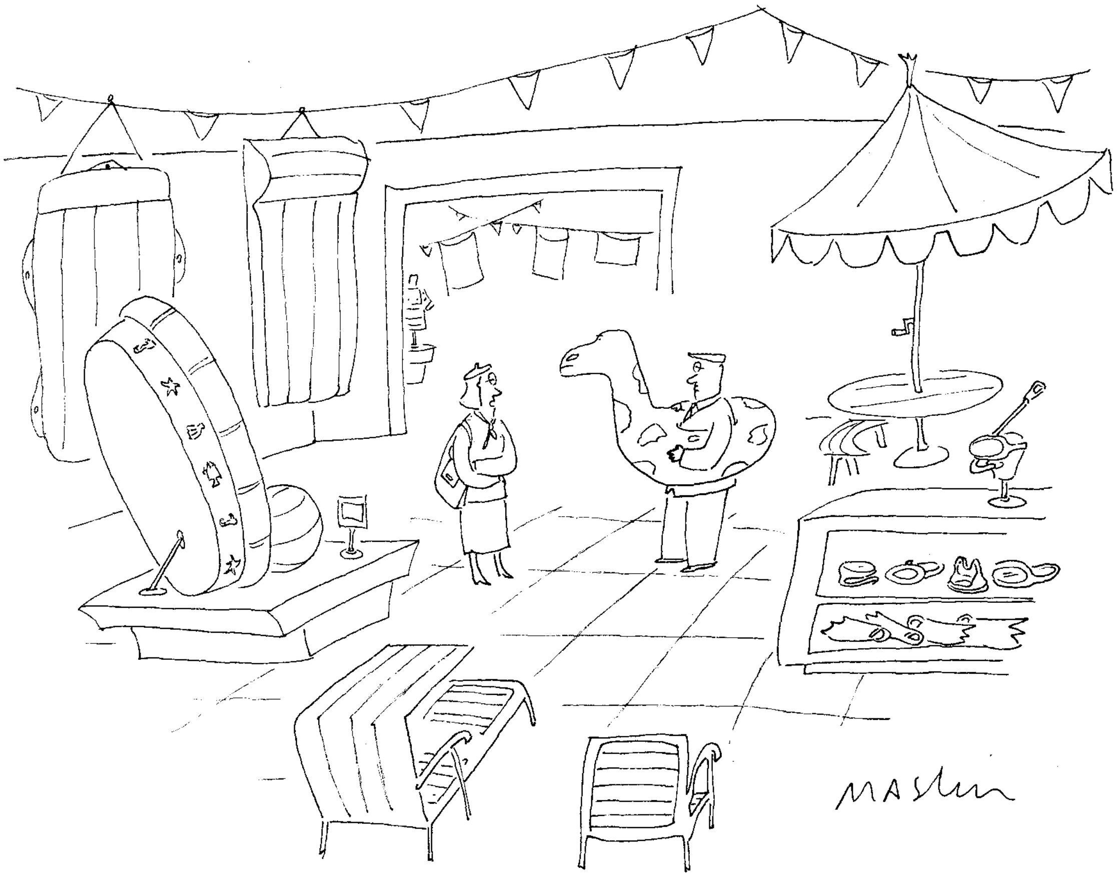


James had known these moods before. He sat at his father's side and waited for him to recover. He did not understand his father's anger and impotence. *It was natural to grow old,* natural for the body to wither and break; it was common mortality, the human condition. He wished very much for some comfort to bring back his usual ebullient, unpredictable father.

They stopped at the traffic lights near the Queen's Theatre. "Tell me, Holmes," James said to his father, "what do you make of that old lady on the other side of the road dressed in black?" It was an old game of theirs, although they had not played it for a long time.

His father's head jerked about, his long neck stiff—like an old heron stalking a frog. He was smiling. "Ah," he said, "you mean the retired Irish parlormaid, Watson? With a ne'er-do-well son in the Army and a pipe-smoking husband?"

"Holmes," James said, "you as-



"Bob up and down."

tound me! How on earth did you gather that information? Do you know the woman?"

"Never saw her before in my life," his father said. "But you know my methods, Watson. I knew she was a parlormaid because her right arm is six inches longer than her left—the result, Watson, of many years of carrying heavy buckets of coal to the upstairs parlors in which her employers sat."

James laughed, turning in his seat to look at his father. "Good gracious, Holmes," he said. "You *do* astound me. Go on."

"A mere nothing," his father said. "I know she is retired because, apart from her evident maturity, she would not be about so early in the evening were she still employed. And as she is still wearing, although St. Patrick's Day is long past, a bunch of faded shamrock at her collar, she is undoubtedly Irish."

"When you put it like that, Holmes, it's quite simple," James said. "But what about her son in the Army and her pipe-smoking husband? I have you there, I think."

"Not at all," said his father. He was well into the game now, his gloom forgotten. "The shamrock is fastened to her coat by an old brooch, on which the word 'Mother' is clearly to be discerned. The parcel she carries is addressed to a private in the infantry named McCarthy. It is safe to assume he is her son. That he is a ne'er-do-well is evident from the woman's dress. No decent son would allow his mother to go out so shabbily garbed."

"Great," James said. "Pretty good. What about the husband?"

"That," said his father with relish, "is the easiest deduction of all. Did you not observe that the woman's clothes are spotted all over with tiny burns, small marks of scorching? They prove beyond all doubt that she has spent many years in the close vicinity of a man who is a careless pipe-smoker, undoubtedly her husband."

"A full score," said James. "You haven't lost your skill."

His father took the car past a row of parked vehicles outside the library. "Your turn," he said. "Tell me, Holmes, what do you make of the sinister-looking man who stands outside the filling station?"

"You mean," James said, "the ex-sailor who subsequently became a policeman, was dismissed for taking bribes, and now earns a casual living as a gardener?"

"Holmes," said his father, "you astonish me."

THEY ate supper together, silently, contentedly, and afterward James walked in the garden. The evening was still warm, and Mr. and Mrs. Waddle muttered from their stream. High up, the seagulls were trailing their irregular columns back to the beach. A little tatter of silk, Oriental in its brilliance, had blown from somewhere onto the lawn. James bent over it. It was the kingfisher. He picked it up, and it lay dead on his hand, light as dust. Its head rolled loosely of its own tiny weight, as if its neck were broken. James examined the short, blunt wings, touched the dry beak.

From the house, his father began to sing. "*Questa o quella*," he sang, his voice breaking comically on the higher notes, "*per me pari sono*."

James held the dead bird on his open palm. He carried it to the long grass beneath the maple tree in the corner of the garden. He placed the bird in the dark grass behind the tree and stood above it, rubbing his hands together briskly. He would not tell his father about the kingfisher, not about its vivid morning flight across the garden, not about its small, irrevocable death. He would spare his father that knowledge.

—LESLIE NORRIS

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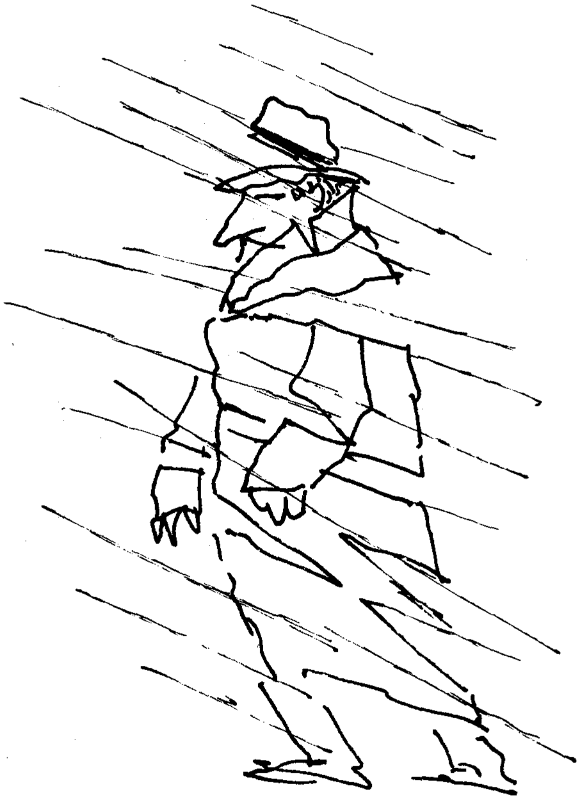
WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

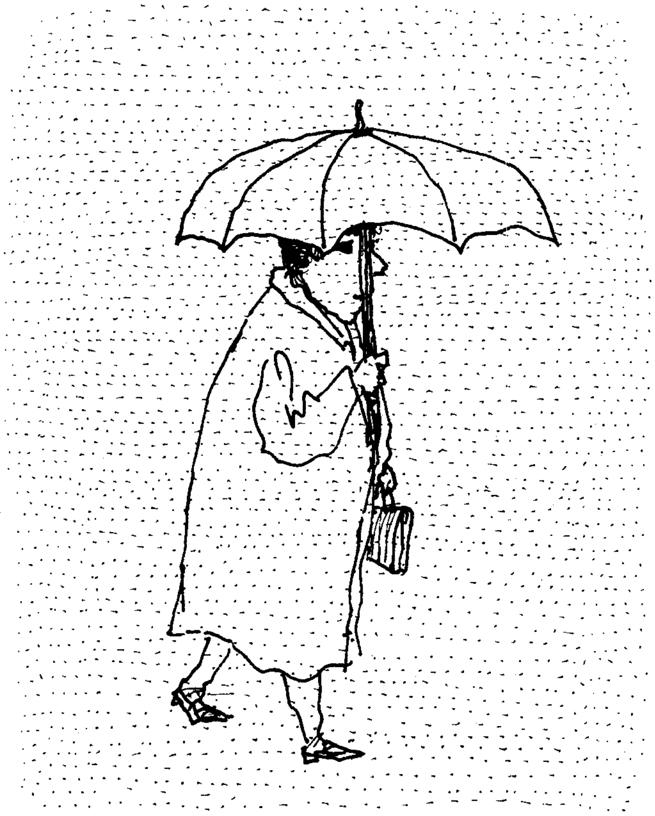
GW TRUSTEES
SAVE NIGHT
LAW SCHOOL
—*Washington Post.*

TRUSTEES VOTE TO ABOLISH
GWU NIGHT LAW SCHOOL
—*Washington Times, same day.*

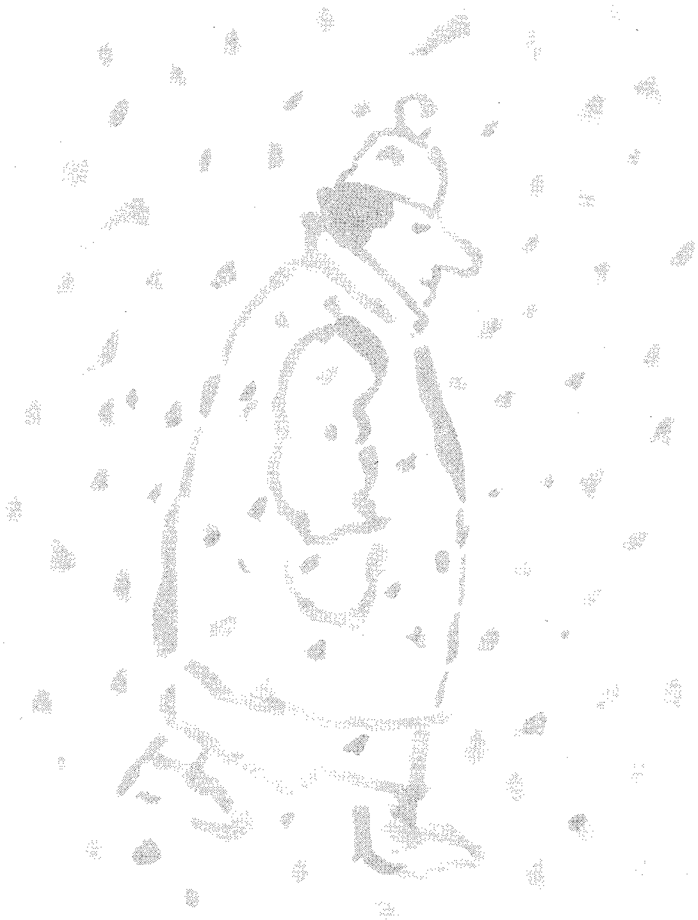
WEATHER



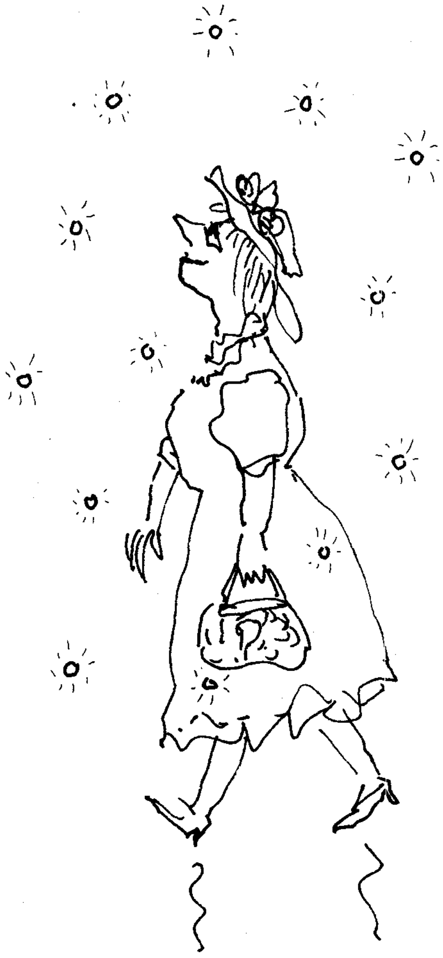
Sleet



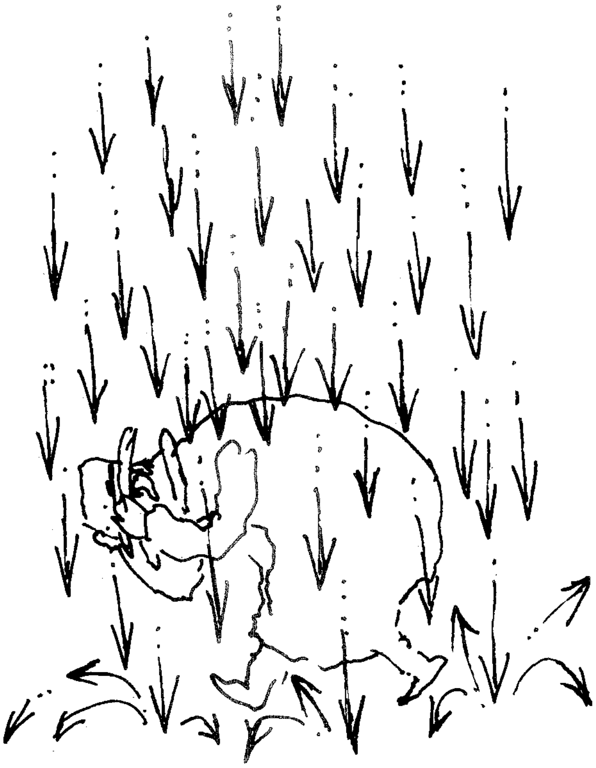
Drizzle



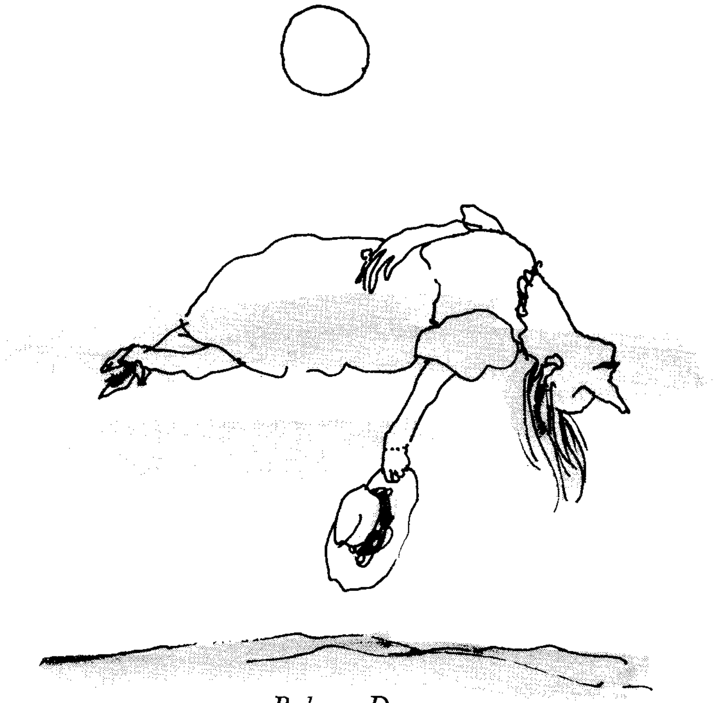
First Snowfall



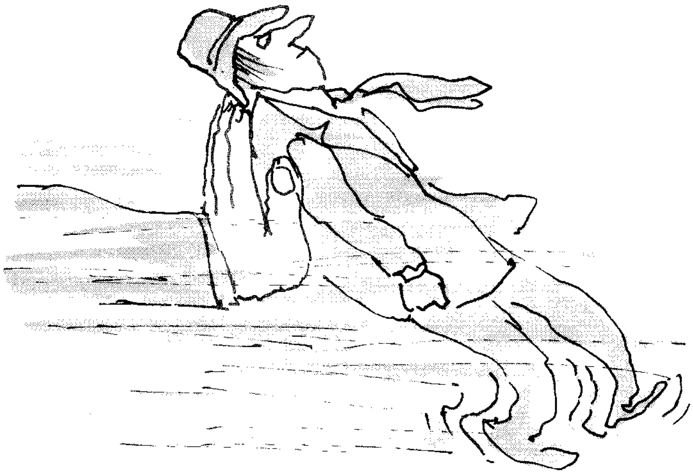
Sun Shower



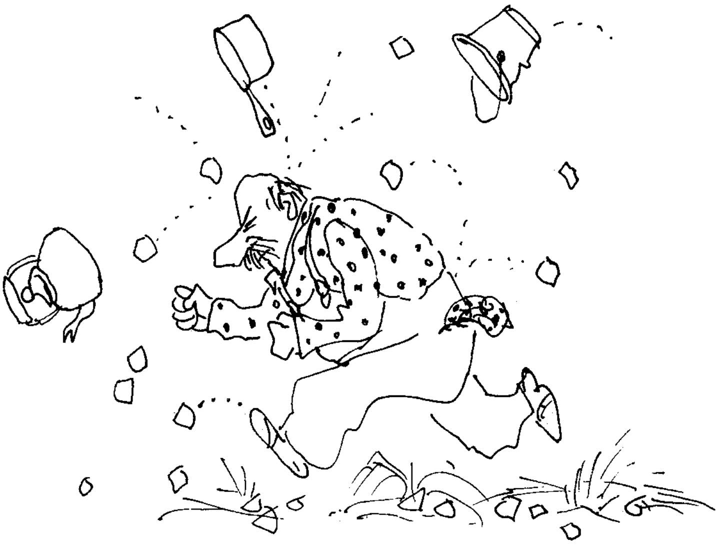
Downpour



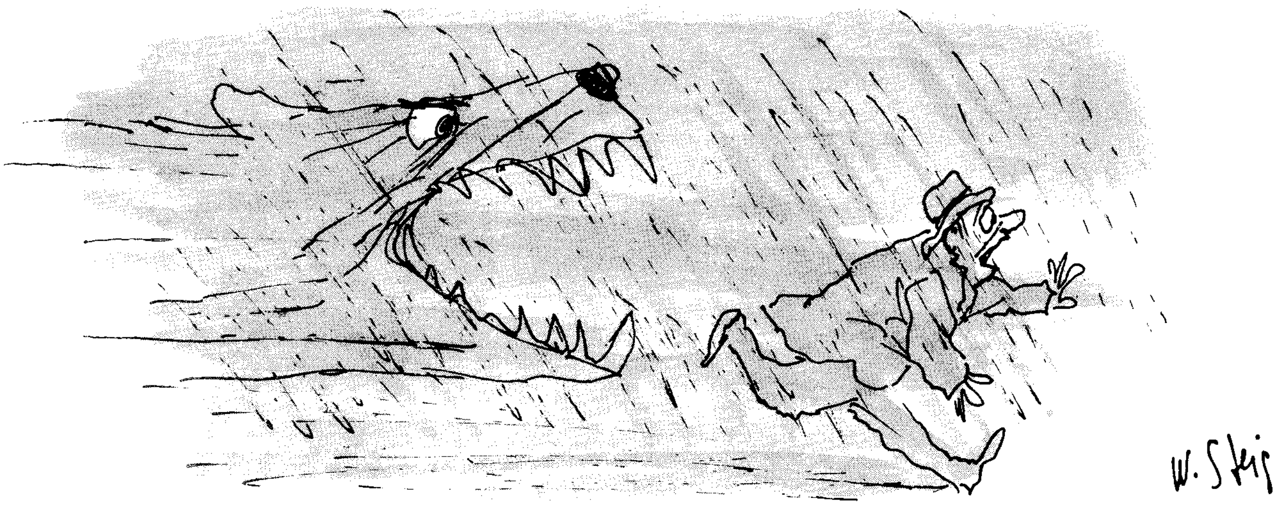
Balmy Day



Wind



Hail



Hurricane

TO CALABRIA

IN the early years of their friendship, in the nineteen-thirties, Hal and Morgan did some cycling in Italy. Their destination was old Calabria, well known to Hal through the writings of Norman Douglas but somewhat undefined for Morgan, whose specialty was the eighteenth-century novel.

Several years his senior, Hal seemed to Morgan an ideal travel companion. They had met at the Berlitz school in Paris, where Hal, a tasselled muffler dangling from his neck, held a collapsible tin cup to catch the fall of his cigarette ashes as he tutored select students in Spanish and Italian. He was the smartest person Morgan had ever met, but a bit short on style. The cape of his olive-green Aquascutum raincoat might be pulled over his head during a downpour, the frayed bottoms of his pants rolled to reveal his bone-white shins. To Morgan's knowledge, he never ran a comb through his thin patch of hair to where the back of his neck was usually raw from the clippers.

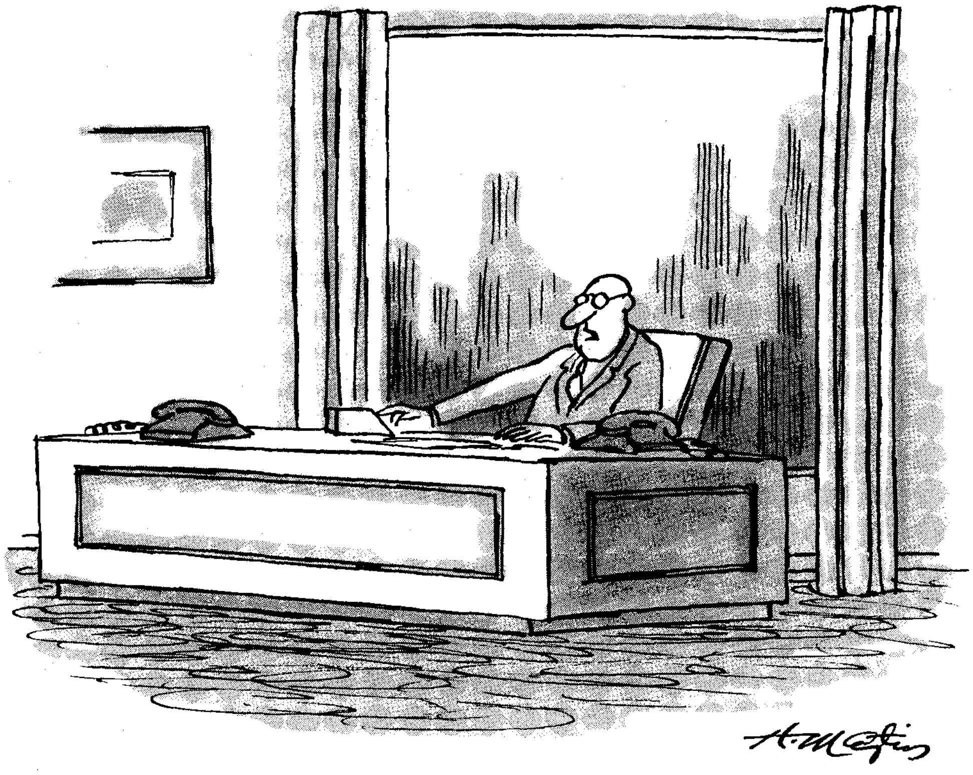
For the adventure, Morgan bought a better bike than he could afford—one with three gears, real tubes in the tires, a meter on the front wheel to register the mileage. Hal had picked up a wreck of a bike in Verona, both its wheels so warped that they slapped on the frame like paddles. When they had to walk their bikes into a head wind, Morgan found this racket annoying.

It shamed Morgan, in his authentic lederhosen and rucksack, to be cycling in Italy with a character who wore a blue serge suit, with black-and-white wing-tip oxfords that squished when it rained. Hal's pants cuff dragged in the grease of the chain, and frequently tangled in the sprocket. Coasting down the grades, the wind puffing out his cape, he looked like a madcap runaway monk. On the other hand, it was Morgan who suffered from blisters under his shoulder straps, and a mysterious rash at his waistline.

From the moment they started down the coast below Pisa, squalls of rain, pouring down their necks, soaked both of them inside and out. Hal seemed pleased with their wet-dog smell. His two-tone shoes discolored his corpse-hued feet, which led Morgan to reflect on the fate of Shelley, who had drowned right there in the sea off Viareggio. On the infrequent occasions the weather cleared, Morgan walked along the beach, skimming stones, while Hal waded in the frothy surf. In a ruined garden in Civitavecchia, Hal read to Morgan from the memoirs Stendhal wrote when he served there as French consul, while Morgan, pantless, hunted down lice in his lederhosen. Morgan's enthusiasm for cycling was dimming. According to the meter on the wheel of his bike, they had ridden less than seven hundred kilometres in three weeks. Somewhere to the south, Calabria was like a sock in the toe of Italy's boot.

A few days later, pushing along toward Amalfi with his head down, Morgan stopped as if a voice had cried "*Basta!*"—his one Italian word. He had had his fill of cycling. Worse, he'd had his fill of Hal—Hal's cheerfulness, his clipped, reddened neck, his baffling indifference to how he looked. Thanks to that haircut, Morgan could see that Hal's ears were dirty. This was not something he could discuss in a wind that blew sea spray into his mouth. What he did say was that he was eager to spend April in Paris.

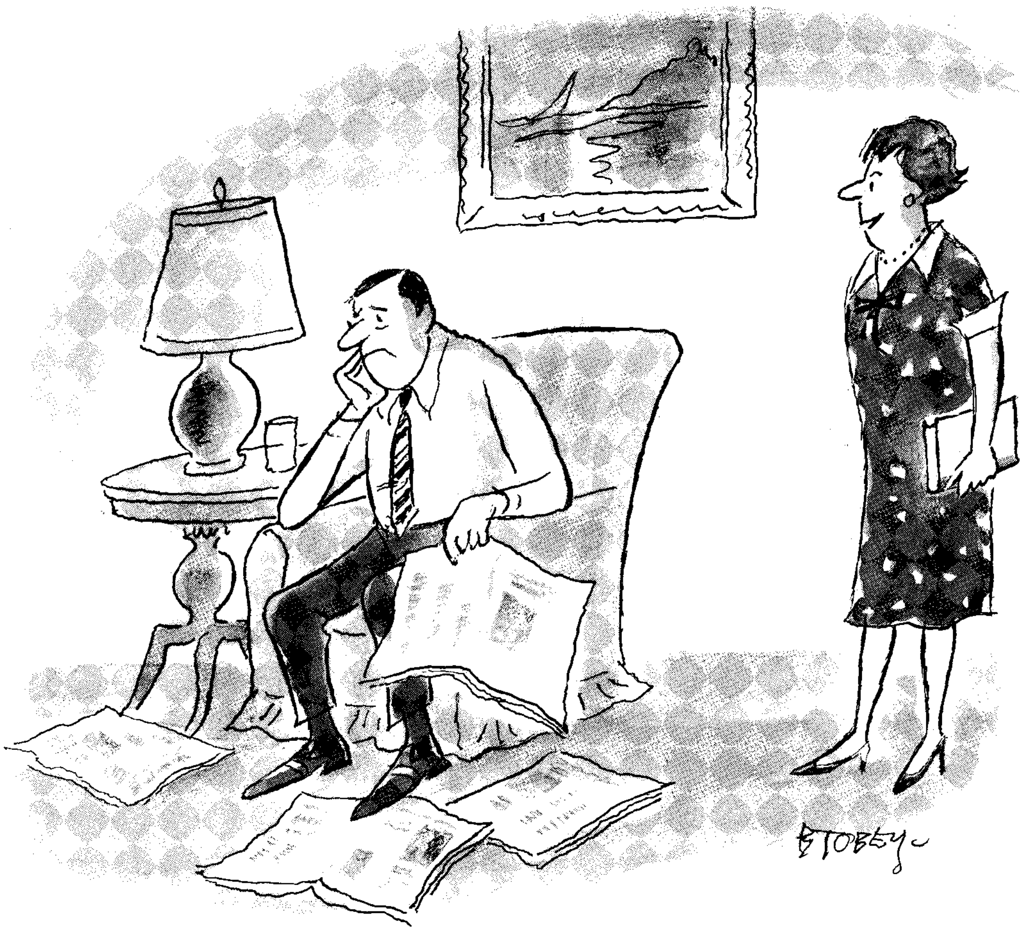
Spray filmed Hal's glasses and made him look as if he were weeping. This so irritated Morgan that he determined to take himself off fast, before he said something he might later regret. To make it up to Hal, Morgan swapped bikes with him, even Steven. He then pushed Hal's old bike, with its flat front tire, all the way back to Naples, where he gave it to a boy who was tending a goat.



"Miss Spinelli, I'm in place and ready to deal with the major problems confronting management today."

AFTER the war, when Morgan had found a place in the academic world where Hal was already an established Hawthorne scholar, they picked up a kind of friendship again. When they ran into one another at scholarly meetings, it was Morgan who supplied the bottle of sour mash for their late-night talks, or made the early run to the deli. Bicycles, or Italy, sometimes came up, but their aborted adventure seemed remote, and Morgan never actually got around to discussing what he might have missed. Nor did Hal.

It was to Morgan's advantage to be considered one of Hal's cronies, and to receive his coveted recommendations. Yet Morgan was one of the last to hear when Hal married, or when his children were born. Around that time, Morgan was living with one of Hal's brighter ex-students while she finished her thesis on Melville. Both projects came to an end at the same time. Morgan was never sure whether Hal knew about that episode, and may have forgotten to tell him about his own marriage, later, in a university town at the other end of the country.



"Well, what's going on in the world?"

• •

They were running into one another less by then anyhow. In the sixties, Morgan took two leaves of absence rather than deal with campus agitation. Still, in airport throngs or crowded hotel lobbies he would always keep an eye out for Hal's shabby Pan Am flight bag, or his green Cambridge book sack stuffed with papers to grade. Some of their best discussions were in the public washrooms, while Hal shaved with his spring-wind Swiss razor, his hairless body whiter than his B.V.D.s. His brown hair was still short, trimmed with clippers at the back, his ears red and prominent in the winter; one tasselled end of his forgotten muffler dangled from a sleeve.

Once, in 1975, they crossed paths on the escalators in Penn Station. Hal had just arrived from Stockholm, hatless in the winter, an ash-strewn gray sweater under his raincoat. He looked worn as he puffed his cigarettes. Just chatting with Morgan left him winded. Morgan thought of joshing him a little, asking if he had actually made it to Calabria. But the opportunity didn't come up.

A few years later, around the time his own wife died, Morgan learned from a colleague that Hal had mysteriously vanished. The door to his office stood open, papers and books were piled on his desk as usual, along with the cheap Ingersoll watch that he would set out on the lectern as he talked.

That news transported Morgan, on the instant, to the windswept coastal highway south of Pisa where they had plodded along in a downpour, walking their bikes. On a low rise, they had paused to look at the gray, foaming sea, swept by tatters of cloud. In a nearby farmyard, a white stallion, his pelt gleaming with rain, pranced about like a unicorn, tossing his mane. Two small men trailed the beast, waving their arms and hooting. The scene was an allegory Bellini might have painted, but Morgan had been too miserable to appreciate it. That would come almost fifty years later, when he heard that his friend had vanished.

Had Morgan been wrong to let Hal push on alone to Calabria? For all his talents, his air of authority, Hal had always seemed somehow vulnerable to Morgan, as if one day he might do just what he had done: disappear. Nothing terrible had happened to him in Calabria, but on the highway south of Naples, in a gale of sea spray, Morgan had just walked off and left him. Half a century later, the memory of that defection gripped Morgan so intensely that he could not speak to the man who had brought him the news.

Once, in public, Hal had spoken of himself as one of the good starters—think of the notable careers he had helped people launch—and of Morgan as a good finisher. Morgan had flushed with pleasure and embarrassment. What had he ever finished? Or was that what Hal meant to point out?

OVER the next few years, unconfirmed rumors reported Hal sighted in many places, his raincoat frayed, his vest strewn with ashes, his green book bag stuffed with cartons of Camels. A colleague recognized him, from a distance, on the deck of a Danube river steamer. One of his old students—now a matron with grown sons—received an unsigned pre-war postcard from Barcelona, where they had both loved the Gaudí buildings. Had he meant to reveal or to obliterate himself?

Among the objects found on Hal's desk was an emptied film packet with Morgan's name lettered on it. One of Hal's daughters had finally got around to sending it along. In the packet, wrapped in a wad of tissue, Morgan found a nickel-plated gadget, a meter with a spiked gear on its side. Numerals were visible through a narrow window. Twirling the gear, Morgan watched the figures change—1746 edged to 1747. He recognized the meter from the front wheel of the bike Hal had pedalled and pushed to Calabria. Had Hal meant the packet as a gift, or a reproach? Was he suggesting that this was Morgan's unfinished business?

With his love for gadgets, Hal had been one of the first to own a sound recorder, with its spools of wire. He had the voices of Eliot and Pound on the same tangled reel. These spools were displayed around his house and office for idle visitors to puzzle over and unsnarl. Short snippets of wire were stored in a shoebox, on the chance that they might one day reveal their message. Looking for coins in the lining of his coats, Hal often found bits of wire he would wind about his fingers as he talked.

Seated in his study, twirling the spiky gear, Morgan found he could advance or reverse the numbers in its small window. Four decades after their pause in Civitavecchia, Morgan had finally got around to reading Stendhal's memoir, much of which he confused with his own Italian adventure. Was there more, mile by mile, in the meter he toyed with now? He recalled the moment on the road south of Naples when he announced his departure. Sea spray had glistened on Hal's face and glasses, and the possibility that he was weeping had only irritated Morgan. Now it seemed reasonable to him that by reversing the meter he could return to that point overlooking the sea where the white horse pranced about like a mythical beast; or that, by advancing it, he could proceed down the coast to Calabria.

Still spinning the gear, Morgan left his study to stand at his half-curtained kitchen window. Just outside it hung a large bird feeder. Before his wife died, she used to keep the feeder from being taken over by the big, aggressive jays —birds Morgan hated. He could always hear their damned hammering clear back in his study. After a bit of it, he would come running on the double to throw empty cans at them.

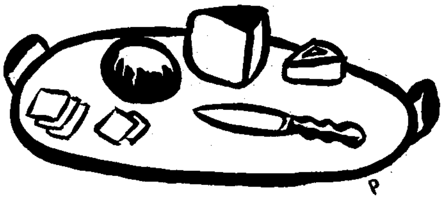
"The poor birds!" his wife would say. "They're only doing what birds do!"

"And I'm doing what I do!" Morgan would shout, as if that settled the matter. The first truce, of sorts, came during his wife's last illness. Morgan would hear the racket, come roaring out of his study, and then, for some reason, would stand calmly at the kitchen window observing the birds hammer the seeds. He still hated their mindless, beady-eyed tenacity, but it came to him that the racket these birds made, like the slap of a warped wheel on a bike frame, was less a stupid personal affront than part of the rising cost of living. Was it costing him more to live than he could afford?

THE cashmere sweater Morgan's wife had given him one Christmas was airing on the line outside the window. Morgan had coveted that sweater for years, but now that he had it he felt reluctant to wear it. The moths were getting at it before he did. He actually thought cashmere a bit too elegant for a man whose shirt cuffs often picked up a little egg yolk these days, but that was not what disturbed him. Nor was it the fact that his watch fob often snagged in the fabric. So what was it—his growing aversion to anything new? If he took the sweater over to the Goodwill Thrift Shop, the manager would say, "Why, it's absolutely new! Didn't you ever wear it?"

Morgan stepped outside, took the sweater from the hanger, and slipped it on. The fist that clutched the meter caught in the sleeve.

In the mirror on the bathroom door he considered the cashmere sweater and found it on the loose side but handsome. He had never been at his ease with those young women (his wife among them) who wore their sweater sleeves up on their forearms, stretching the cuffs. His own sleeves seemed to run long, now that he had narrowed somewhat in the shoulders. Eight or ten months ago, he had come home from a hospital stay in a suit that draped on him as on a hanger. The mirror's reflection, then and now, filled him with dismay.



From a shoe bag at the back of the closet he pulled a pair of glove-leather oxfords, of a burgundy color, so supple he could roll them up like socks. They had been shaped to his feet by a signorina in Venice who used douses of alcohol from a hair-tonic bottle. The soles were scuffed, but the uppers showed little wear. Years of care and polishing had given the leather a lustre like a limousine's waxed sheen. His wife had pointed out that the movement of his toes was visible through the leather.

In the Goodwill shop, where he had stopped recently to look for braces (the old kind), an attractive matron had mistaken him for a celebrity. Where had she seen him, she asked—on TV, on the "Over Easy" program? Or in Florence, or Venice, or Oaxaca? Strangers often took a second look at Morgan, as they did at old cars. That day, he was wearing a loden-green velours shirt, purchased between trains in Salzburg some sixteen years back; the fabric still had the gloss and texture once common to the seats of train coaches. Morgan himself had a quality of old porch furniture, he often thought—of patent-medicine labels, and cars with a leather sling for the crank handle. In his pants watch pocket he carried a train conductor's

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ON THE SOUL

They told you you owned it and you believed them,
Flattered as if a real-estate man,
Pointing to the stone house at the top of the hill
With the nine pillars, had assured you it was yours,
And the dream sounded too good to be resisted,
Even when the doorman had sent you around back,
Even after ten years' work in the kitchen,
Ten years on your bed of straw
Dreaming of the empty suite upstairs
And of the empty bed with the crown
Hanging from the bedpost, bejewelled with your name.

It would have been better if they'd said nothing,
Or told you it lived its own life, like deer
Hidden in the woods, not seen from the road
As you drive past in the car, not seen
When you stop and climb the fence.
Even if they browse on your own land,
They're happiest left alone,
Stepping down in the evening to the stream,
Bedding down in silence under the screen of thickets
To dream what you may guess at and can't know.

—CARL DENNIS

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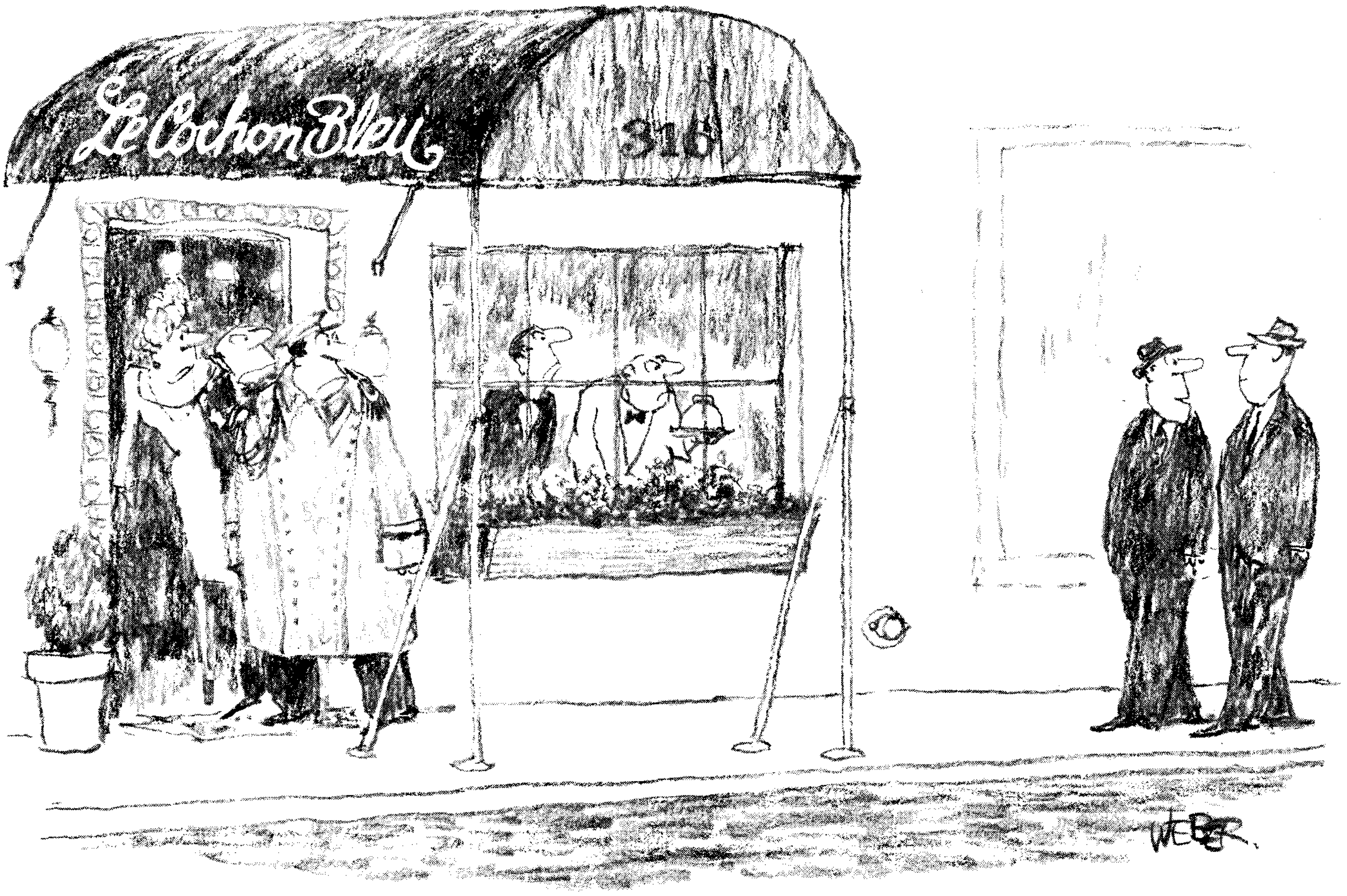

"They know me here."

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timepiece—adjusted to heat, cold, various shocks and human affections—with a dial on the face to indicate if it needed winding. That was apt; Morgan considered whether he might be a timepiece that had stopped.

Tucked into the toe of the left oxford, Morgan found a key wrapped in a cocktail napkin. He had always had trouble with keys. Especially one—was it this one?—to an apartment in Brooklyn Heights, near the foot of the Brooklyn Bridge, where, in 1957 or so, another student of Hal's was doing a thesis on Hart Crane. Morgan had been the first to get her up at dawn to watch the sunrise from the bridge span. Hal had met them in the bar of the St. George Hotel, where they had talked for hours about bridges and connections. But what connection? All that vast swarm of people, millions of them daily, passed *under* the river, not over it, most of them hardly knowing the bridge was there. This young woman had sworn she could live nowhere else—she loved to ponder the bridge while she worked—and she had extra keys made for friends like Morgan. A year later, returning from Spain, he found that the lock on the door had been changed. The young woman had taken up with an Irish poet who proved to have a wife and family in Perugia. Morgan had looked forward to discussing with Hal the weakness of bridges as symbols when compared with the actuality of changed locks, but—like the key in the toe of his shoe—it slipped his mind.

One reason that pair of Italian oxfords had lasted so long was that it took a shoehorn to get them on. He couldn't find the horn now, so he slipped on a pair of sandals. Once he was out of the house, he felt better. Debris from the last storm runoff had clogged the street drain, and Morgan took a moment to remove some of the leaves. Buds were already opening on the trees; the view down the street was veiled by a mist of pale green. Three of the neighbor's dogs, now too old and feeble to attack him, barked hoarsely from behind a hedge. It was a morning of the kind that made Morgan think of Italy. Those few times the sun shone, he would wake his friend early to get what Hal called "the bloom of it." With Hal, Morgan had always felt at ease about a step behind; in Italy, though, Morgan was often out front. Something to do with the bikes, perhaps.

At the foot of the incline, the street opened out on a prospect of sheds and small tract houses, stalled and battered old cars, several of them with flat tires, one covered with a sheath of bright green plastic. At a fire station, a man in red suspenders and hip-high boots let a stream from the hose play on the wheels of the engine. Nothing unusual in any of that, but right at that instant all of it danced and shimmered in the radiance of light. Morgan halted, his lips parted. The fingers of his right hand, warm in his jacket pocket, played with the spiked gear on the meter, bringing him with every twirl of the wheel closer to Calabria.

—WRIGHT MORRIS

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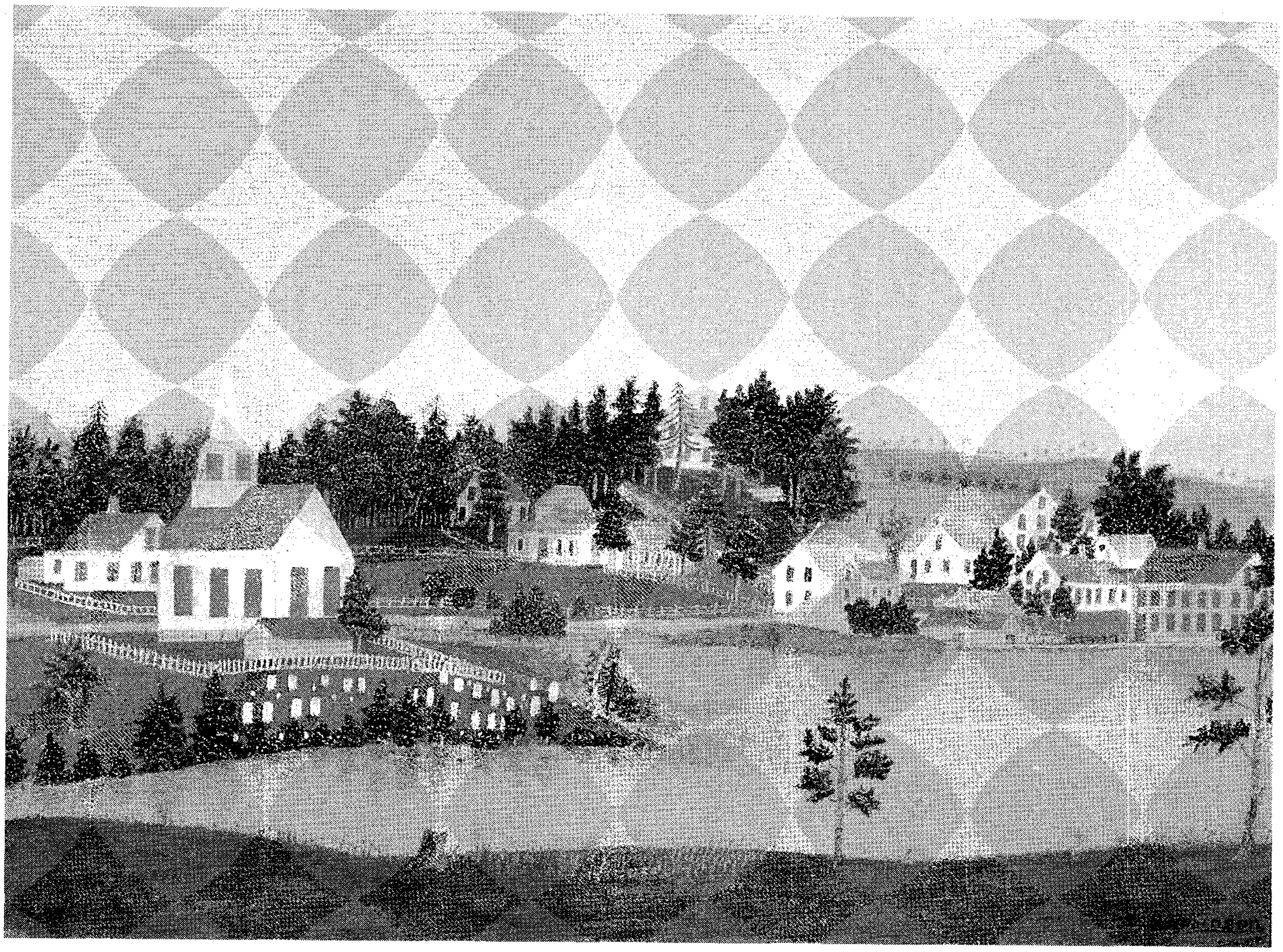
CONSTABULARY NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*Police log in the Point Reyes (Calif.) Light*]

WEST MARIN—Officers spotted a man windsurfing on Nicasio Reservoir, but they lacked a suitable pursuit vehicle to apprehend him.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HEIRS OF GENERAL PRACTICE



"View of North Monmouth, Maine"
Elizabeth Robinson (1832-97)

Bowdoin College Museum of Art
Brunswick, Maine

WHEN Ann Dorney was seventeen years old, she thought she might decide to become a physician. Looking for advice, she arranged an interview at a university medical center, where she was asked what subspecialty she had in mind. Had she considered neonatology? Departing in confusion, she decided instead to expand her experience as a teacher of mathematics, which, in her precocity, she already was. She had tutored other students since she was fourteen years old, and she continued to do so as an undergraduate in college. She appeared to have her future framed, but then an opportunity came along to spend a four-month work term in the office of a small-town physician. He was a general practitioner, by training and definition, but the year was 1973 and the lettering on the door had changed to "FAMILY PRACTICE." She worked in his office, went with him on hospital rounds, and attended the delivery of babies. She saw each of the other Ages of Man and an exponential variety of cases. The math teacher began to fade again, and she applied to medical schools—nearly a dozen in all. Interviews were required, and she was short of funds on which to travel. For a hundred dollars, she bought an Ameripass, which was good on any Greyhound bus going anywhere at all within a single week. Thus, for something like a hundred and sixty-eight hours she rode from city to city, slept upright, checked her suitcase in coin lockers, took off her jeans in ladies' rooms, put on a dress and nylons, and carefully set her hair before catching a local bus to the medical school. "It was a scene," she says. "It was really a scene." She chose George Washington University. As a medical freshman, when she was asked to list her preferred specialties she wrote "family practice" and left the rest of the space blank. Professors attempted to dissuade her, but they were unsuccessful.

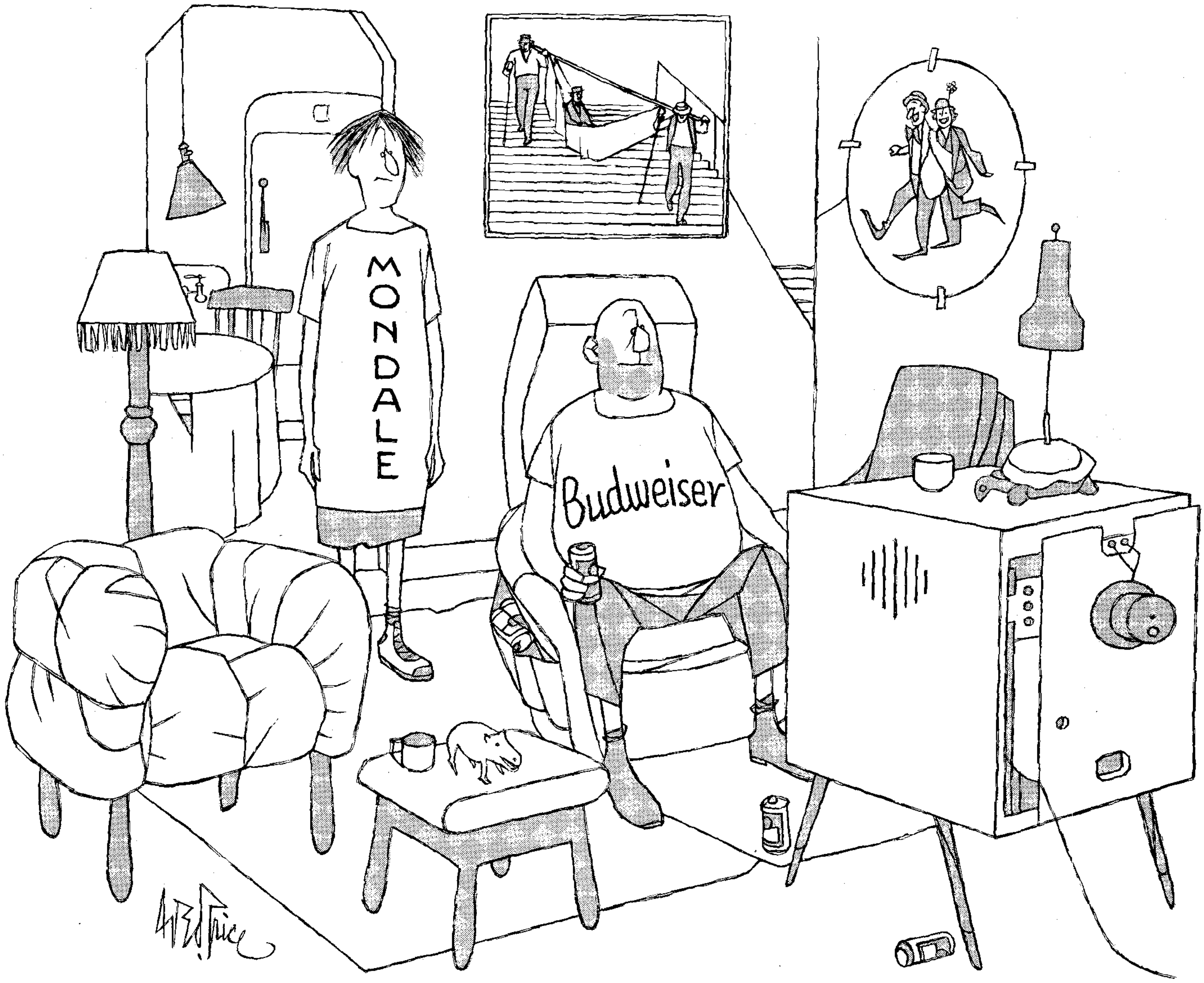
Sue Cochran entered Radcliffe College in 1969, and after two years felt a need to go away and develop a sense of purpose. She went to work for a rural doctor. Her brother, her brother's wife, her sister, and her sister's husband were all on their way to becoming specialists in internal medicine. Her father, a teacher at Harvard Medical School, was a neonatologist—in her words, "a high-tech physician." The rural doctor was her great-aunt, who was scornful of specialists of every kind. For decades, the aunt had looked after a large part of the population around two mountain towns, and she passed along to her grandniece not only a sense of what Sue Cochran calls "the psychosocial input into physical illness" but also a desire to practice medicine in a rural area and to concentrate on prevention at least as much as cure. Of her medical siblings and siblings-in-law, she says now, "They think I'm flaky." She goes on to say, "The one who's the most supportive is my father, and even he thinks I'm pretty crazy."

David Thanhauser also dropped out for a time—but, in his case, out of medical school. After graduating from Williams College, in 1969, he spent two years in medical study at Boston University before he quit, in what he now describes as "righteous adolescent anger"—angered by the world and by society in general but more specifically because he could not accept being inside what he calls "the heart of the beast of specialty medicine." In the cancer wards, for example, he felt that "technological medicine was being carried to its extreme while the feelings of people were getting no attention." In the gynecology clinic, women—many of them Hispanic or black—were given pelvic examinations before doors that kept opening and shutting. "You learn good medicine by practicing good medicine," he says. "We were learning by practicing bad medicine." In the same era, Boston revolutionaries his age were saying that while medical students were inside the hospital learning "Band-Aid medicine" a profound malaise was outside the walls. Thanhauser retreated to rural Maine, spent something under five thousand dollars (a legacy from a grandfather) to buy fifty acres of land, and, with hammer in hand, built a small house. He thought he would give up medicine and become a teacher, but meanwhile he found work as a paramedic with generalists in Bangor. Watching these family practitioners work, he saw that they were doing an excellent job, whereas the message at Boston University had been that after people have been treated by generalists in Maine the next stop is Boston, where the damage is repaired. Before long, Thanhauser went back to medical school, but with intent to enter a family-practice residency and return to rural Maine. If such a residency had not been an option for him, his sense of conflict would not have abated and he might have abandoned medicine altogether.

Sanders Burstein, who grew up in a New York suburb, was in medical school when he made his decision, forgoing urology, oncology, nephrology, gastroenterology to characterize his future as "family practice in a rural setting." Paul Forman made the same choice at a younger age: "I knew when I was in high school that I wanted to be a country doc." Terrence Flanagan, after finishing Harvard College, went to western Ireland for a time, and decided there that he wanted to become a doctor and practice in some remote settlement in his native Maine. After enrolling in the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, he declared his interest in family practice. "Great," said William Penn, but almost no mention was made of the topic for the next four years. At the time of Flanagan's arrival, in 1975, the family-practice office at Penn was next door to the office of the dean; when Flanagan left, family practice was in the basement, and to get into the room you had to ask for the key. When Donna Conkling went into medicine, she had an M.A.T. in English literature from the University of Chicago. As a medical student, she was surprised one day by a resident's saying to her, "You're really smart. Why are you going into family practice?" The question seemed to her to contradict itself. Her opinion was that you had to be smart to go into family practice.

All these people—in the idiom of medical education—matched the same residency program. Specifically, they went on from medical school to complete their training at what is now called the Maine-Dartmouth Family Practice Residency, which functions principally in and close by the Kennebec Valley Medical Center, in Augusta. And so did David Jones, who knew much earlier than any of the others what he wanted to do in life. Jones is the third of five brothers. One is a nephrologist in California. Another is a cardiologist at Johns Hopkins. Their father was for many years an internist at Massachusetts General Hospital. Jones had his own idea, and he had it when he was seven. At that age, he began to say, "I am going to be a G.P. That's right, I am going to be a G.P., with a farm, a stream in my back yard, and one horse." Now, a couple of decades later, Dr. Jones has his farm, he has four horses, including

"My old man says your old lady's a knockout."



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an Appaloosa named Papoose, and the brooks on his land run into the Aroostook River.

WHILE these young doctors were forming and articulating their medical bent—"to give good health care to a variety of people," and "to offer primary health care to people in a rural area"—they all had friends who were choosing things like neuropathology and otolaryngology, and were saying over their shoulders as they headed into their respected closets, "Why go into family practice? It would be so boring." Now that Jones, Dorney, Thanhauser, and the rest of them are out practicing in towns of rural Maine, they tend to remember such remarks with ironic amusement. "People said it would all be routine stuff. I never could understand that. You have an O.B., then a schizophrenic, then a well-baby check, followed by a guy with hypertension and diabetes. There is such a variety. You never know what is going to come through the door next."

Through the door next comes a woman in her upper sixties with her mother. This is not at all unusual. People over seventy bring their parents to the doctor. The daughter wears a red velvet pants suit, and the mother carries a metal cane. The mother looks about with uncomprehending interest.

"Did her eye calm down after those drops?"

"Yes, but first the trouble spread to the other eye."

"How is her appetite?"

"Good. But she won't eat fruits and vegetables. All she wants is sweets."

The dialogue between the doctor and the mother's child is like a dialogue between a pediatrician and a child's mother. Then it changes.

"I haven't been anywhere without my mother for two years."

"How long can you keep doing that?"

"As long as I have to. As long as I feel that I have to. I'll go as long as I can and then I'll quit. When my husband was around, I would get up and make a fire at five in the morning. I could go longer. Today, I don't like to get up and make a fire."

By now, it would be difficult to say which is the patient, the mother or the daughter, but the distinction is irrelevant, for both are patients here. And so, respectively, are the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the two women. As the doctor moves a stethoscope down the great-grandmother's back, the old woman says, "I have a gizzard, maybe." On this visit, it is all she will say. She has no complaints now. Her hypochondria is gone. Her headaches are gone, and have been for three years. The doctor prescribes a cream for a facial sore. The daughter says, "She is weaker than she was. She

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[illegible] the two (2) [illegible] bottle. [illegible] entry forms [illegible] copies will be honored). [illegible] SEPARATE [illegible] stamped envelope to: [illegible] NE 68009. Limit [illegible] request per envelope. Requests must be received by [illegible] Washington residents [illegible] postage to their self-addressed envelope. [illegible] Bombay [illegible] will accompany any request for an official entry form.

3. Mail your entry [illegible] envelope no larger than [illegible] (#10 envelope) to: Bombay Gin "Play to Win" Contest, [illegible] 4088E, Blair, NE 68009. Enter as often as you wish; each entry must be mailed SEPARATELY. [illegible] received by September 30, 1984.

4. Winners will be determined [illegible] random drawing from among all entries received. In order to be eligible for a prize, the entry must [illegible] correctly. Drawings are under the supervision of the D. L. BLAIR CORPORATION, an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All prizes will be awarded.

5. This contest is open to residents of the U.S. of legal drinking age in their state at time of entry. Employees of Carillon Importers, Ltd., [illegible] distributors, retailers, advertising and promotion agencies and the families of each ARE NOT ELIGIBLE. Contest void in OH, OK, TX and AL, and wherever prohibited by law. Limit one prize per family. No substitution of prizes permitted. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. All applicable taxes are the responsibility of the prize winners.

6. Prize winners may be obligated to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 30 days of notification. In the event of non-compliance within this time period, alternate winners will be selected. Any prizes returned to the sponsor or to the D. L. BLAIR CORPORATION as undeliverable will be awarded to alternate winners. Travel prizes will be subject to availability and must be completed within a year of notification.

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Bombay Gin "Play to Win" Contest
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Name two (2) "Round-the-World" Bombay Gin drinks:
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By returning this form I certify that I am of legal drinking age in the state in which I reside.

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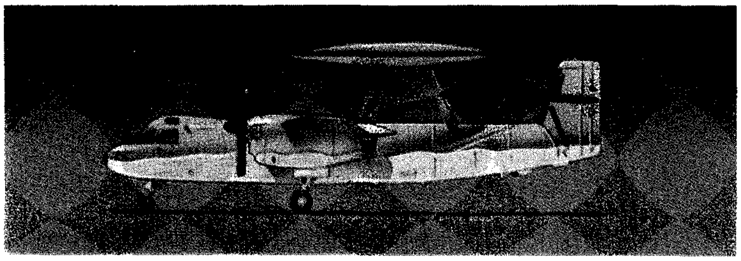
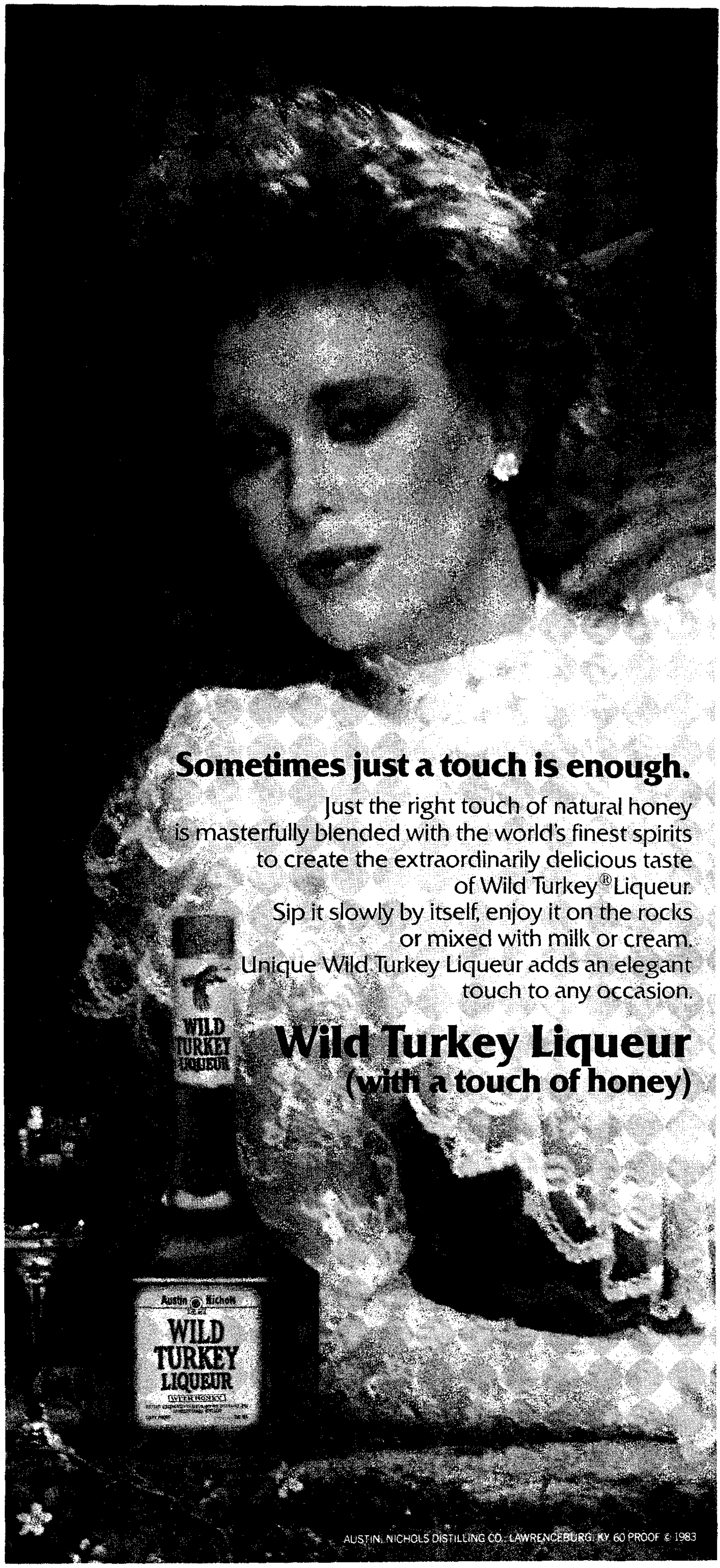


THE TECHNOLOGY FOR THE JOB AT HAND.

GRUMMAN



Sometimes just a touch is enough.
Just the right touch of natural honey is masterfully blended with the world's finest spirits to create the extraordinarily delicious taste of Wild Turkey® Liqueur.
Sip it slowly by itself, enjoy it on the rocks or mixed with milk or cream.
Unique Wild Turkey Liqueur adds an elegant touch to any occasion.
Wild Turkey Liqueur
(with a touch of honey)
Austin Nichols
WILD TURKEY LIQUEUR
WITH HONEY
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doesn't remember five minutes. She always said she was going to live to a hundred and three, and I wouldn't put it past her."

Thirty-two-year-old male presents with warts on his penis. He is, in appearance, a woodsman—beard, bluejeans, moccasins. The prescription is for podophyllin, an extract of the root of the mayapple. Indians were not unmindful of podophyllin. The doctor remarks in passing that some children have growths on their vocal cords that are thought to be warts. The theory is that they got them during birth, coming past the genital warts of their mothers.

Twenty-nine-year-old female presents with lesions of genital herpes. She is pregnant, and due in three weeks. Regular cultures will monitor the state of the herpes. Before labor, her doctor wants to see two consecutive negative cultures or an obstetrician will be called in and the birth will occur by cesarean section. If labor begins while the herpes is still active, the doctors have four hours in which to complete the obstetrical surgery. If a baby is infected by herpes in a vaginal delivery, the chance is eighty per cent that it will be severely and permanently affected or will die.

Thirty-four-year-old man comes through the door with a sheath knife on his belt and a white-lettered black T-shirt that says, "MY BODY IS AN OUTLAW. IT'S WANTED ALL OVER TOWN." His leg is so full of stitches it looks like a laced boot. The doctor unlaces it.

Thirty-nine-year-old female presents with a sore throat—possibly strep, possibly viral. Her doctor knows her, and knows that the sore throat is only the precipitating reason for her coming in—that what she wants is general talk and counsel. Looking over her folder beforehand, he has remarked that "any one of her problems would be enough to keep one person sick." Three weeks ago, she woke up in an ambulance, riding away from a demolished automobile. The bruises she still bears are particularly vivid because of a blood thinner that was prescribed for her when she suffered a pulmonary embolism a month before the accident. She has three children and runs a farm by herself. "The divorce becomes final on Friday," she remarks to the doctor. "Our second anniversary was yesterday." Her family could not accept her husband and made life so difficult for him he left. He is eighteen. Her first husband died of cirrhosis. Like the children, like the second husband, he was the doctor's patient, and often she has said to anyone who shows interest, "Doctor told him if he'd quit he'd live, and if he did not he'd be dead in a few months. He drank, and he died just when the doctor said he would." And now she has a question for the doctor: "Is depression an aftereffect of an accident?"

Following two well babies and a second-trimester mother, a female in her late seventies presents with a basal-cell carcinoma on the tip of her nose, growing like a small rhinoceros horn. She has a wedding to attend in two weeks, and is referred to a surgeon.

Sixty-four-year-old female presents with rashes under her arms and on her face. As before, this is merely the presenting complaint, the precipitating reason for the visit. "It's like hot coals in me," she says. "It goes right down through here, all sloomy, like a burn. It reminds me of the hospital where I had the electric shock." There are times when Oral Roberts talks with her, she confides, and her father is always with her as well. Her father is long dead. Her family has billions of dollars but not even fifty cents for her, she reports. There appears to be nothing that anyone can do to help her. Her list of problems includes but is not limited to paranoid schizophrenia, obesity, lameness, sexual dissatisfaction, hypertension, diabetes, and rash. From each regular visit, however, she seems to go away feeling a little less lost than she felt when she came in.

Smoky, wiry forty-six-year-old female presents with vague abdominal discomfort that she has mentioned before. The doctor suggests a colonoscopy, and explains that the procedure involves the insertion of a three-and-a-half-foot tube. The patient says, "I'm only five feet tall, you know."

Twelve-year-old male comes in with no complaint. He is in apparent good health, and says his mother wants him to have a physical. He removes most of his clothes. His knees are bright red from harvest work. He has made a hundred dollars in two gruelling weeks.

"What will you do with the money?" the doctor asks.

"I'm going to buy a new winter coat," he answers. "And a present for my parents."

After he leaves, the doctor says of him, "He has grown up before his time."

Next patient is the boy's mother, twenty-nine years old. She is graceful, attractive—superficially and deceptively calm. She says she has come in for a gynecological checkup, nothing more. She had a checkup not long ago. When someone comes in for a physical or a checkup, there is often a hidden agenda. "Anything troubling you today? Everything all right?" the doctor asks her.

"I work all the time," she replies. "I don't know how to relax and enjoy myself."

"Was your family like that? Your parents? Your brothers and sisters?"

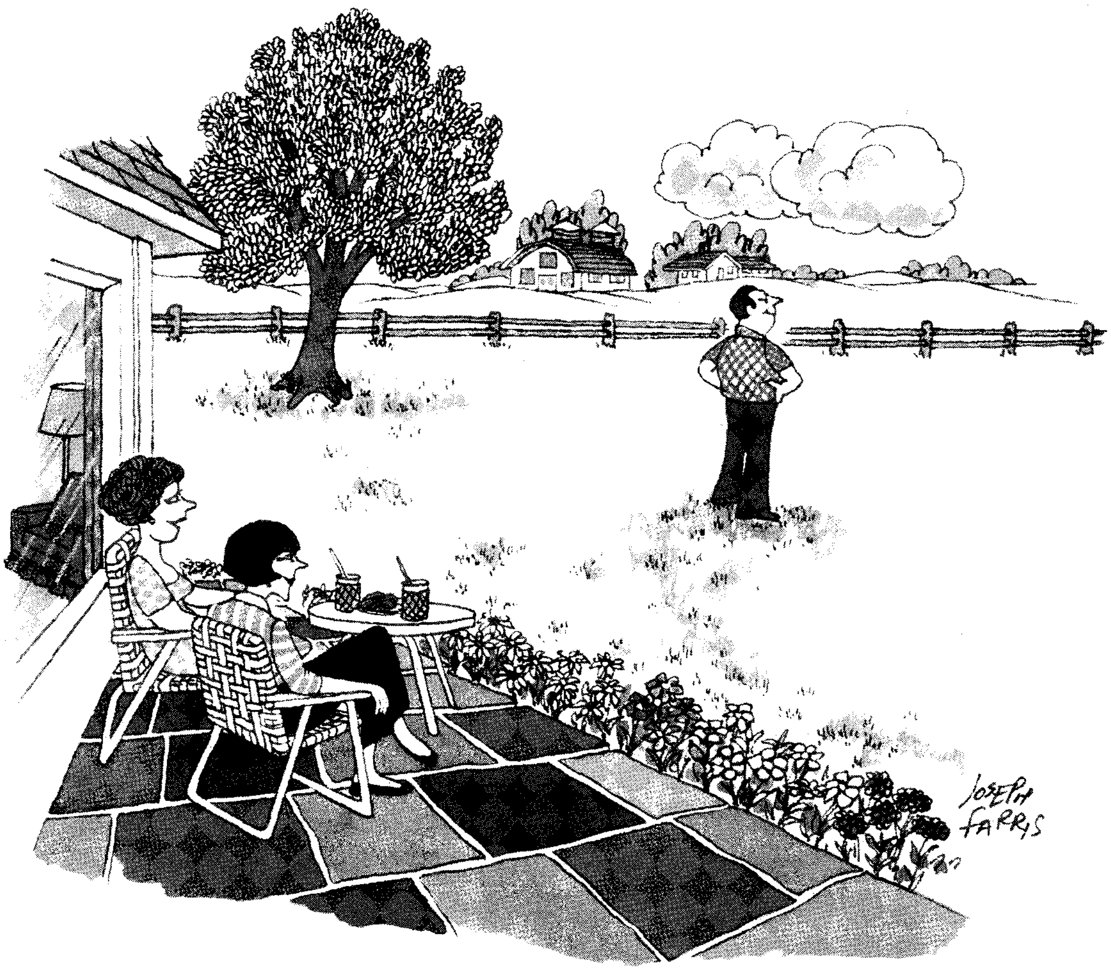
"They're all nervous."

After a time, she reveals that her husband has left her, explaining that he was going away "for religious purposes." The religious purposes are that in his opinion she goes to church far too much. At home, where they live on welfare payments, it has been his habit to watch television while she almost continuously runs a vacuum cleaner. Two days ago, he returned.

"Returned?"

"He was gone three weeks. He got involved with another woman. He said the thing he got into was not meant to be. He did say that. I know we fall into traps. I told him I just don't want it to happen again. I have my church. I will not give that up. I could lean on the Lord. I may sound like a nut, but I believe in God."

The doctor lets her talk. For the moment, letting her talk is about all there is to do. The doctor sees this as his role. Part of his training has been psychiatric. Family practitioners tend to say that a gynecologist in the same



"For Roger it's the realization of a lifelong quest—the perfect lawn."

• •

situation would package the conversation, make referral to a psychiatrist, and free up the examining room for the next patient. With such remarks, family practitioners sometimes run afoul of the older specialties. In any event, this heavily distressed young woman is receiving the time she really came for. A hidden agendum is painful to the patient. Both the patient and the doctor would prefer to solve it with a pill. There is, however, no pill. "You have got to talk," the doctor tells her. "You and your husband have got to talk. Maybe he feels jealous of your church. The two of you should see a non-religious-related marriage counsellor. If you don't, you're in for trouble ahead. I worry about relationships like yours. Faith alone won't fix them." He says this, but for the most part listens.

Through the door next comes a twenty-five-year-old female who is pregnant, tall, and flourishingly good-looking, and weighs a hundred and ninety-seven pounds. The fundal height is thirty-five centimetres. Five weeks to go. The doctor listens in with a stethoscope and hears sounds of a warpath Indian drum.

Thirty-five-year-old female in a loose blouse, tight slacks, and flip-flops presents with miscellaneous pains and the information that she has not had a period in three months.

"Is there any chance that you are pregnant?"

"Jimmy had a vasectomy. Don't get me in trouble."

"Have you had intercourse with anyone but Jimmy?"

She says the doctor's first name, and adds, "Do you want to get punched out?"

He says, "Not particularly."

Her anger retreats. She tells him, "Intercourse hurts, too."

"Does it hurt when he is penetrating or when he is deep inside?"

"When he is inside. Cut three inches off and it would be all right. Cut it all off and that would be better."

Through the door comes a man who is sixty-three years old and says he is seventy-seven. The doctor asks him to say the name of the President of the United States.

The patient says, "He is an actor who used to appear with chimpanzees and was also the governor of California."

"And what is his name?"

"I don't know."

"What date is this?"

"This is the third of the month of October."

"Of what year?"

"1983."

"Fine."

"Yesterday, we had water coming down out of the skies."

"What do you call that?"

"I don't remember."

"We call it rain."

"Yeah. Rain."

The patient wears a blue polka-dot shirt. His hair is neatly combed. He is trim and kempt and appears to be some years younger than his actual age. His wife is with him. There is about them a suggestion of people who have managed their lives well and have elected early retirement.

"What did you do yesterday?" the doctor asks.

The patient says, "I went to the bank."

"On Sunday?"

"I also went to the building where they do all their business for the city."

"What do you call that?"

"I don't remember. We also went to see the Winslow Homers."

"Which ones did they have?"

"They had big ones. They had big ones this wide and this high." The patient stretches his arms wide and high.

His wife says, "He was a painter once."

The doctor says, "You seem to have trouble with your memory."

"I gave up drinking. I gave up drinking . . . drinking . . ."

"Drinking what?"

"Martinis," says the patient's wife.

The patient says, "Yes."

The doctor says, "Do you feel better?"

"Very much better. Now I drink . . . I drink . . . those little bottles they sell in the food places."

"Bottles of what?"

"Tonic," says the patient's wife.

Her husband says, "Yes. Tonic."

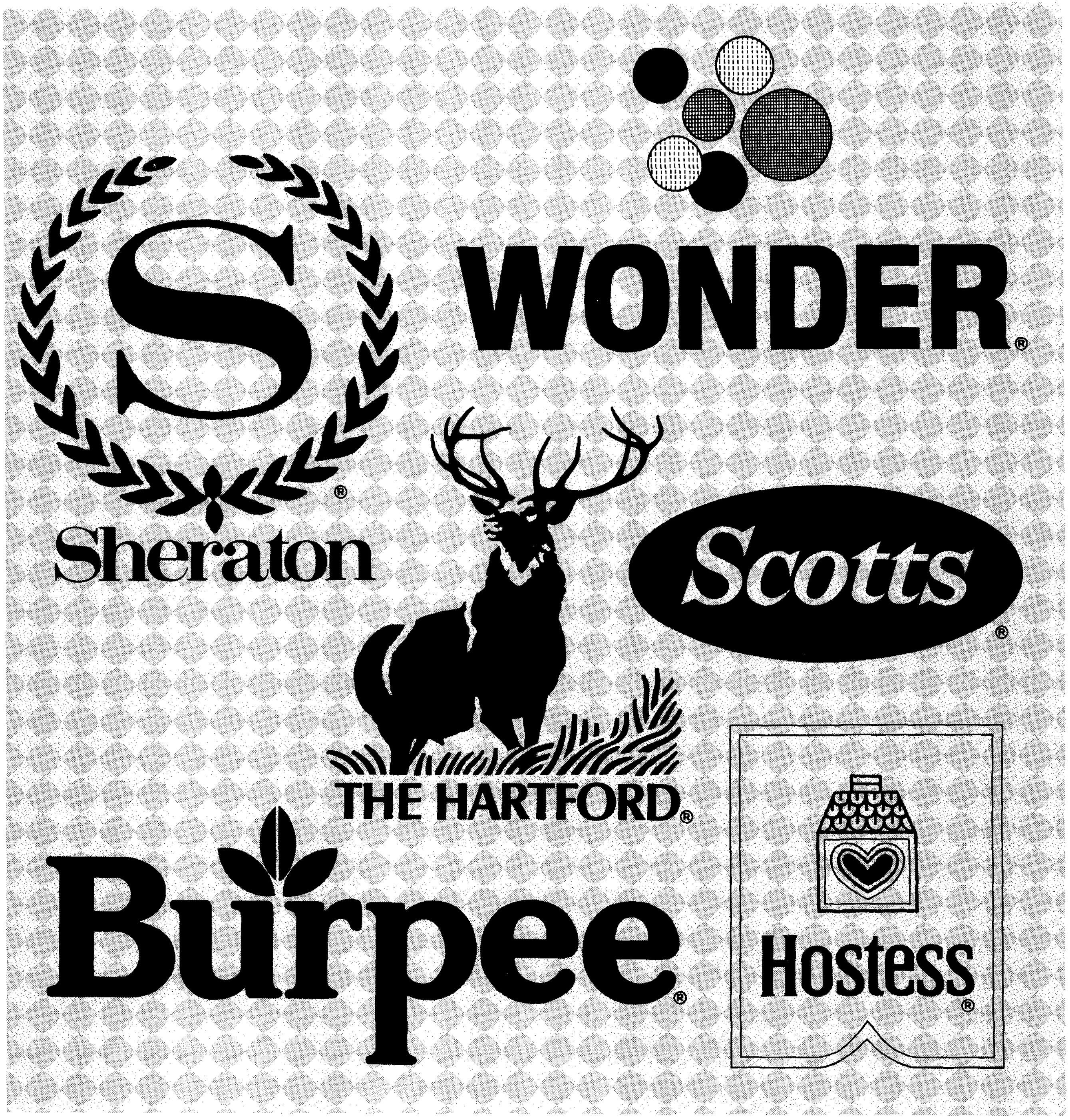
He goes on to complain that his wife wants him to stop operating the lawnmower and driving the car.

The doctor says, "I'm sure that she is a good driver. I suggest that you let her drive, and grow up a little and stop complaining about it." But for presenile dementia, this chronic organic illness of the brain now widely known as Alzheimer's disease, there is almost nothing strictly medical that any doctor can do. There is a need to keep seeing such patients, to show them that someone professionally cares. A family doctor can do that. People who do not have a family doctor will, at dementing expense, see a neurologist instead.

David Jones' farm consists of a house, a barn, a good-sized general-utility shed, and a hundred and four acres of land, some of which is woodlot. An antique sign has been tacked up on an inside wall of the shed:

LICENSED DOCTOR
•
HEALING
•
COUNSELLING
•
HOUSE CALLS
CHEERFULLY MADE

The sign dates from the era of the horse-and-sleigh, but in each of its claims and proclamations it applies to David Jones. Cheerfully, he makes house calls—gets into his pickup, the back of which is full of farm hardware and pig feed, and, with his stethoscope on the seat beside him, goes to see a woman with severe back pain, an old man with shingles, a woman with cancer who is dying at home. These patients live in and near Washburn, Maine, a town with some false-front buildings and a street so wide it vividly recalls the frontier days of the Old East. There is a clock in the white steeple of the First Baptist Church. The hands say eleven-forty-three and are correct twice a day. Side streets shortly turn into dirt roads and become the boundaries of potato fields. Washburn has a preponderance of old and young poor. The population is two thousand, and, often, not much is stirring but Dr. Jones. His office is on the ground floor of what was once a clapboard firehouse, its bell tower still standing at one corner. Pigeons live upstairs, and even in the walls. They make their presence heard. In the examining rooms, they provide the white



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noise. They serve the purpose Muzak serves in Scarsdale. Dr. Jones set up his practice in 1982. In no time, word was everywhere that he would visit people's homes. "It's their right to be seen at home if they really can't get out," he says. "Besides that, I get to see the house, the family—how the people live. A house call in Washburn is a town event. The rest of the people want to know how the patient is doing. I was some sort of popular hit when I first came up here, and I got a lot of TV coverage." The television station, in Presque Isle, which is ten miles from Washburn and fifteen from Jones' farm, covered Dr. Jones not only because he was some sort of popular hit but also because he was a throwback to Eocene time. Moreover, he was a new, young, American-trained doctor in the catchment area of the Presque Isle hospital, and as such was local news. When Jones and Sanders Burstein, finishing the residency in Augusta, had shown interest in being interviewed about practicing in the Presque Isle area, the hospital offered a chartered aircraft to fetch them.

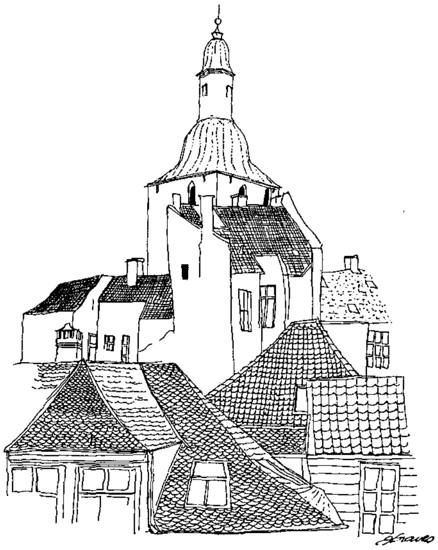
All this was happening at a time when newspapers were increasingly reporting a "doctor glut" in America, saying that too many physicians had been trained and now they were on the sidewalks looking for work. "By and large, doctors are city people" is Jones' comment. "And so are their wives. They're not willing to go out into the country. They want to eat their cake and have it, too."

In the United States, the geographic distribution of doctors is not commensurate with the spread of people generally. The ratios of doctors to various populations are, indeed, grossly atilt. By and large, doctors are city people. The percentage of doctors in big metropolitan areas is four or five times what it is in towns of fifteen to twenty-five thousand—not to mention the much lesser coverage of the small, scattered hamlets of a state like Maine. The doctor glut, if there is one, is an urban situation, and Jones seems to be right. Doctors are either unwilling or —because of the requirements of their various specialties—unable to go out into the country. Whatever the reason —from free choice to economic need— few would go as far as Jones.

If you get into your car in New York City and drive two hundred and sixty-five miles, you reach Maine. Then drive three hundred and fifty miles more and look around for Jones. His farm, by latitude, is a hundred miles farther north than Ottawa, and it is in a county that is considerably larger than the state of Connecticut. The County, as it is simply and universally referred to in Maine, has fewer than fourteen people per square mile—a statistic that owes itself to thousands of square miles of uninhabited forest. Along the eastern edge of the forest is cleared country—potato farmland—where most of the people of Aroostook County live. When they say, as they often do, that someone is from downcountry, the person could be from Mattawamkeag, sixty miles north of Bangor.

"I thought I'd have to work hard to start a practice here," Jones remarked one day about a year after his arrival. "It's been the opposite. Patients just come out of the woodwork. I'm overwhelmed. I really am." He sees them not only in Washburn but in Presque Isle as well, where thirty and sometimes forty will come through his examining rooms in a day—numbers he describes as "insane" and, whatever else they may signify, are obviously not conducive to the unhurried dialogues that are meant to knit the insights in a family practice. "I go on four hours' sleep if necessary," he said, and added, with a wistful shift of tone, "I'm a hyper individual anyway. I have to keep busy. If I slow down, I crack."

This freshly minted doctor, aged thirty-one, has a few gray strands in his hair, which is otherwise a dark and richly shining brown, and falls symmetrically from a part in the center to cover his ears. His mustache seems medical, in that it spreads flat beyond the corners of his mouth and suggests no prognosis, positive or negative. He wears a bow tie but no white coat or any sort of jacket. In examining rooms, he has the habit of resting on his haunches while he talks to patients, one result being that he is talking up to them even if they happen to be five years old.



"Now, have a seat up here and we'll take a listen to your heart and lungs," he says to a jack-of-all-trades who is seventy-six years old and is suffering from angina. The patient goes away with a prescription for nitroglycerin. "Old people come here once a month for reassurance," Jones remarks as he moves out of the examining room and, riffling through a family history, prepares to go into another. "The old people up here grew up in the County, and they're tremendously proud. They want to pay. Even if I say to them, 'Medicare will pay for it—you've met your deductible,' they say, 'Can't we pay you something?' You meet very proud people up here—and, with regard to health care, there is better patient compliance than you'd find in a city."

Barb Maynard is in for a check on herself and her first baby, who looks around with interest and without complaint. She is a big, strong-framed woman, who went into labor and with three pushes gave birth to a ten-pound-eleven-ounce son. Jones was much impressed. Among his questions now is one that has to do with oats. The Joneses barter with the Maynards, baby care for oats.

A twenty-eight-year-old woman comes in with spasmodic pain in her lower right side. She suffers from adult-onset diabetes, evidently a result of excessive weight. She has dieted valiantly and has recently had a baby. Jones worries that she may have dieted too valiantly. Gallbladder disease tends to occur in women after pregnancy or after they have lost a good deal of weight.

A harvester operator comes in saying his back is killing him. Most of the year, he is a potato packer, but this is the harvest. It is the event of the Aroostook year—like June among the cherry orchards of eastern Washington. In late September, early October, schools are closed for three weeks in the County, and people from high-school age upward stand all day and into the night on the harvesters—huge crawling structures that suggest gold dredges and move about as slowly, down the long rows across the vastly cambered land at what seems like ten to the minus seven miles per hour. The people on the harvesters

Discover "American"

Join The COOK'S Magazine, The Magazine of Cooking in America, in a search for the top 50 American chefs, restaurateurs, food producers, vintners and authors who are on the leading edge of the "New American Cuisine."

American cooking is in the throes of a major revolution. That means new foods, fresh ingredients and a burning desire to innovate. We at COOK'S sum it all up this way: "fresh domestic ingredients prepared with imagination." The results? Always interesting, often exhilarating and sometimes dazzling!

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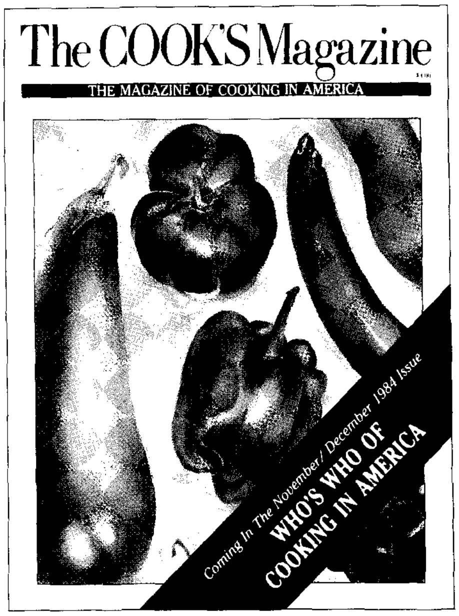
Cabernets, Zinfandels, Pinot Noirs, Rieslings and Champagnes to Rival the Best Wines of Europe.

Although wine grapes have been cultivated in California since the 1880's, these grapes were often used in generic wines such as "Hearty Italian Red" or "California Burgundy." As the drinking of wine became more popular in America, a group of small, quality-conscious vineyards such as Mayacamas, Sutter Home, Mondavi and Freemark Abbey began to cultivate specific varietals. By 1973/1974, California Chardonnays and Cabernets were winning *French* wine competitions! Today, the U.S. wine industry offers complex Cabernets, dry Chenin Blancs, powerful Zinfandels, opulent Pinot Noirs and even fresh, briskly clean Champagnes.


The COOK'S Magazine
THE MAGAZINE OF COOKING IN AMERICA
Coming In The November/December 1984 Issue
WHO'S WHO OF COOKING IN AMERICA

Shown above is the July/August 1984 issue. The November/December issue of The COOK'S Magazine *will feature the* **Who's Who of Cooking in America 1984.** *This special section will list the top 50 American chefs, restaurateurs, vintners, food producers and authors who are on the leading edge of the "New American Cuisine." Available on your newsstand October 25, 1984.*

A Farming Cajun from the Last House before the Swamp

What about the people behind this new cuisine? For one, Paul Prudhomme, chef-owner of New Orlean's K-Paul's Louisiana Kitchen grew up in a poor Cajun family in "the last house before the swamp." The youngest of 13 children, he learned to cook from his mother and had to barter home-grown eggs for baking powder and other dry goods. Larry Forgione of Manhattan's An American Place, serves farmed pheasant from New Jersey, Michigan marsh hare and American snow cheese, a double cream cheese that tastes like a cross between camembert and port salut.

A Nationwide Search to Find the Top 50 American Food Personalities

It is time to recognize the achievements of those food enthusiasts devoted to the emergence of an American cooking style To this end, COOK'S will review nominations from all over the country in each of five categories: Chefs, Restaurateurs, Food Producers, Vintners and Authors. The final selections will be made by the Editors of The COOK'S Magazine. This "Who's Who In American Cooking" will be published in the November/December 1984 issue of The COOK'S Magazine and will include photographs and descriptions of the winners' contributions along with short interviews.

The COOK'S Magazine, The Magazine of Cooking in America

COOK'S has been published since January of 1980. Our editorial staff is devoted to cooking in America and we feature regular articles on regional cooking, the food and restaurant industries, traditional American recipes, interviews with top American food personalities and major articles on the newest trends and best recipes offered by the "New American Cuisine." If you would like to start a subscription to COOK'S, fill out the nomination form, enclose a check for $18 and mail to The COOK'S Magazine, 1698 Post Road East, Westport, CT 06880. You are under no obligation to subscribe when you cast a ballot.

Nomination Form

Please use this form to tell us about a chef, restaurateur, food producer, vintner or author who, in your judgment, has made a significant contribution to the American cooking scene. If you do not know the name of the individual, please just forward the name of the restaurant, vineyard, brand name (for food nominations) or cookbook which you feel is worthy of nomination.

Individual Nomination

Nominee's Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________ St ______ Zip ______
Your nominee is a ☐ Chef ☐ Restaurateur
☐ Vintner ☐ Author
☐ Food Producer

Cookbook, Vineyard, Restaurant or Food Nomination

I nominate the following cookbook, vineyard, restaurant or brand name (for food nominations) due to its contribution to the development of an American cuisine:

Name ______________________
Address (if applicable) ______________________
____

Briefly describe your reasons for this nomination: ______________________
____
____

(Attach separate sheet if necessary)

(Optional)
Your Name ______________________
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City ______________ State ______ Zip ______
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May a COOK'S Magazine editor contact you for further information? ☐ Yes ☐ No

☐ Enclosed is my check for $18. Please start a one-year subscription to The COOK'S Magazine in my name.

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The COOK'S Magazine
Who's Who of Cooking in America 1984

The COOK'S Magazine "Who's Who of Cooking in America 1984" will be published in the November/December 1984 issue.

differentiate potatoes from glacial cobbles, to which the potatoes bear some resemblance. As the harvester operator sits on the examining table, his jeans ride up from ankle-length unlaced boots. He has a bushy beard, and his long dark-blond hair is tied behind his head. His blood pressure is a hundred and forty-four over seventy-eight. He weighs two hundred and seventy pounds.

"Do you smoke or drink?" Jones asks him.

He says, "I smoke cigarettes but mostly chew."

"You have a disadvantage," Jones says gently. "You're heavy. It aggravates back problems. It could cause a disk."

The telephone rings. The caller says, "Doc, I need an antibiotic."

"I'm sorry. I can't prescribe it over the phone."

"Doc, this is the harvest."

Jones capitulates, gives the prescription over the phone. "I have to admit I have bastardized some of my values," he says afterward. "Before I came here, I never did that. But then I had never lived in Aroostook County. If you took people from Boston or New Jersey and put them on the harvest, two out of three would die."

René Vaillancourt comes in—thirteen years old and, by law, forbidden to work on a harvester. He handpicks. Some days ago, he cut his finger on a barrel. The skin is taut and glistens with extension. The end of the finger resembles a grape. Rainy—as his name is pronounced—is a deer hunter, and this is his trigger finger. More important to him, he is a basketball player, and the season approaches. Most important, he is missing a part of the harvest. Jones tells Rainy that for him the harvest is over, and prepares the hand for office surgery. His arm covered with green cloth, his finger presented to the scalpel, the boy asks Jones, "Will I be able to help my dad cut wood?"

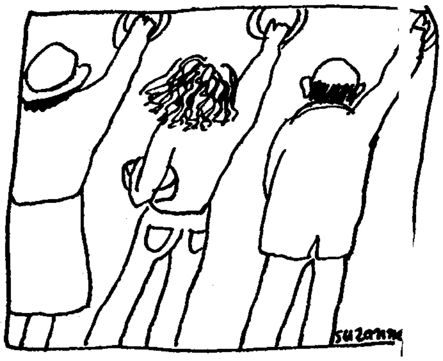
"Not for a few days," says Jones.

And Rainy says, "Good."

Jones began this working day, as usual, with buttered coffee cake and a stack of bacon in the cafeteria at the Presque Isle hospital, where he spent the morning first-assisting in the operating room and making his daily rounds. He used to breakfast on three sausages and a pile of hash browns at the hospital every day, but he lightened the menu after he gained weight. Over coffee with a colleague, he talked trapping—muskrat, marten, fisher, mink—and the changeable value of pelts. When the colleague said he had picked up a beautiful mink dead on the road, Jones was thoughtful for a moment and appeared envious. He said he himself had made forty dollars last year "just on road kills," and eight hundred dollars on his fall and winter trap lines. As a boy, he trapped raccoons and muskrats along the Charles River, and on a year away from college he set up a trap line and ran it from a cabin where he lived alone in Maine. During his years in the Maine-Dartmouth residency, he set up a trap line within five miles of Augusta and brought down upon himself the scorn of other residents.

In those years, Jones also moonlighted on weekends in the County, working sixty-hour shifts in the emergency room in Caribou for twenty-five dollars an hour. It was a two-hundred-and-fifty-mile drive between Augusta and Caribou, not infrequently at twenty below zero in whiteouts with forty-mile winds, but Jones wanted the money to help pay for his envisioned farm. "In the Caribou E.R.," he says, "a lot of it was family practice: sore throats, cuts, chest pains, asthma, earaches—mundane general care. But I learned a lot, and learned to be comfortable with what I knew." Now and again, there was a chain-saw laceration, and, one weekend in three, a Code Ninety-nine. "Essentially, someone who's dead. The heart stops. You have to do your best to get it started again. The Code Ninety-nine was the most important thing I was there for—that and to keep the other doctors from having to get up in the night."

Among his patients on this September morning's rounds in the Presque Isle hospital, Staff Doctor Jones looked in on a young man—scarcely out of high school—in the intensive-care unit with aortic-root dilation. The I.C.U. has a picture window that frames the jagged silhouettes of dense black spruce and balsam fir. Moving down the corridor, Jones remarked that fourteen hours of surgery seemed to be indicated and the chance of death was one in four.



He looked in on Elizabeth Kelso, seventy-four years old. "My heart is pounding so hard," she said. "Really, it's getting me down. And I don't like the nurses."

"Blast me instead of them," Jones said. "I've got broad shoulders. You had a heart attack. Did you know that?"

Elizabeth Kelso nodded, and said to him, "I thought that's what it was."

He stopped at the beds of a chronic alcoholic with cirrhosis and a woman whose face was blotched with bruises as a result of a mysterious fall. A few hours hence, she would be given a CAT scan. Computerized axial tomography—the procedural eponym—is done by a machine that costs about a million dollars. It can discover and define tumors beyond the abilities of the X-ray. A syndicate of Aroostook doctors recently bought a CAT scanner and had it fitted into a tractor-trailer. When the truck pulls up to a hospital, it is as if a 747 were docking at a gate at Kennedy. An accordion-pleated passageway distends from the hospital wall and hooks up to the trailer. Patients are CAT-scanned in the truck.

Jones had a word with Lauretta Smith, hospitalized for acute hypertension and double vision—seventy-seven years old, with Valentine-heart earrings, silver arrows through the hearts.

"They won't let me have what I see on the menu," she complained.

And Jones said, "What do you want to eat?"

"Biscuits."

"I think at your age to put you on a special diet that makes you feel bad is not a good idea. Have your biscuits. Just don't tell anybody."

"I want ice cream, too."

"You can have the ice cream."

"I don't know why the blood pressure don't stay down."

"May I have a listen to you? I want to listen to your heart."

"You knew Etta, didn't you? My sister?"

Back in the corridor, Jones said, "When people pass a certain age, the diets you impose should not be too restrictive. Eating is important, and it's one of the few recreations some older people have. You see how much she wanted a biscuit? If it keeps her cholesterol slightly elevated, what's lost? A lot is gained. I think we get hung up sometimes, running things by

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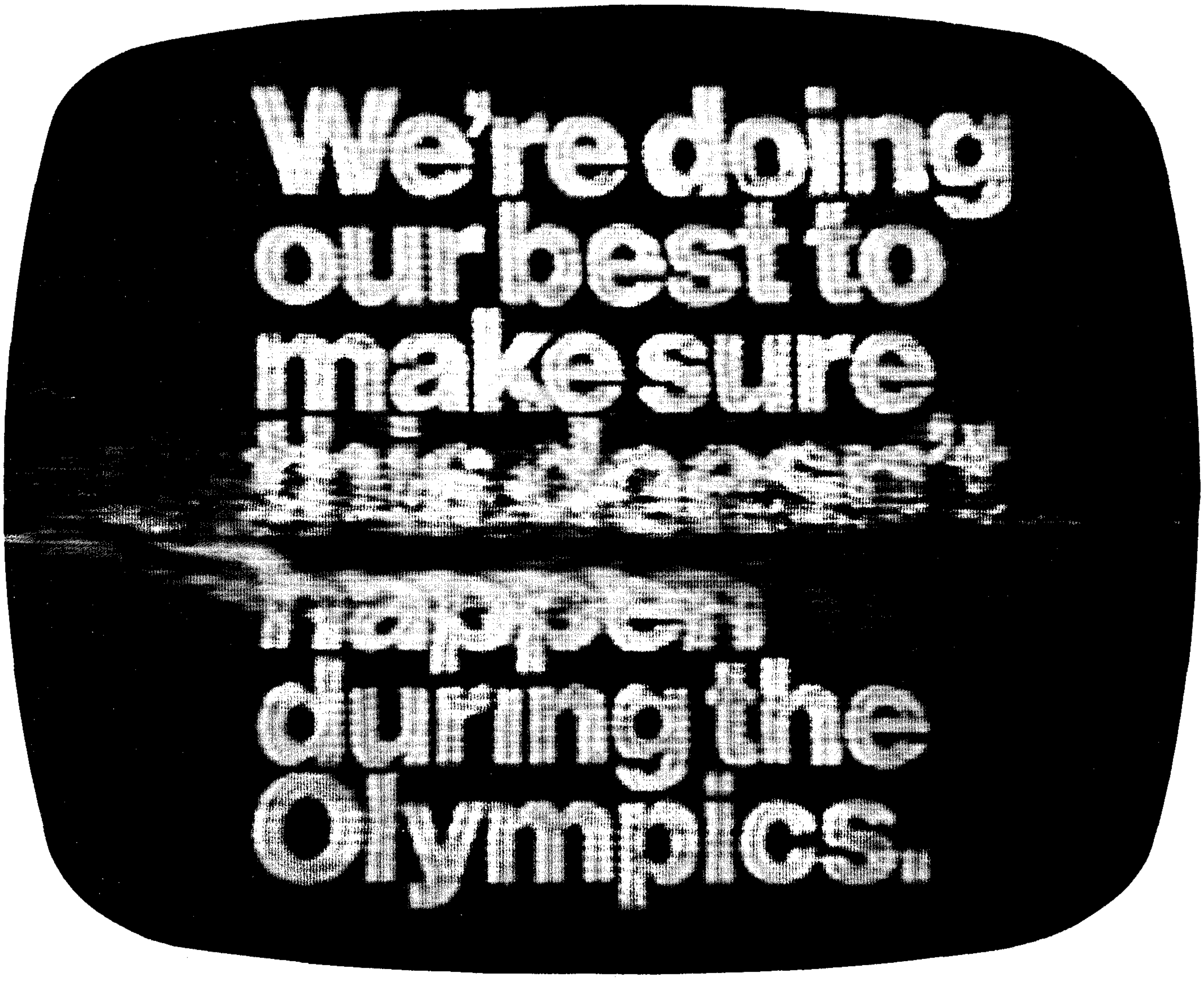

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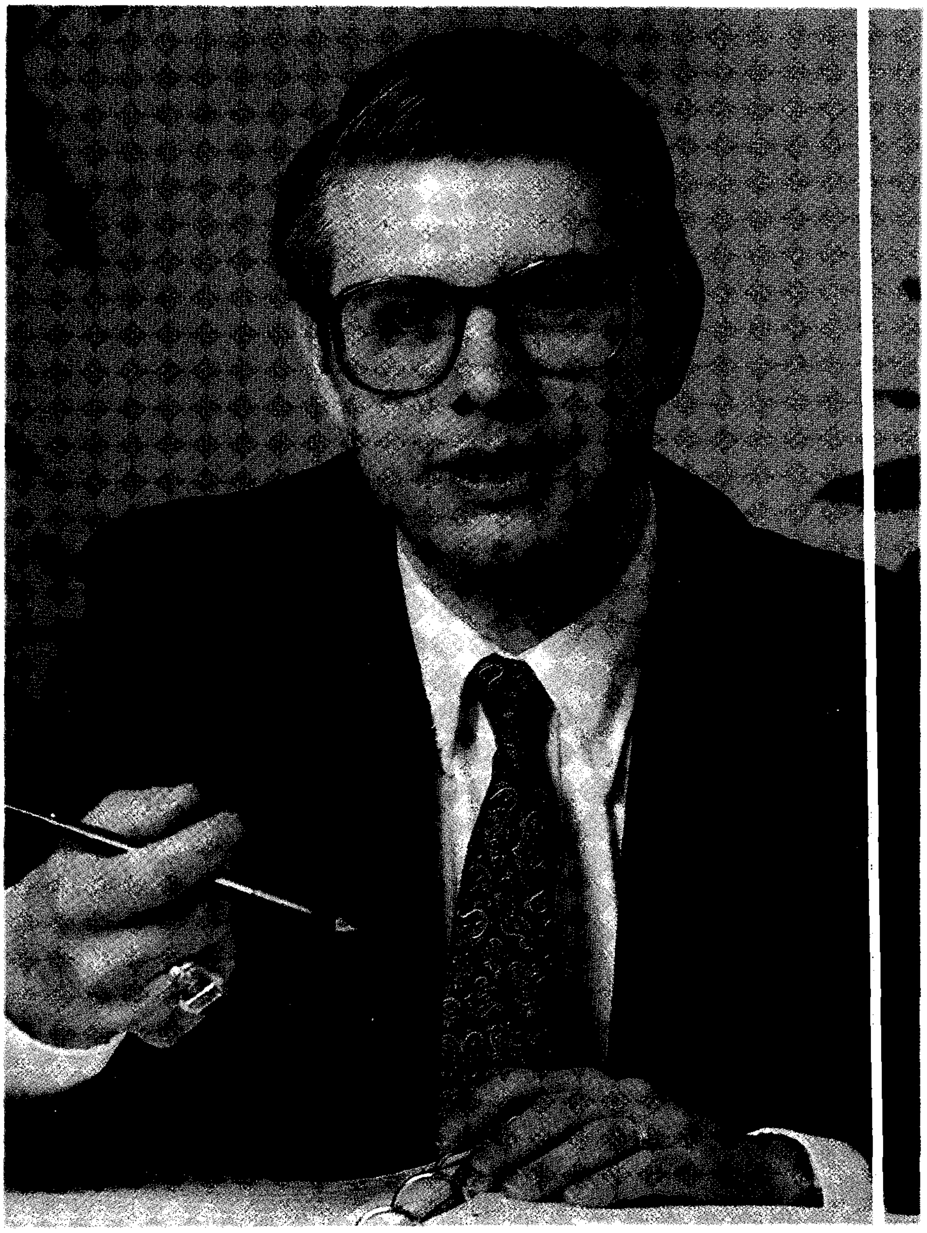

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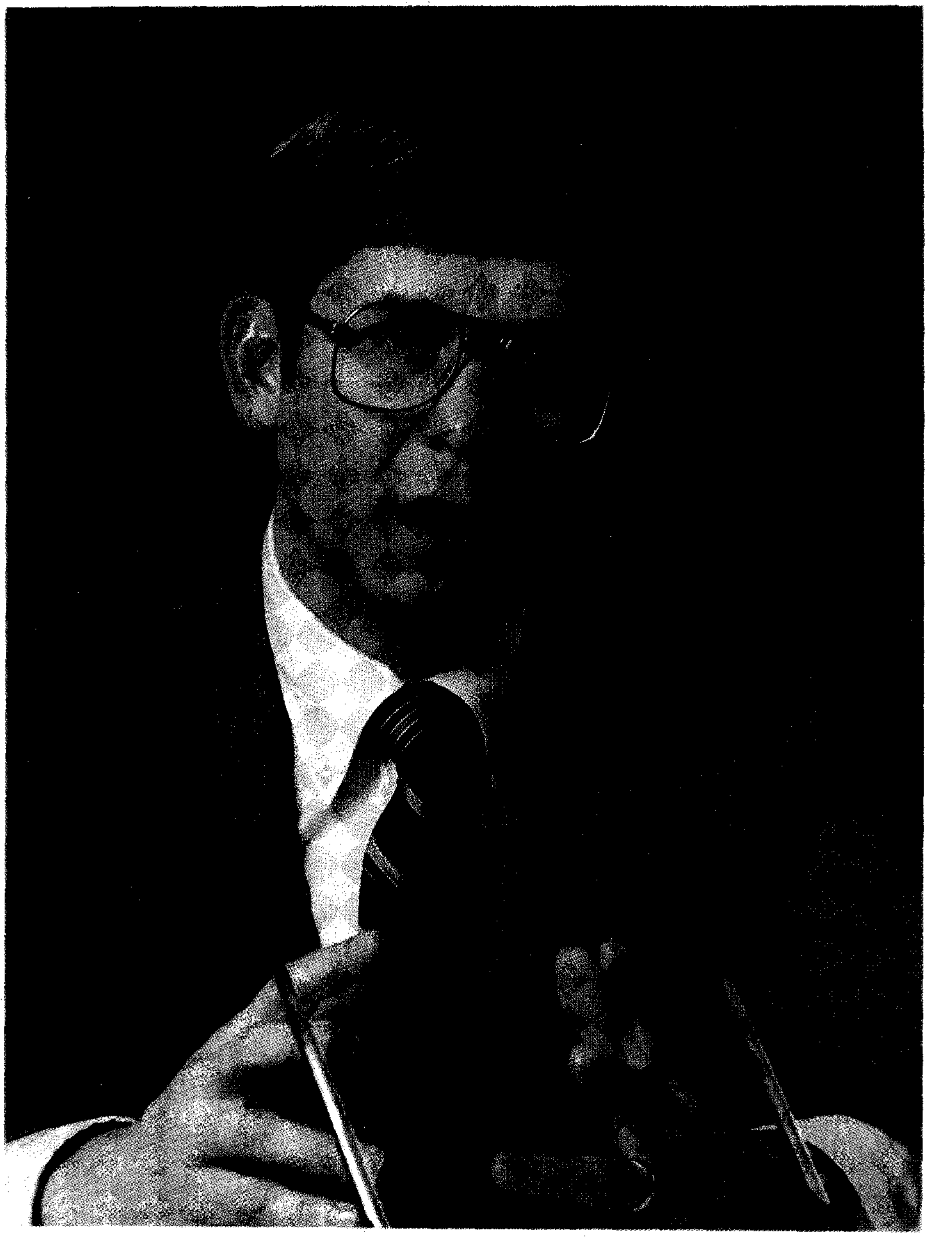

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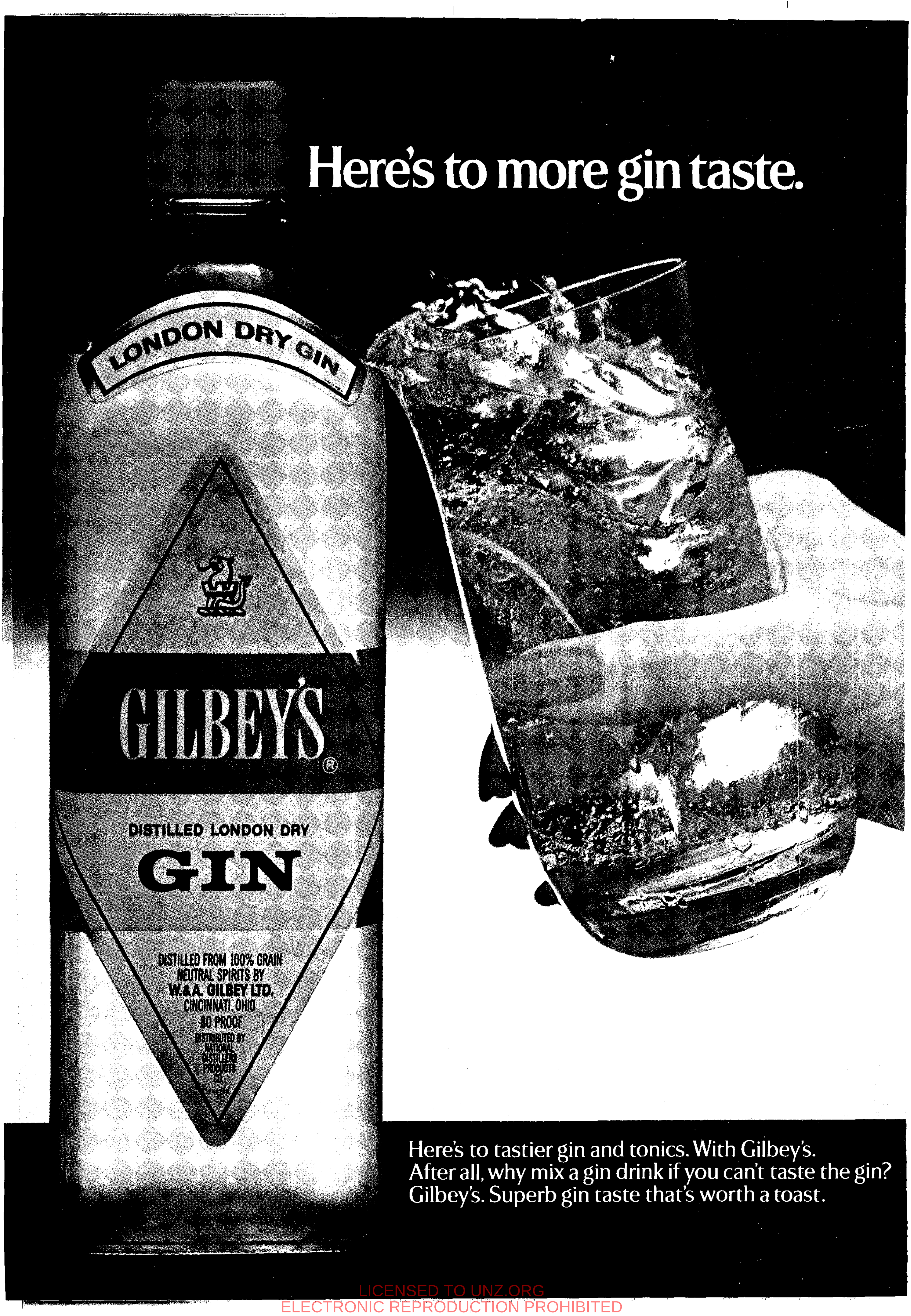
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the book. A doctor can get too aggressive and upset the apple cart, do a lot of damage. People can be worse off than before you started doing anything."

Encountering a colleague in the hall, he was soon caught up in intense consultation. "How big are they?" he asked.

"Small."

"You're not going to eat those guys until April. They get worms. Look at their stools carefully. Clear up the worms, and pigs grow."

Jones buys piglets for twenty-five dollars, and feeds them, among other things, day-old bread, which he buys for two dollars and fifty cents a barrel. In all, he invests about a hundred and twenty dollars in a pig, and sells it to a meat market for something like three hundred. "There's easier money in doctoring," he says. "But farm money is worth eight times as much to me as money I make doctoring. Farm money is deep-rooted inside of me." Farm money and trapping money are coin of the true realm compared with the forty-five thousand dollars he was guaranteed by the hospital if he would set himself up in its catchment area—a sum, incidentally, that his earnings have greatly exceeded.

And now, in Washburn, Jones looks over the replaced fingertip of a carpenter. "When it granulates in like this, it grows slowly from the sides," he says. "I think it's going to be all right. You lost about a third of an inch."

The carpenter, Tom Dow, is a leathery man in his sixties, who seems undisturbed. "We'll get it back," he tells Jones. "I think it will stretch out."

Joyce Sperry, seventy-one years old, has in recent times undergone a colostomy, a hysterectomy, and a vein stripping, with the result that her problem list is reduced to hypertension. As she departs for the winter in a trailer park in Florida, Jones tells her not to worry.

Hazel Campbell, seventy-seven, updates Jones on her hypertension, her edema, and her skin cancer, and bids him goodbye with a wave of a three-pronged cane.

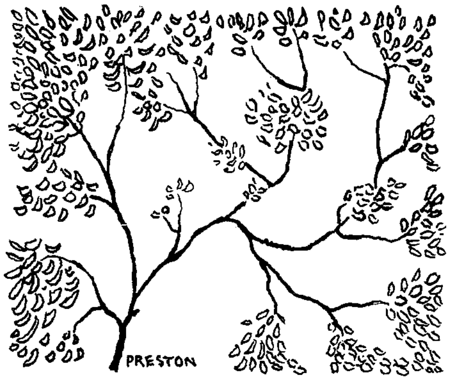
A thirty-five-year-old man with canker sores thinks he has cuts on his tongue. Jones explains canker sores, and discovers, without surprise, that the patient loves to eat tomatoes immersed in vinegar.

Cole Chandler, nine months old and screaming, is in for a well-baby check. His mother wants to know if she should get up and care for him when he yells at night.

"Let him cry," says Jones.

After two more well babies, a mammogram, an atrial fibrillation, a chronic obstructive pulmonary problem, and a thoracic-outlet syndrome, Jones completes his day. He charges twenty dollars for an office visit, ten for a recheck. A complete physical goes for thirty-five dollars, not including lab work or electrocardiogram. "If I have to put three stitches in someone's head, that's where I can charge," he says. "I get forty-five dollars for suturing a laceration, sixty if I spend a long time. The stitches come out for free." Getting into his pickup, he drives on narrow roads through fields toward home. The sun is low. He has pigs to feed, turkeys, horses—helping his wife, Sabine, run the farm. "Doctors coin money when they do procedures," he remarks en route. "Family practice doesn't have any procedures. A urologist has cystoscopies, a gastroenterologist has gastroscopies, a dermatologist has biopsies. They can do three or four of those and make five or six hundred dollars in a single day. We get nothing when we use our time to understand the lives of our patients. Technology is rewarded in medicine, it seems to me, and not thinking."

Jones spent two high-school summers working in the Alaska Range, among people of multiple skills. The experience increased his need to be such a person, too. "I get bored doing one thing," he explains. "I admire people with ability to do different things. Within medicine, it's nice to think that I'll be taking care of the kids I deliver." His maternal grandfather and grandmother were general practitioners. They had a joint practice in Buffalo. Growing up in suburban Boston, Jones climbed trees to earn spending money—far above the ground with safety belt and chain saw, deftly amputating limbs. He became a long-distance runner, competing in Boston Marathons, and was sometimes inconvenienced when the running gave him subungual hematoma—painful pressure under the nails of his big toes. He dealt with it by heating paper clips until they glowed red, then poking them into his toenails to relieve the pressure. His surgical techniques had nowhere to go but up.



He met Sabine when he was a medical student at the University of Vermont. She was a medical-surgical technician who was born in Germany and had come to Vermont at the age of thirteen. The University of Vermont is unusual in its requirement that medical students declare a major. Jones without hesitation declared for family practice—although, by his description, "it made you a second-class citizen in some of the training."

Approaching his home, he slows down, and briefly describes his various neighbors. The dairy farmers regard him as a late sleeper. They, who get up at four-thirty, frequently call him two hours later, always with the same question—sarcastically asking, "Did I wake you?"

"I don't charge my neighbors," he says. "I don't feel right doing that." His driveway runs through woods, in which the eye threads its way to visible clearings. He pauses for a few moments after making the turn, and says, "To have a place like this was always my dream. As a physician, you can go somewhere else and make more money, but you can't live like this. You walk up on that knoll, you see Mt. Katahdin. I'd love to be a trapper in Alaska. This is my compromise."

IN Sandy Burstein's office, in Mars Hill, is a bust of Julius Caesar. A quarter of the head pulls out like a piece of watermelon and exposes Caesar's brain. Burstein looks at Caesar and smiles—a subtle, rabbinical smile. The sculptor was a pharmaceutical company. The medium is plastic. The usefulness of this souvenir is in its humor, not its science.

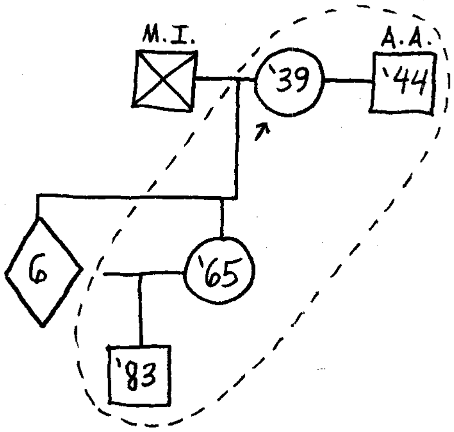
Burstein's grandparents were emigrants from Russia, and his parents grew up in Brooklyn. In a Long Island suburb, he went to a high school so tough that he developed a way of protecting himself through what he would later call "a nonviolent approach—by avoiding conflict and befriending even the most threatening individuals." A more excellent preparation for family practice would be difficult to imagine, but in those days he had no idea that he would become a doctor, let alone a family practitioner in Mars Hill, Maine, with an office attached to a hospital of ten beds. In the words of Alexander McPhedran, the director of the Maine-Dartmouth residency, "Burstein is providing medical care that is unusual in a place as small as Mars Hill. Burstein is a very high-quality person, and the question is: Will they be able to hold him? His wife, Rowena, is from a small community near Moosehead Lake. That will help. He married well for his job."

Burstein's friend David Jones, farther up the County, describes him as "an extremely honest and thorough scientific physician" and goes on to say, "Sandy could have been good at anything—surgery, psychiatry—but he is perfect for family practice. He is low pressure, low key. He does not compromise his own values as he goes along. Seeing healthy kids, sick adults, you have to be on top of so many things. You can't sit in one little niche and know everything about it, as people in some subspecialties can."

Mars Hill, in its way, is a geographical subspecialty: a little niche in the potatoland with a catchment of people that is swollen to twenty-eight hundred by the presence of a contiguous town—Blaine, Maine. Outside Mars Hill and Blaine, Maine, are roadside vegetable stands that sell nothing but bagged potatoes. When Wilmont Kennedy, twenty years old, comes in on this September day with lobar pneumonia, Burstein knows the futility of suggesting to Kennedy that he give up the harvest and go home to bed; nor can he be much help to a thirty-six-year-old woman, who tells him she feels faint and dizzy, has lost weight and become increasingly nervous. "What's she going to do?" he says after she is gone. "It's like a no-win situation. She wants to hold her spot on the harvester." Burstein, who has a five-month-old son, declares with passion, "I hope Chaim never works the harvest."

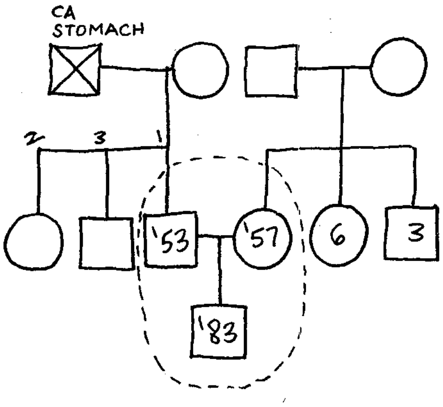
Mars Hill, with its false fronts, is a Nevada-Wyoming Western town five miles west of Atlantic Standard Time. Its street, which seems as wide as the Champs-Élysées, is lined with angled pickups. Diesel potato trailers come pounding through. The street is also U.S. 1. Mars Hill stands in the morning shadow of a monticle of the same name—a name acquired when a British chaplain passing through here in the eighteenth century opened his Bible and began reading to his impious soldiers: "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.' " Whatever its effect on the soldiers, Paul's sermon on Areopagus has not been forgotten in Mars Hill, Maine, where the town's other doctor wears a cross in his lapel and has personally been obstetricated twice. The two men—the one a newcomer, the other in local practice twenty-one years; the one an American, the other a Canadian; the one a residency-trained family practitioner, the other an old-school G.P.; the one soft-spoken, the other outspoken; the one a Jew, the other a fundamentalist Christian—share office space. They do not share practices, and patients sometimes leave the one doctor for the other. That this situation can move forward in an unincendiary way is an endorsement of human nature.

Burstein is religious, too. He has sought out the Jews of the County, a somewhat Diogenean undertaking in a region where there is less than one Jew per hundred square miles. Some years before Burstein's arrival, the Aroostook Hebrew Community Center—in Presque Isle—closed its doors, for lack of participant congregation. Burstein travelled the County and delivered to the lapsed families his own kind of message from Mars Hill. As a result, the Aroostook Hebrew Community Center has reopened. In the temporary absence of higher authority, it is Burstein who conducts services. He is a light-framed man with a beard, a somewhat narrow face, a benign countenance. When a new patient sits down beside him and answers his establishing questions, he appears to doodle as he listens, drawing circles and squares on a sheet of paper, connecting them in various patterns, placing an X here and there, or a number, and a word or two as well. A circle is a female, a square is a male. A number of siblings of both sexes can be grouped within a diamond. An X is death. A line is an interpersonal connection, and if it is broken by parallel slants—/ /—the people represented have been divorced. With a dotted line he fences in current households. As his hand moves rapidly from symbol to symbol, his attention to the patient appears to be undivided. In a few minutes of listening, he can outline something like a Russian novel, for which this example would scarcely be a preface, with multiple connections to come:



The patient (upper center) is in her middle forties, is the mother of seven children, lost her first husband to a myocardial infarction, and shares her present household with her alcoholic second husband (who is five years her junior) and an unmarried teen-age daughter and the daughter's baby son.

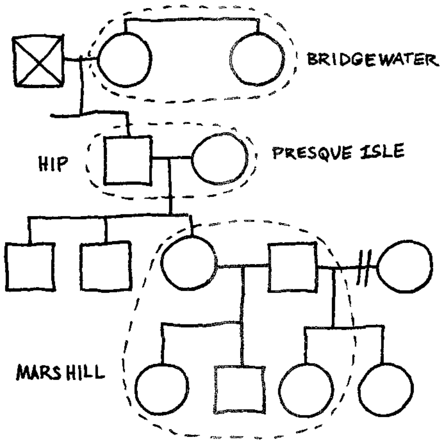
"A simple nuclear family is quite rare—and boring," Burstein says, drawing his own:



The dotted line is a house and garden on the edge of Mars Hill, and the last thing in the world Burstein really considers boring is his nuclear family. He is the oldest of three children. His wife, Rowena, is one of ten. His father died some months ago of stomach cancer, nine days after he became sick. The two were very close, and the son will not soon recover. His sense of family—beginning with his own and extending to anyone's—appears to be what caused him to choose this form of practice over all else in medicine. David Jones has said of him, "He deeply believes that you can deliver better medical care by taking an interest in a whole family. He is clear about his goals."

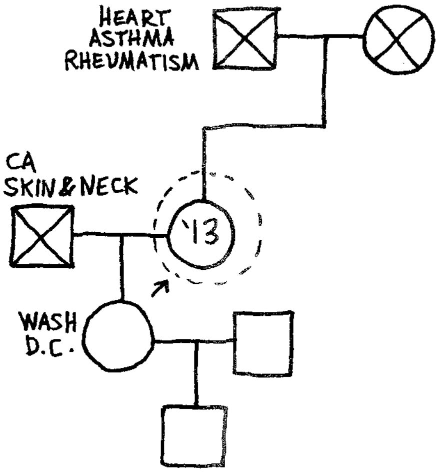
A semantic distinction has been drawn between family practice and family medicine, the one being a form of medical service, the other being an academic discipline. Family medicine is an approach to practice, and is constructed around the unquantifiable idea that a doctor who treats your grandmother, your father, your niece, and your daughter will be more adroit in treating you. After Oberlin College, Burstein went to the medical school of Case Western Reserve University, where he studied under Dr. Jack Medalie, who had compiled a textbook called "Family Medicine" and written much of it is as well. Also at Case, Burstein learned the graphic form of shorthand known to doctors as genograms.

From a folder he removes what to him represents an ideal collection of patients:



There are four generations—thirteen living people, and nearly all of them are his patients: the old sisters, who live together in Bridgewater; the grandchildren and great-grandchildren, in Mars Hill; the grandfather from Presque Isle, with the trouble in his hip.

Burstein's telephone rings. The caller is Margaret Cunniff:



She is not a regular complainer, and she wants him. He gets into his car and goes. She lives out by Adelman's potato storage. Tons of firewood lie by her house unstacked. She is shaking, shivering, and has had what she calls "a puking spell." She is graceful and gracious despite her considerable discomfort. Burstein gives her an antiemetic. She seems not to notice his invading needle. She has chronic rheumatoid arthritis, next to which this virus is a passing irritation. To be old, it helps to be tough, and she has lots of help.

Back in the office, Richard Hatfield is waiting, a burly man of forty-five with a ruddy face and a red beard. He wears laced twelve-inch boots, and dark-green work clothes with sleeves rolled. Some years ago, he suffered a myocardial infarction. Nonetheless, he delivers ninety-two newspapers daily, starting out at 2:30 A.M., now and again in temperatures around thirty below zero. "If I had a three-speed, I could do it a little quicker," he says. "On the hills, I have to get off and walk." Hatfield worries about financial matters, and brings his worries to Burstein.

A new patient comes in. Burstein asks him who his doctor has been. The name of a man some towns away is mentioned. "He gave me fifty green pills and he gave me fifty red pills. The red ones were for stomach. They cleared it right up. When I asked him what was in them, he said it was a secret, he made the pills himself. He's wealthy, I believe."

"So I understand."

"Doctor I went to, used to be in Caribou, he closed up and went back to India. And that Korean, the only reason he had to leave was his skin was yellow and people here didn't believe in it. The last time I went to a doctor, I asked him, 'Are you going to take blood or give it?' He said, 'Take it, naturally.' And I said, 'No, you're not,' and I walked out, and I ain't seen a doctor since. Now I'm trying you."

Burstein gives no indication that he is flattered.

Wilmont Kennedy, unable to continue on the harvest, comes back to Burstein's office. Clutched in the patient's hand is a can of Pepsi-Cola. He is running a fever. His heart is beating a hundred and seventy times a minute in atrial fibrillation. There is a loud murmur. An X-ray picture made as a result of his previous visit shows a heart of unusual shape, with a narrow pedicle and an over-all size that borders on the abnormal. "Stale Pepsi will take care of this," he tells Burstein. "It always does. I'll feel better after I've had this soda, I know I will. I'm having a six-pack attack."

Burstein has alternative ideas. He calls the intensive-care unit at the Presque Isle hospital, fifteen miles away. "Do you have any beds up there? Good. You have a patient." He calls a cardiologist. He mentions congenital cardiac anomaly, possible infection in a heart valve. At the very least, the patient must be cardioverted to quell the fibrillation. Burstein calls an ambulance. When it arrives, Wilmont Kennedy is placed on a rolling stretcher, his long blond hair cascading off the sides toward the floor. He rests the Pepsi on his chest. As the wheels move and his journey begins, he says, "This is Class One."

When Kennedy is gone, Burstein sits contemplatively beside the bust of Caesar. After a time, he says, "What is most interesting in family practice is not what the problem is but what motivates people to seek help for it. Something in the family, a hidden factor, will make the mundane interesting. If you are a cardiologist, you know your patient has a heart problem when the patient comes through the door. When someone comes to a family doctor, the doctor is starting from scratch. There can be underlying components, psychological or social. The purpose is to help people in a deep and personal way. I was attracted from the beginning to the variety of things family doctors do. And I liked the people I saw going into family practice. I'm not always sure it was the right choice. Life might be easier if I were a respected urologist."

BURSTEIN goes to the emergency room because Tim Brewer has fallen off the monkey bars at the Fort Street School. Tim is seven, wears corduroy jeans and running shoes, and has a gash in the top of his head. A grandmother is present. Burstein works without hurry, conversing with Tim, whose fortitude deserves the compliments he receives. There are multiple pricks of lidocaine, splashes of hydrogen peroxide, followed by syringed water. The lad's chin is high. He sits rigidly upright. Burstein ties stitches like dry flies. When he is done, Barbara Smith, R.N., leans forward and carefully combs Tim's bright-blond hair.

The scene strongly brings to mind a stack of magazines tied up with string in an attic. It strongly brings to mind that medical superman of yesteryear,

“Today, all of the Administration’s leading apologists apologized.”

• •

the old doc on the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post* with his stethoscope planted on the chest of a rag doll, the old doc who rode from house to house through deep snows with his black bag beside him and his roan gelding pulling the sleigh, the old doc who did appendectomies on the kitchen table, the old doc who worked nine days a week and rested on the tenth. If the social status of a urologist, a nephrologist, a gastroenterologist can send a wistful moment through the thoughts of a family practitioner, that is as nothing compared with this hovering ghost, this image afloat above the family practitioner’s head: Superdoc, the Great American G.P., omniscient, ubiquitous. Who will ever forget his snowshoeing through the Blizzard of ’88 to set Increase Flintcotton’s broken leg? Never mind that despite old Superdoc’s gruelling schedule he somehow had time to sit for Norman Rockwell while the artist did one portrait after another, from this angle and that. Never mind that old Superdoc saw three, and sometimes as many as five, patients a day. Never mind that in the course of his long career he saw so little medicine that his scientific knowledge steadily declined from new to nil. All of that is gone with the blizzards; and what is left behind is his mythic standard.

The age of medical technology began to pick up great momentum around the time of the First World War, and with it consequentially came the age of specialization. Beforehand, almost all doctors were general practitioners. As specialists and subspecialists began to develop, the number of G.P.s went into a fifty-year decline, and by the middle nineteen-sixties G.P.s were becoming scarce, if not approaching extinction. To the layman—the neighbor, the patient—who looked back upon the old superhuman doctor with admiration, imagination, exaggeration, and nostalgia, it seemed that a form of giant had disappeared. It also seemed that, as in most human pursuits, when giants shuffle off the coil they are replaced by committees. Gynecologist, urologist, nephrologist, immunologist, pediatric oncologist, neuro-ophthalmologist, psychopharmacologist, coronary angiographist—through time the specialists had subdivided and subsubdivided, advancing and serving technology. The positive effects of this history—and of the research that created new machines and new procedures and new subspecialties to accompany them—were dramatic and considerable. In no way were they diminished by the concomitant eventuality that some effects were negative.

The committee—which seldom, if ever, met—took on the numbers of a crowd. No one seemed to be in charge. The patient, in the process, was not so much quartered as diced. People were being passed like bucks—or so it seemed to them—from doctor to doctor. Even such a traditionally one-on-one event as the “complete physical” might be subdivided, as internists who did not do pelvic or rectal examinations sent their patients on to gynecologists and urologists. Most people could not say that they had a regular doctor. Most people did not have access to a doctor who had the time—or maybe the inclination—not only to deal with them when they were sick but also to help keep them from getting sick in the first place. There was such an absence of doctors with varied general training that someone in, say, a small Maine town would have to travel large distances just to do something as natural as have a baby. For many people, the fees of specialists were prohibitive. People wanted health care. They wanted it locally, and they wanted it at a price they could afford. Also, they wanted something more on the other side of the Rx pad than a dispenser of penicillin. In growing numbers, they felt confused and used. Was there a doctor in the house who could still regard a patient as a person rather than a disease?

To many young doctors, a clearly defined niche of technical competence seemed preferable to the complexity of general practice. To varying extents, specialists could retreat into their specialties. As the medical technocracy grew, it reproduced itself, by contemplating the pool of medical students and choosing its own kind. In their concentration on a single topic, most doctors seemed more than willing to risk losing touch with medicine as a whole. The old doc of the magazine cover—magician, counsellor, metaphysician—had been replaced by technicians with machines and clipboards.

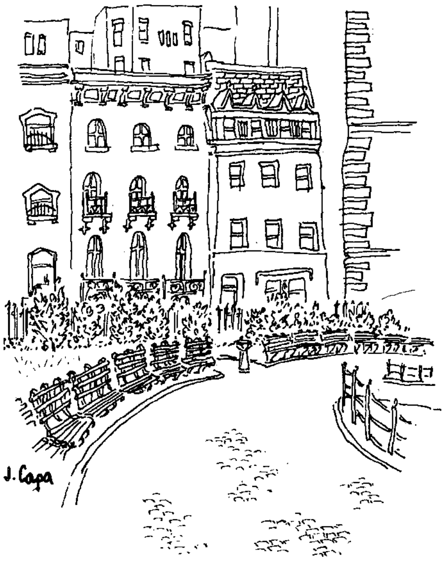
As specialization increased and the old doctors faded away, a patient, when need came, often had no idea what to do to get into the system. Over time, the hospital emergency department became the portal of entry—in various ways a forbidding prospect. Moreover, the price of entry was high. A hospital emergency room (known in some parts of Maine as “the Band-Aid station”) has to be staffed to take care of everything from automobile accidents to aneurysms, myocardial infarctions to gunshot wounds, and therefore the cost of a walk-in visit for a sore throat or an enigmatic pain might be four times what the cost would be for an office visit to a general, nonexistent practitioner. So people stayed home. If they had pneumonia, for example, and might have been treated effectively while they were moderately sick, they tended to let it go, and too often they developed abscesses that required surgical draining and in some cases caused death. Getting into the system early was important, but if it meant going to the emergency room for many dollars, a person might not go. A reaction was coming. And by the middle nineteen-sixties it was overdue.

"It had to come, because we weren't taking care of people's little needs," an internist candidly, if somewhat sardonically, admits. "You can't blame the people, because they weren't getting good service. They were getting specialists and subspecialists, and not enough hand-holding. That's a legitimate role for a doctor to play. It should be the primary role."

The reaction became known as the family-practice movement. Its aim was to shift some of the emphasis in medicine, to give refreshed importance to generalism; and it arose, of course, at a time when many people had come to distrust the pervasion of technology in every field from high-energy physics to superfast foods, and to look upon the dehumanization of medicine (a phrase much in vogue) as just one of a great number of unfortunate results. Thus, the family-practice movement drew stimulus not only from within the medical profession, where it was controversial and was not infrequently damned, but also from sources as broad as the society itself. While environmentalists were coming into their moment of sunlight, and pantheons everywhere were sprouting new gods, old Superdoc was invited to return to medicine. To bring him back (in modern form), the American Board of Family Practice was conceived and established.

Inevitably, the federal government had entered the conversation. In the years since the Second World War, very large sums of national money had been spent on medical research—notably in assaults on heart disease, cancer, and strokes—and the government was not satisfied that the useful results of the research were being properly spread about, especially to places where populations were thin. There had been studies and reports on medical education and manpower distribution, and regional medical programs had been set up to help relieve deficiencies. Nothing would provide such relief more effectively than a large new influx of general physicians. There had been nineteen specialties in medicine. In 1969, family practice became the twentieth.

The news was particularly welcome in a state like Maine, which was largely rural (where it was not wild) and had never had a medical school. For a hundred and fifty years, Maine had parsimoniously got along, eating its apple a day—and shrewdly depending on its beauty, among other things, to attract the doctors it had. This worked tolerably well but not perfectly. In unattractive places where there was nothing much to do but swat blackflies, doctors were particularly scarce. In Maine cities and large towns, as everywhere in the nation, the number of specialists was grossly disproportionate to the number of doctors engaged exclusively in primary health care. Now, however, with the new specialty of family practice, there might be a way to redress these needs. A family-practice residency—inclining, as it would, to outpatient care—could be set up at a community hospital and did not have to be part of a major urban medical center. In some ways, a community hospital would actually be a preferable setting. Statistically, doctors tend to go into practice near their residencies. This fact had made its way to Maine. Maine might not have a medical school, but if Maine were to set up a family-practice residency somewhere reasonably distant from all its borders Maine could virtually rely upon a majority of the product doctors to spread out into and stay forever in Maine.



The Central Maine Family Practice Residency, as it was first called, was established in 1973, at the Kennebec Valley Medical Center, in Augusta, the state capital. Over the years, its rotations have involved other hospitals in the region, always with the advantage to the young doctors that they are the only residents there. They have the hospital-staff doctors' undivided teaching attention, and do not have to stand by, as family-practice residents in large urban medical centers often do, while specialists clone themselves—while, for example, cardiologists concentrate on teaching residents who are future cardiologists. Simultaneously, the family-practice residents have a considerable uplifting effect on the community hospital. It is a datum that cannot be measured, but the quality of care in the Kennebec Valley Medical Center is in all probability superior to what it would be in the absence of the residency, because the hospital's staff doctors must, as teachers, be especially current on the matters they teach. Following the Kennebec Valley example, Lewiston, Bangor, and Portland established family-practice residencies, and spread the values of the teaching hospital in Maine. In 1979, Dartmouth Medical School, not far away, in New Hampshire, affiliated its family-practice department with the Augusta residency, making a joint declaration of a mutual goal: "To produce family physicians who are concerned with, and thoroughly schooled in, the effective delivery of comprehensive medical care in rural communities."

Now, in the middle nineteen-eighties, there are about seven thousand young doctors in family-practice residencies around the United States. Family practice has become, after internal medicine and surgery, the third most popular choice in specialties among graduating seniors in American medical schools. Some disparaging doctors seem to enjoy suggesting that family practitioners are at the low end of the totem of medical I.Q., but in point of fact that distinction belongs to the family practitioner to no greater extent than it does to the disparaging doctors. Competition for the Maine-Dartmouth residency is especially stiff. Annually, about a hundred people apply for six positions—after travelling north and seeing for themselves that, as one of them has put it, "you don't have to choose between good medicine and living in Maine." Their training takes place not only in hospitals but also in an office setting, in a building of their own in Augusta called the Family Medicine Institute, where the residents—usually about eighteen in all—see twenty-two thousand patients a year. Half the residents are women. Asked why the number is so large, when the ratio of men to women in American medical schools is at present three to one, Maine-Darmouth's director, Dr. Alexander McPhedran, says, "Because we worked at it."

As the number of doctors going into family practice has risen, the number of doctors going into psychiatry has declined. This to some extent suggests the sort of person who is attracted to family practice—suggests where, on the human spectrum, the seven thousand residents have come from. Dr. H. Alan Hume picks up this theme: "Family practice does not appeal to many types of people; family practice does not appeal, for example, to the impatient egotists who are attracted to surgery." Hume is a general surgeon. He is also a spontaneous conversationalist, who practices in Waterville, Maine, and has taught for many years on the Maine-Dartmouth faculty. He continues, "Family practice is unlikely to attract the sort of person who will one day be saying, 'Don't bother me with details, I've already made up my mind, let's cut.' Or 'If you can't cut it out, it isn't worth treating.' Or 'When somebody comes in with a rigid abdomen, high white count, fever, shock, all I care about is that I put the incision in the right place. It's embarrassing to make two.' The sort of people who go into neurology are also not likely to choose family practice. Neurologists are known for studying things until hell freezes over, because they don't have to make decisions. People who like oncology like to—in a leisurely way—deal with malignant tumors with chemotherapy. Internists enjoy the challenge of a diagnostic problem. A patient has ill-defined pain: What is it? How can I find a right answer with two tests instead of ten? People who go into family practice experience real joy in dealing with people, and have a sense of wanting to be generalists. They also have a tremendous sense of obligation to community, which is much less true of surgeons and internists. You'll find the family practitioners out there on the athletic fields in the afternoons as school-sports doctors. You'll find them running things at the P.T.A. They're into the community, and they're willing to have lesser incomes."

Family practitioners have been described by other doctors as "people people—not in medicine for the technology."

"They are more conscious of social purpose than other physicians."

"They are interested in the biology of medicine, yes, but they are equally interested in what people's lives are like—in how people relate to one another in a family."

The old general practitioners, after finishing medical school, went through one-year rotating interneships and then out into the community. As their numbers dwindled through time, so did their status, because they came to be regarded as undertrained. With the creation of the American Board of Family Practice, it was decided that the new "specialists" would not only undertake full three-year residencies but also be required to sit for reëxamination every seven years for the rest of their professional lives—a requirement unique in the profession. Not without a dash of oxymoron, the Accreditation Council for Graduate Medical Education defined family practice as "a comprehensive specialty." In amplification, the council mentioned "responsibility for the total health care of the individual and family," and went on to say that all family practitioners must be adequately versed in gerontology, including "preventive aspects of health care, the physiological and psychological changes of senescence, the social-cultural . . . nutritional and pathological (acute and chronic) entities of aging;" in psychiatry, including psychotherapy, psychopharmacology, psychiatric counselling, mental illness, alcoholism, and other substance abuse; in internal medicine, including cardiology, endocrinology, pulmonary diseases, hematology, oncology, gastroenterology, infectious disease, rheumatology, nephrology, immunology, and neurology; in dermatology; in pediatrics; in obstetrics and gynecology, including "skills in marriage counseling, sex education, human sexuality, and family planning;" in surgery, to the extent of being able to diagnose and manage surgical emergencies, make "appropriate and timely referral," give "proper advice, explanation, and emotional support to the patients and their families," give pre-operative and post-operative care, and acquire enough understanding of basic surgical principles, asepsis, and the handling of tissue to qualify as a first assistant for a surgeon in the operating room; in emergency medicine, including advanced cardiac life support, airway insertion, chest-tube insertion, and hemostasis; in orthopedics, ophthalmology, otolaryngology, and urology; and in diagnostic imaging, including the interpretation of radiographic film. The old term "G.P." had been given a semantic sandblast. The new board-certified practitioners were being called specialists to legitimize the fact that they were not.

Fred Schmidt, thirty-three years old, is, among other things, a woodcutter, who gets forty-six dollars a cord, and works alone.

"Smoke?"

"I quit four years ago."

"Why did you quit?"

"The time had come."

Schmidt is in for a routine physical—Lovejoy Health Center, Albion, Maine. A muscular man with curly hair and a woodsman's ample mustache, he is so healthy that Paul Forman, the examining doctor, wonders if he has a hidden agenda. As they converse, however, there is no hint of trouble, and Forman begins to feel oddly guilty for not giving Schmidt his money's worth. Forman feels as if he is purloining half a cord of wood from this well-kept human landscape. Rummaging, he asks Schmidt if he uses hearing protection when he operates his chain saw. Schmidt says no. Forman's conscience is saved. He will give Schmidt some preventive medicine—sawed, split, and stacked.

Old-time pilots in open cockpits used to get something called aviator's notch, Forman says, and he draws on an audiogram pad a graph that shows a precipitous loss of hearing high in the frequency range of the engine of a Jenny or a Spad. The loss appears on the graph as a V-shaped notch. "The airplane engines gradually destroyed the ear's ability to pick up any sound in those frequencies," Forman continues. "If you don't protect your ears, you are in danger of getting aviator's notch from your chain saw. We see similar things with rock and roll." Partial deafness is only the beginning. In the literature on amplified sound, there appears this sentence: "Loud noise causes blood vessels to constrict, the skin to pale, muscles to tense, and the adrenal hormone to be injected into the bloodstream; thus, the heart and nervous system of the individual are profoundly affected; animals, forced to listen to noise, become sullen, unresponsive, erratic, or violent."

Has Schmidt ever heard of Iowa ear? The farmer on his tractor looks over his right shoulder, watching his planter or plow and sighting back down the row. This aims his left ear toward the tractor's engine. Iowa ear, always the left, is aviator's notch, grounded.

Schmidt hears all this amiably, perhaps even gratefully, giving no sign that he has developed a notch of his own with regard to doctors.

Forman changes the subject. He asks if Schmidt's wife, Terry, is having contractions.

"Not yet."

Forman will deliver this imminent baby. He also looks after the Schmidts' existing child. Half a dozen years ago, before Forman and his partner, Forrest West, arrived in Albion, the Lovejoy Health Center was an overgrown field. "Before the clinic was here, I didn't have a doctor," Schmidt remarks. "When I needed a tetanus shot, I drove twenty miles to the Band-Aid station. They said come back tomorrow. I went to a doctor's office somewhere. They said forget it, you're not a regular customer."

Forrest West, in an adjacent examining room, talks with Seth Fuller, a farmer, born in 1904. Fuller is West's neighbor. Fuller remembers when West and Forman first came into the area and went to potluck suppers and casserole dinners, meeting people and asking about plans for a health center—in effect, applying to be its doctors. Six communities—China, Albion, Unity, Palermo, Thorndike, and Troy, which are separated by dairyland and forested hills—had been identified by the federal government as grossly underserved, and money had been raised locally for a modest wooden structure. Forman and West were, in Forman's words, on "the hip-

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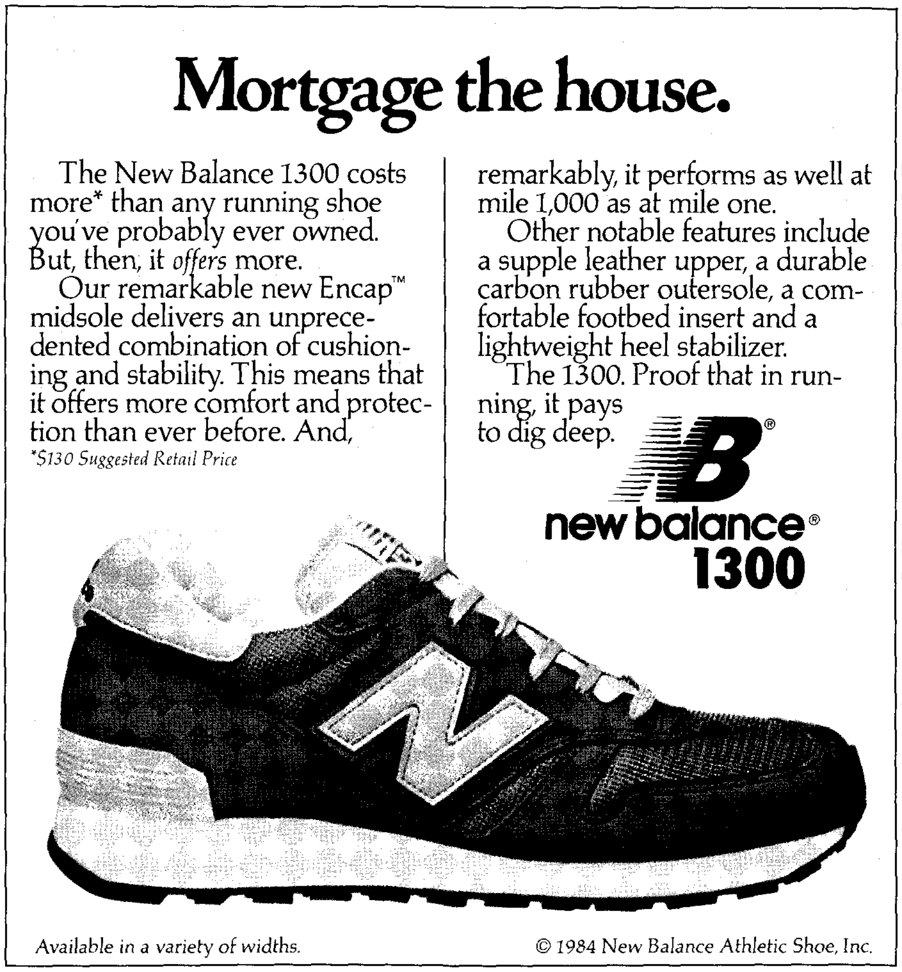

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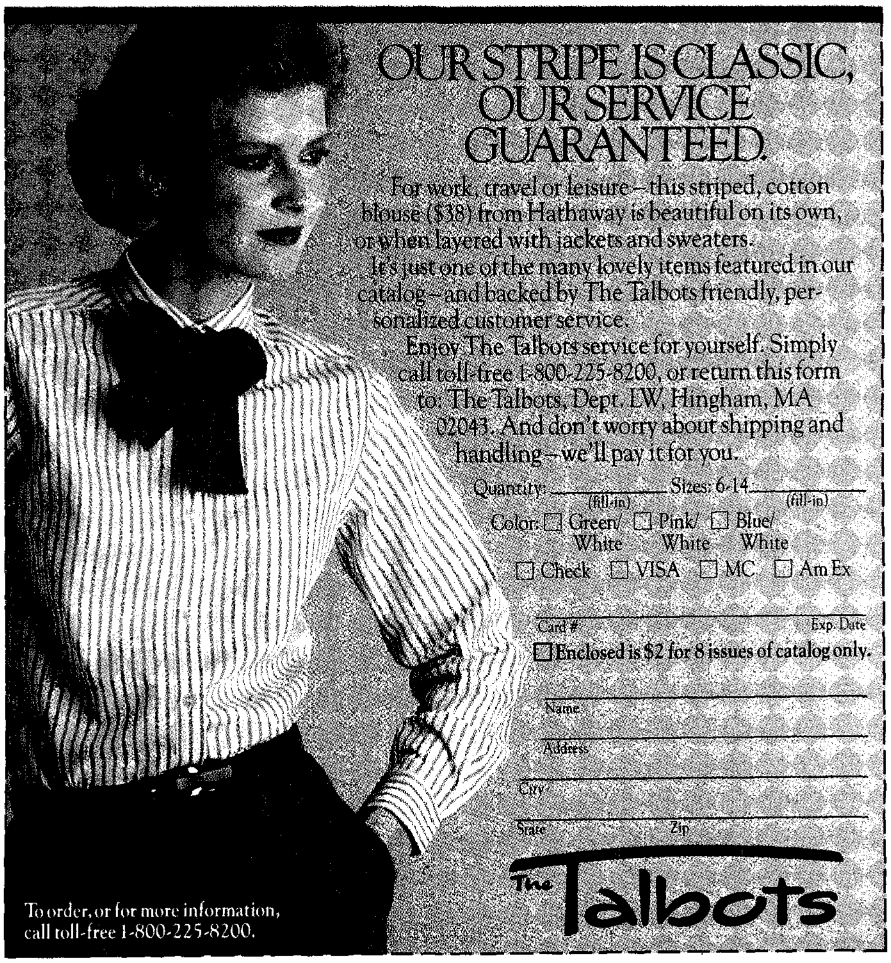

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pie wavelength," but their credentials were even longer than their hair. They were strongly recommended by the residency in Augusta. Fuller and the others voted them in.

Fuller's wife, Gladys, is in the exam room, too. She was West's first myocardial infarction in Albion. She has recovered long since. It is her husband who has now come in with the presenting complaint. He can describe it only as "a gradual weakening." He says he lies on the couch at home sleeping, and when he wakes up, is not interested in stirring. He has let the farm become inactive. He is trim, short, with a wiry frame and alert eyes—obviously, in his demeanor if not his present manner, a hardworking, life-loving man. His hair is steel gray and cut short—like his accent, which is pure Maine. "I suppose I could feel worse, but I don't know that it would make much difference," he says. He has had recent X-rays that looked normal, and a blood test as well. "There's an end to that dragging down," he tells West. "I can't go on losing weight forever." He weighs a hundred pounds. Two years ago, he weighed a hundred and four. He removes his shirt. His biceps suggest considerable strength despite his frailty. West listens to his lungs and heart. What could be Seth Fuller's difficulty? An occult malignancy? Stomach not absorbing vitamins? He had a partial gastrectomy, West remembers, but that was some time ago. He tells Fuller that he would like to admit him to the Mid-Maine Medical Center, in Waterville. "O.K.?"

"I guess so."

Forrest West, in a green shirt and green hopsacking trousers with a broad leather belt, could be a forest ranger. He wears moccasins and no tie. He has tousled hair, a soothing mustache, dark eyes, and a speaking tone so calm and quiet it may occupy a frequency of its own. Paul Forman, tall and slim, is the more emotional and animated of the two. He comes to work wearing a short-sleeved shirt, a tie, a railroad engineer's cap, and, like West, puts on no white coat, no office paraphernalia to suggest his medical authority. On West's desk is an antique wooden box with gold scroll lettering that says, "West's Excelsior Veterinary Remedies." Forman could have stepped out of the cab of a train.

Forman and West have six thousand people in their catchment area. After five years, they include in their folders twenty-three hundred families. When they first approached the six towns, it was with some worry, although the situation in many ways appeared to fit their ideals. They listened to the people closely, trying to discern the extent to which they might be believers in the myth of the old Superdoc and be hoping for his return. With modern roads and modern populations, even in rural Maine a doctor could be overworked to the point of burning out. Forman and West found, to their relief, that the people of the towns were much aware of the difference, and were not expecting miracles—just a service the towns did not have.

Now Forman addresses a neighbor who has come in to discuss the results of a blood test. It shows an elevation in levels of serum glutamic-oxaloacetic transaminase, serum glutamic-pyruvic transaminase, lactic dehydrogenase. A question that has arisen in Forman's mind is not complicated by variable diagnosis. He says, "How much are you drinking?"

"Like I told you, I drink only ten beers a week."

"And how much hard stuff?"

"Don't touch it."

"How about carbon tetrachloride?"

"Don't touch it."

"Do you think you could give up alcohol?"

"I sure do. Wouldn't bother me a bit."

"Stay off alcohol for two months."

In Exam Room 3, Forrest West sets a Doppler microphone on the rising abdomen of Jane Glidden, whose second child is halfway along between conception and birth. She is twenty-three, works as a waitress, is married to a machinist, and lives in a house trailer in Palermo. Her mother, her father, her grandparents, and her year-old son are all patients of Dr. West's. A year ago, she came in to the clinic after two hours of labor, and—with time having run out for a trip to the hospital—her baby was born in Exam Room 3. The Doppler is turned on, and the new baby broadcasts loudly from the womb. It is the sound of a chorus of swamp frogs.

A mother brings in a child with a perforated eardrum. Forman asks her why she did not go to an otolaryngologist.

She says, "I figured you guys could do just as well as he could, and a lot cheaper."

The perforation is long-standing, not infected. Forman says, "I think

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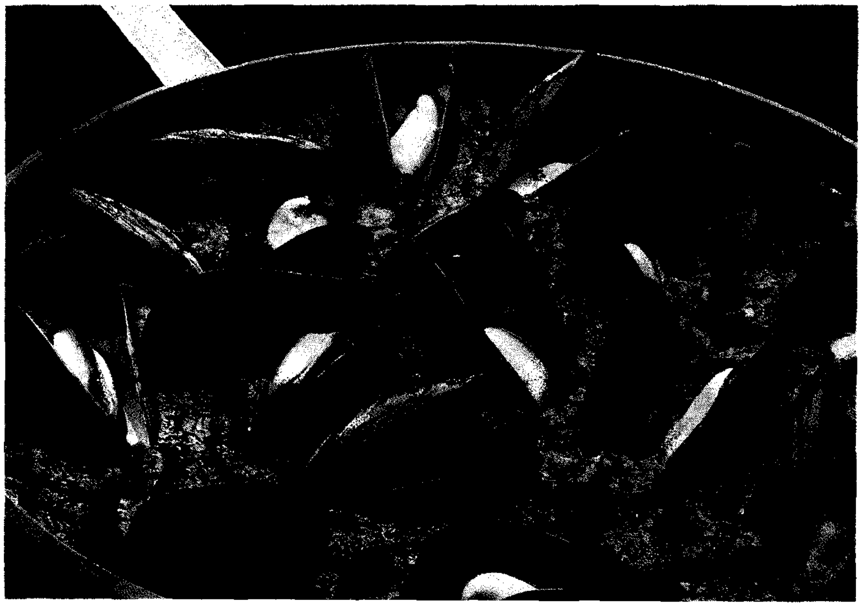

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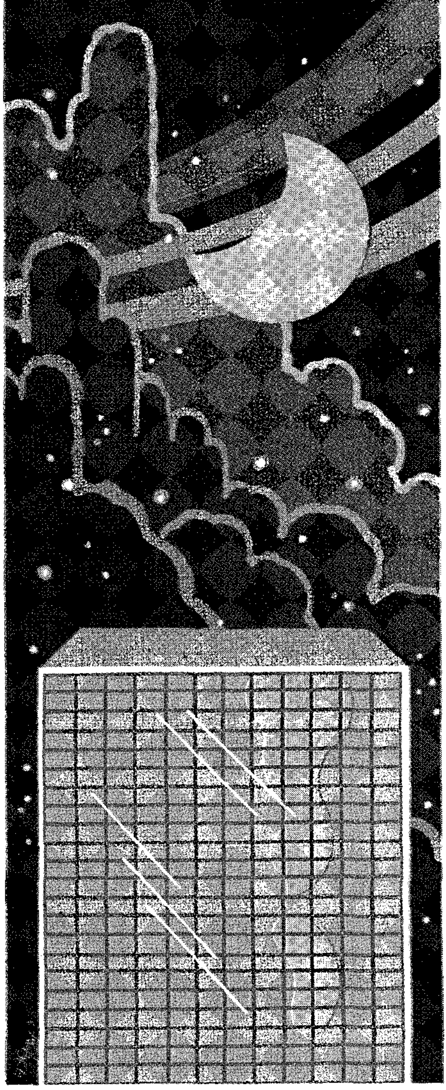

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you ought to see an ear specialist to follow that along."

Chris McMorrow next, thirty years old, a patient of Forman's who cannot eat lobster because afterward his throat always burns—an abysmal handicap in Maine. On this visit, McMorrow complains of a persistent headache and a crick in the neck. These symptoms may or may not be related to his eighteen-speed mountain bike, a leg-driven balloon-tired machine that is geared for roadless areas, including mountainsides. Last weekend, McMorrow went biking on Mt. Katahdin. Forman tells him that his trapezius muscle, in spasm, is producing the headaches by hauling on his scalp. The medical way to deal with the problem is with aspirin, or with stronger drugs—also by strengthening the muscle or by avoiding the use of it for purposes that tax it. Another approach is chiropractic—having to do with a possible pinched nerve in a vertebra—and Forman says that that helps some people. He says he is not as down on chiropractors as many doctors are, because he has friends that chiropractic has helped. Forman goes on to explain to McMorrow that osteopathy is a mixture of medical and manipulation techniques. Categorically, he will not cast aspersion on either profession. "Make an appointment if you wish."

Esten Peabody—white-bearded and fifty-one—comes in full of potato chips, which he professes to find irresistible. He is also full of good news: he has donated a pint of blood, and his blood pressure has dropped below the danger level.

Forman says, "We'll have to go back to using leeches." He also tells Peabody a thing or two about his diet, and reminds him of the silent progress of hypertension: "You don't feel bad until you have a stroke or your kidneys rot out. It's an asymptomatic disease."

Warren Harding, sixty-two, walks in slowly, sits down, and delivers to Forrest West a lecture on subverted justice—case after case dismissed because confessions were felt to be coerced. West listens. "We are throwing out the United States Constitution to protect criminals," Warren Harding tells him, and then asks, without a pause, "Will I get better? Will I ever get any strength back in my left arm?" Harding is an Albion farmer. For reasons unexplained, there is a closed safety pin hanging in the middle of his T-shirt.

West says to him, "When a stroke stabilizes for this length of time, things don't change."

West grew up in suburban Philadelphia, Forman in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. They went to small, northerly colleges (Williams and Hamilton) and to first-rate medical schools (Jefferson and Albany) on their way to Maine. When Forman was still in medical school, he wrote down his goals as a physician, and although he did not know Forrest West, he could have been speaking for him, too. He said he wanted "to develop a well-rounded understanding of medicine" so that he could "approach the patient as a whole person" whose physical problems often arise from emotional and social causes. He wished "to teach people about their own health, allay their fears about mild problems, counsel and guide them through seemingly complex treatment regimens when their problems are more serious"—all in a context of "compassionate, *high-quality* medicine." The italics were his. He wanted to seek a place where he was really needed, in order to "avoid being just another specialist competing for a limited number of cases," and he particularly hoped to find it "in an area with high mountains, cold white winters, and people who love and respect the natural resources available to them." He wrote that ten years ago, when he was twenty-five. Now he and his family live on a smoothly scraped dirt road and own twenty-three acres of high, forested land. From the deck of their house one can see long distances into some of the most beautiful country in Maine. Dari Forman, the doctor's wife, is a carpenter and custom furnituremaker, and she designed and built the house—a rhythmic geometry of heavy beams and bright glass composed with regard to the sun. Hemlock rafters, pine siding, elm-and-cherry stairway—she chose the rough lumber and had it milled. With dry pegs she joined green beams, which developed beauty as they checked. Insufficiently impressed by her wood stove and her passive-solar installations, the mortgagee bank—being a Maine bank, and not a Las Vegas drive-in—insisted on alternative electric-baseboard heat. Even with outside air at twenty below, the electric heat has never been needed.

Her husband repairs canoes, flies sailplanes, makes house calls. "Some families are suspicious of doctors," he says. "And especially of young whippersnappers. A house call can help persuade them to come in." As Forman and West drive through the countryside from one to another of the six towns, they connect patients' faces to a high percentage of the names on the mailboxes. They believe in "one-on-one doctor-patient relationships," and they believe in availability (to the maximum extent that the concerns of "the doctor's family and the doctor's mental health" will permit). Always, they leave open two morning and two afternoon appointments, so that no patient in difficulty will call their number and be given the classic American sentence "The next open appointment is in December." After five years, Forman and West are functioning near the extreme margins of these criteria, and they would be pleased to be joined by a third physician. It would have to be someone, though, who shares their "definition of emergency," which they give in the form of an example: a patient who calls up at midnight with sore throat. "Unless such patients are chronic abusers, you go and see them. They have been miserable enough to make the call."

Toward noon one day, West gets into his car to drive twelve miles to the hospital in Waterville and make a house call en route. He listens to cassettes as he makes these journeys, listens hundreds of hours per year. The cassette of the moment is called "Dermatology Update—Scabies, Anogenital Skin Disease, and Psoriasis." Forman listens to similar tapes in his car. To keep up with things, they also rely on conversations with specialists they know and trust. They read three or four medical journals and throw the rest out. Perhaps to a higher degree than on any other type of doctor, pressure is on the family practitioner to keep up with developing medical knowledge, for fear that one's capability quotient will drop below the multivalent stratum and into the dilettante zone. Various specialists and subspecialists who do not look upon family practitioners as people with a Renaissance range of application and knowledge will undercut them more on the matter of keeping up than on any other, saying, typically, that medical knowledge "explodes every five years" or "increases five per cent a year and therefore doubles every fourteen years," and that almost no one in any subspecialty can ingest enough of the new information, let alone a generalist whose pretense to competence spans many fields.

Disagreement being an apparent norm in medical dialogue, it is not difficult to find specialists who beg to differ:

"It *is* possible to know a broad swath of medicine."

"It's simply not true that medicine explodes every five years. You can generally get along on old practices."

"In terms of day-to-day care of people, quite frankly, you don't have to keep up. Diseases haven't changed that much. People's emotions haven't changed that much. Except for status, family practitioners don't have to keep up with a good many things. Technology is the kudzu of medicine. It's choking all of us. There are so many technological things we don't need. If you look at hospital mortality rates—the number of patients who come in, the number who die, the number who go home—they have not really changed in thirty years."

Another way to keep up—and get a free meal at the same time—is to attend, say, a peritonitis conference in a hospital lunchroom. The atmosphere in such places tends to be smoky, collegial, and varied, involving large percentages of the staff. Tomorrow is phlebitis. Meanwhile, the peritonitis charts are barely legible through the smoke. That big gentleman in the green tunic and green cap—the man with the hacking cough, the chain Marlboros, and the Hawaiian paunch—is a thoracic surgeon.

West turns into the driveway of the old farmhouse of Franklin Whitman. West drapes his stethoscope around his neck, picks up his black leather medical bag, and goes into the house through the kitchen entrance. He greets Everett Whitman, who is about fifty, and Everett's mother, Florence, and walks through the kitchen into a parlor that is crowded with the accumulations of uncounted years. Deeply piled on tables and cabinets are stacks of magazines tied with string. There are many cardboard cartons, some open, and miscellaneously filled. Where the wallpaper is lesioned, plaster is loose upon the lath of the walls—over a sewing machine that was new before the first Ford. Stuffed chairs are slipcovered with blankets. On a central table, a cat rests at the apex of a pyramid of boxes and magazines. As West enters, the cat leaps away, knocking over a glass, and the beverage inside flows and drips off the magazines and table to the floor. The room is generously heated. Franklin Whitman, seventy-four years old, lies on a couch with blankets drawn over his chin. A bald head and horn-rimmed glasses are about all that can be seen of him, and an obvious shiver. He is pleased to see West, and says so, despite his acute discomfort—his classic erratic chills and fever, picket-fence in pattern, which overlie chronic suffering from acute arthritis. As West listens to his heart, and listens to and notes his blood pressure, Whitman's wife and son stand in the doorway and watch. The blood pressure goes down when the patient sits up. Flu? Septicemia? West has been here several times in recent days. Whitman is on steroids, and they suppress the immune reaction. Has a bacterial infection developed in his blood? West decides to admit him, and explains to all three why the hospital at this point seems the place for the patient to be. As he leaves, Florence Whitman, who is elderly and fragile, too, says to him in a vibrant voice, "Thank you for coming, Doctor. Thank you for coming so soon."

West drives to Waterville—to the Mid-Maine Medical Center, and, within the complex, to a hospital of largely fresh construction, its sparkling corridors and heavy silent doors imparting a sense of order and, with it, an implication that this place is still on the innocent side of the creeping chaos that seems to advance with time on even the most impressively pedigreed of medical institutions. At a nurses' station, West looks over some charts, some radiological reports, preparing to see his patients. The first is Seth Fuller, whose X-rays now reveal the collapse of a small segment of lung—left and low. Possible causes include but are not limited to a swollen lymph node, a tumor, the aspiration of something or other. "Remember," he comments, "there is always a chance that it is something benign, with a good prognosis."

West goes to Fuller's bedside. Fuller is sitting up, eyes missing nothing, talking quietly with his wife, his daughter, and her husband. Now and again, he coughs—a low dry cough. The *Central Maine Morning Sentinel* is on the bed by his elbow: "WALESA WINS NOBEL PRIZE," "WHITE SOX, DODGERS WIN PLAYOFF GAMES." A bearded, barrel-chested man lies anonymously in the next bed, looking away from the Fuller tableau and out a wide window into a sunlighted October day, rock maples in blaze—a day as bright and crisp and indigenous as West's patient in bed. Fuller is active in the Grange. One year, when the state was offering fruit trees in Winslow, Fuller went over and picked up a load of trees for West. West tells him about the X-rays and reviews the list of possibilities, his slow voice flat and calm. The two say nothing for a while—in a communicative and unawkward silence, each relying (with a confidence long since developed) on the other. Eventually, West says, "Sometimes, if you have a tumor and it's localized in a small area you can treat it by taking it out."

Fuller says nothing for a time, and then says, "Some fellows get along with just one lung. I had a neighbor had just one lung. He was awful short of breath. He couldn't walk uphill for nothin'."

Again, time passes gracefully while neither West nor Fuller speaks. Finally, West says, "O.K.?"

And Fuller says, "O.K. I'll be right here, then."

SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD female comes in for a blood count. This is not Albion. This is anywhere, any day and every day, in the pan-Maine family-practice clinical montage. She is petite and lovely, with silky brown hair. Her fingernails are long, and the paint is chrome. She is a junior in high school, and has come straight from class to the doctor's office, wearing a bright-blue maternity gown with the word "BABY" in large block letters under the throat. The baby is due in about a week. If it is male, the doctor asks, is he to be circumcised?

"What is that?" asks the patient.

After explaining circumcision, the doctor has another question. Is the baby to be born in the hospital's birthing room or the delivery room (the birthing room being, more or less, a simulated home bedroom)?

"I haven't heard bad things about neither one of them," the patient says, with a shrug.

The doctor places a stethoscope on the stretched-to-shining skin above the womb. The baby sounds like a carpenter pounding on a roof.

The doctor remarks, after the patient has gone, "More often than not, around here, kids carry their babies and keep them. We see kids like that quite often. No birth control. She's never used it."

Nineteen-year-old female, shy in manner and proud of her children, brings them in together for pediatric checkups. One is two months old, the other two years old. They have different fathers. Their mother has never been married.

Seventeen-year-old female, unmarried, comes in with her toddler son, who has an ear infection. She conceived and bore him in another part of the country and came to Maine with the baby to live with her sister and complete her high-school education. The sister, who is twenty-one years old and unmarried, is pregnant.

"I went to Portland twice a week for a month to learn to do abortions," the doctor remarks after one teen-ager and her child have gone. "I almost couldn't take it. All those young women. Some of their reasons for doing it disgusted me. I even called in sick one day. I happen to think that putting a baby up for adoption is a better choice to make, but I believe that abortion is an option that should be offered. Some people actually carry babies in order to have the state support them and their boyfriends. They live off their babies." The State of Maine pays about two hundred and seventy dollars a month to a single mother with one child, and for each additional child increases the support.

A grandmother, a mother, and a two-week-old baby come in. All three are patients of this doctor, as is the baby's grandfather. The new mother wears a blue shirt, running shoes, jeans. She is sixteen and a sophomore in high school. She has told the name of the father to no one.

"Have you been feeling blue or down in the dumps?" the doctor asks her.

Almost inaudibly, she says, "No."

The doctor says to her, "Sometimes people do after they've had a baby."

"I'll be going back to school on Tuesday."

"Who takes care of the baby then?"

"I do," says the young mother's mother. "It's been a long time since I've had a little baby in the house."

Next, a thirty-eight-year-old female in her third pregnancy.

Doctor: "Is everything O.K.?"

Patient: "You're the doctor. You tell me."

"Do you drink milk?"

"I like milk if it has Kahlua in it."

"What else do you drink?"

"Sometimes a couple of beers."

"Smoke?"

"Pack a day for twenty years."

"Caffeine?"

"None."

"Cats?"

"Three."

"How much do you happen to know about toxoplasmosis in pregnancy?"

Fifty-nine-year-old female, in slacks and running shoes, says she has come in to discuss her arthritis. Her gnarled fingers sparkle with gemstones. After a time, the doctor says, "So for now you want to stick with aspirin?" He knows, though, that she is not here to talk about aspirin, or even her chronic headaches, for which she takes Elavil. She is here just to talk, as she has been in the past and will be in the future, and he is more than prepared to listen. Two relatives of her husband live in her home; each is retarded and needs quite special care. As time has passed, the situation has grown in various ways less tolerable to her. There is nothing the doctor can prescribe except his time, his interest, and his watchful sympathy—all of which she receives.

Fifteen-year-old female presents with a history of dizziness, fainting, difficulty sleeping, and apparent anorexia. She reports that she never eats lunch, never eats dinner, and has cereal in the morn-

Judith Shahn

ing under a blizzard of sugar. Her mother is with her and nods—it's a fact. The patient is sexually active. The doctor offers birth-control pills. The mother, with anguish in her face, agrees. That is all the doctor will offer, however. The patient has twice attempted suicide. The doctor recommends that someone more specifically trained should be listening to her.

Seventy-five-year-old female presents with a problem list that would impress a laundry. Heart disease, cataracts, emphysema, a sore rib . . . She smokes, by her count, twenty cigarettes a day. Twice, she has nearly died. A month ago, she came in with shortness of breath and incipient heart failure. The doctor sees her regularly, knows her well, and today can let the large matters go.

"How you doing?"

"Up and down. I can't walk far. My rib hurts, and my head has a burning itch."

"The people next door there, they have lice, you know."

"I know that. I don't go over there. I don't like the smell over there."

"You know them well?"

"He's my nephew."

"Does he help you?"

"He don't help nothing."

The doctor finds bites on her legs but not on her scalp. Her cough has the sound of a hatchet. She gets up to leave. "Can I see you in about a month?" the doctor says.

Patient says, "Make it in the forenoon, please."

A fifty-two-year-old female comes in and encapsulates her presenting complaint in four short words: "I just feel blah." As Sandy Burstein noted, the family practitioner generally has less to begin with than, say, a nephrologist, who knows when referrals come in that their problems are in their kidneys. "Blah" is a psychomedical condition at the center of square one, and that is where the family practitioner's diagnosis begins.

Sixteen-year-old male comes in for a school physical, mandatory for athletes in contact sports. He is sharply featured, handsome. Blondish hair tumbles toward his dark eyes. His ambition is to join the United States Marine Corps, and meanwhile he runs long distances, lifts weights, plays football, and has reached advanced levels in acrobatic karate. He has smoked since age eleven, and he has one breast that has developed fully in female form. Listening to his heart, the doctor tells him that he has a slight, unimportant murmur, and offhandedly says about the breast, "It doesn't mean you are not a man. It's a thing that happens to teen-agers. It means you are becoming a man. Do you notice, in sports, that your smoking affects you—that you have less strength?"

"Nope. It never has—as long as I keep in good shape and keep on running."

"If you ever have a heart attack, you'll have less chance of surviving. Do you use drugs?"

"You don't have to talk to me about that. I don't touch 'em."

"Alcohol?"

"No."

"If you continue smoking, you won't feel different until maybe sixty per cent of your lungs are gone."

"Well, I could quit."

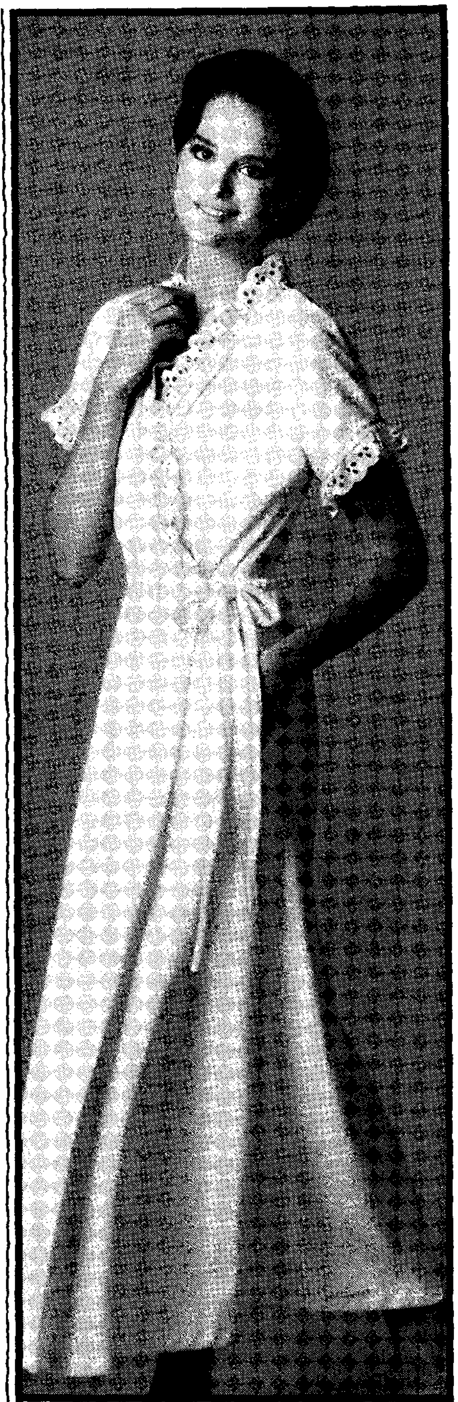
Fifty-two-year-old male—a new patient—has recently suffered a subarachnoid hemorrhage and now seeks post-operative care. He also seeks counsel. His twenty-five-year-old unmarried daughter, who works at Dunkin' Donuts, has no apparent intention of leaving home and meanwhile is steadily gaining weight—expanding like nut dough—and has become, in her father's words, "a pain in the ass." In response to suggestions or criticism, her usual reply is "It's my life."

"Yes," the doctor says. "But it's your house."

Across the patient's face comes a look of gratitude. "People up here worry a lot about not having doctors," he says. "I'm so glad you're willing to take on my case."

Telephone rings. There is a patient up the road whom the doctor sees only on house calls, for she has long been in a coma and has not opened her eyes in five years. Living with her and caring for her are her son and two other men. They have bought a hospital bed and placed it in the center of the parlor, which they routinely adorn with fresh flowers. They keep the room airy, dustless, and clean. They feed the patient with an eyedropper. Month in, year out, they give her loving, intensive care. Now her son is on the phone with a question for the doctor. Would it be all right if he and the others took his mother on a camping trip?

OLD Superdoc might have got along on the contents of his black bag, but a modern country doctor, in order to function effectively, needs a close relationship with a hospital. The hospital does not have to be



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Massachusetts General. It can be modest in all its dimensions and nonetheless be prepared to handle ninety-eight per cent of the cases that arise within its catchment area. A good community hospital somewhere nearby is all a family practitioner needs, other than an office and a neatly lettered sign. As it happens, though, not all community hospitals feel an equal need for the family practitioner.

A doctor setting up a practice does not simply call up the nearest hospital and start admitting patients. The doctor must formally obtain privileges to do so, and from field to field the privileges are discrete—obstetrical privileges, surgical privileges, medical privileges. Privileges are controlled by the hospital staff, which consists of doctors. In England, doctors who work in hospitals are not the same doctors who work in the community, and patients are transferred from the one milieu to the other. In the United States, of course, the doctors who are out in offices getting the first look at the business are, by and large, also on the hospital staff. If a new doctor comes into a town and the new doctor's type of training augurs competition for one or more people on the hospital's staff, the established doctors can, in effect, tie off the newcomer's tubes. The procedure is more formally described as denying privileges. The situation can be difficult for any new specialist, but when a doctor comes along who has been board-certified to function up to various levels of obstetrics, gynecology, pediatrics, internal medicine, dermatology, otolaryngology, and a dozen or two related subspecialties, someone on the staff is almost surely going to mutter about "the need to preserve high standards," and someone else, inevitably, will slide his glasses down his nose, peer out over the rims, and say, "Let's look at those credentials a little more closely." This is known in medical anthropology as the battle for turf. It is one aspect of medicine that most patients can follow at least as comprehendingly as their doctors, because the battle for turf is where doctors display their commonality with the rest of humankind, where they mirror most closely the society they serve, where the snakes come off the caduceus and the one makes a meal of the other.

Turf.

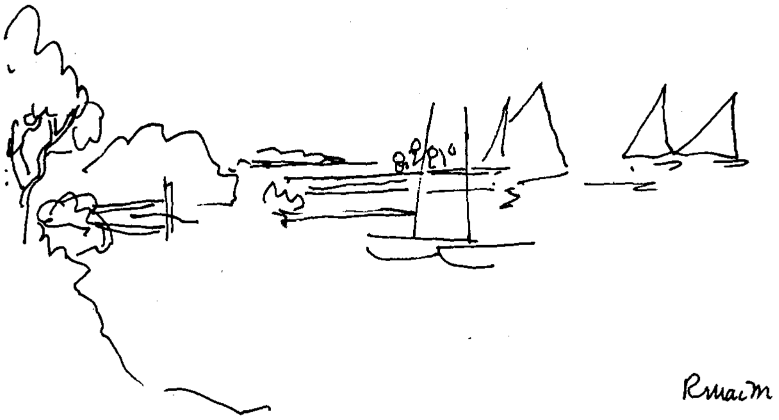
"Do you need a cardiologist or a gastroenterologist for a heart attack or an ulcer?" asks a family practitioner. "That is the question, and in most cases the answer is no. We're on their turf, and for the most part we can handle their problems as well as they can. They try to restrict what we can do. At the same time, they try to be nice to us so they can get our referrals."

Turf extends to such matters as the reading of electrocardiograms, on which a local cardiologist will often have a monopoly, and for which third-party payers—insurance companies, governments—pay well. So the hospital, in a manner of speaking, has decided that while it is permissible for family practitioners to look at their own patients' EKGs, the EKGs must be "overread" by the cardiologist "in order to preserve the hospital's high standards." Moreover, family practitioners are often denied privileges to look after their own patients in coronary-care units. In many hospitals, it is equally difficult for family practitioners to obtain privileges in obstetrics, or to function in intensive care. In the words of one grizzled internist, "So these kids get frozen out of everything they've been taught to do and they wind up having no real privileges at all. This happens a good deal in sophisticated little towns." In large cities, turf battles are often so intense they are virtually audible, and family practitioners can be given so few privileges that even patients come to regard them as glorified nurses. As a result, some family practitioners shrug their shoulders and go into storefront medicine, a modern phenomenon whereby doctors do business in former shoe stores and pet shops, treating customers who walk in off the street. There are chains, with franchises—agglomerately nicknamed Doc in a Box—where you can use your MasterCard to cover your treatment for hypoglycemia or bubonic plague.

Turf battles of another kind, and of epic proportions, frequently occur between hospitals, whose rivalries can be even more intense than the rivalries among the doctors who work in them. Even the spread-out hospitals of a state like Maine float in their drainage catchments like ships of war, and fire salvos at one another beyond the horizons. They compete fiercely for customers. Jealously, they guard their relationships with peripheral towns. Ironically, the more intense such regional warfare becomes, the more it favors the family practitioners. Hospitals even support them out there, the better to defend their sphere.

Not all turf battles end unhappily. When Ann Dorney was completing her residency, she and several colleagues studied a map of their Maine surroundings, gathered parameters of various kinds—size and quality of hospitals, relative need for doctors, proximity to the coastal fjords, proximity to the Great North Woods—and tugged and pulled and debated one another until they descended *en groupe* upon Skowhegan. With one exception, these doctors were women—they would ultimately include four women—and they wanted to practice together.

Skowhegan, on the Kennebec River, is a town of eight thousand people forty miles upstream from Augusta, twenty from Waterville. Among the people are pulpers, debarkers, last-pullers. It is a timbering and shoe-factory red brick town, where fights break out on Saturday nights and serenity usually characterizes the rest of the week. Madison Paper Industries is close to Skowhegan, and the *New York Times Magazine* is literally standing there, too, with little cones hanging from its branches—not to mention the needles. With Athens and Canaan, Madison and Norridgewock, the catchment of Skowhegan's Redington-Fairview General Hospital is twenty-four thousand people, and the setting of farmland and forest, moose country, bear country, appealed to these particular doctors no less than the promising medical factors. The hospital was well equipped and had ninety-two beds. There



were four internists, a pediatrician, five surgeons, and two general practitioners nearing retirement. An obstetrician had recently died, and another had left town. There had been a turf battle over whether to seek specialists or family practitioners to join the medical staff. When Dorney and the others made their interest known, various doctors on the hospital staff were at first opposed, fearing the competitive numbers. A turf skirmish followed, lacking the intensity of a full-scale battle but crucial nonetheless, and culminating in a dramatic encounter between the young family practitioners and the established physicians of Skowhegan. Initially, it appeared that Skowhegan was going to ask the family practitioners to establish themselves in peripheral towns, but in the evolving discussion the older doctors changed their minds. One of them went outside and yanked up a piece of the hospital lawn. Returning to the meeting, he gave the hunk of sod to the young doctors, and said, "O.K., here is a piece of our turf."

Next door to the hospital, at 34 Fairview Avenue, was an old rambling house—a wide porch, wood siding, two stories, a steep gable roof—and the hospital bought it for the use of the new doctors. Two or three of their husbands happened to be, among other things, carpenters, and they turned the front parlor into a waiting room, the dining room into a reception room, the kitchen into a lab. Ann Dorney—who had been raised in Green Bay, Wisconsin, by a mother who taught home economics—sewed gowns and drape sheets for patients, made curtains for the exam-room windows, and covered cushions and made eight-foot draperies for the waiting room. By seeking out retired physicians all over central Maine, the group found antique examining tables of teak and mahogany, and corner cabinetry of similar construction. The house, under big rock maples, stands in the center of a lovely, breezy scene—set back among lawns near the edge of open country. A wooden placard by the patients' entrance says:

SKOWHEGAN FAMILY MEDICINE
DAVID AXELMAN, MD.
ANN DORNEY, M.D.
DONNA CONKLING, M.D.
SUSAN COCHRAN, M.D.
CYNTHIA ROBERTSON, M.D.

In their residency days, these people were known—for their sensitivity to global ecology, their affection for wild country, their medically defensive gourmandise—as the Granola Group. Now in medical circles in Skowhegan they are sometimes called David's Girls. Outside the old house are some aging automobiles of which it could be said that there would be nothing ethically amiss if they were permitted to roll over and put their wheels in the air. These are the physicians' cars. They closely resemble the groaning heaps in which many of their patients come to see them. Like most of their former Maine-Dartmouth colleagues, the young doctors of Skowhegan tend to dress no more formally than the people they examine. They wear bluejeans, bluejean skirts. David Axelman is likely to be wearing a cotton cambric shirt, corduroy jeans, and ankle-high boots as he examines a patient in a cotton cambric shirt, corduroy jeans, and ankle-high boots. Axelman, who is Jewish, refuses to do circumcisions. As a boy in Philadelphia, he developed a phobia about circumcisions, and did not expunge the phobia at the Medical College of Pennsylvania. Ann Dorney does his circumcisions for him. She also does most vasectomies for the group.

Dr. Dorney is a slender woman whose auburn hair is allowed to stream down her back but only after paying toll at a barrette. In manner, she seems diffident, but she expresses without hesitation just what she thinks and feels. Colleagues and teachers have long singled her out for her speed of decision, her mastery of techniques, and her quiet confidence. She was born in Ladysmith, Wisconsin. She is a Phi Beta Kappa from Earlham College, in Richmond, Indiana. Thirty now, she was twenty-four and still in the medical school of George Washington University when she wrote in an application, "I am extremely responsible." With an autobiography like that, and a predilection for rimless spectacles, she could be cast as a cameo schoolmarm, but in fact she lacks severity and could not fill the role. Her smile is warm and as informal as her autumn-colored blouses, sleeveless cardigans, corduroy skirts, and leather sandals. She is a cyclist, a backpacker, a canoe-tripper, and she is actively concerned about nuclear energy, nuclear weaponry, and lesser environmental issues. She knits, sews, cans vegetables, does occasional carpentry, and sees in the office about sixty patients a week, others each morning on hospital rounds. In all the range of

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patients, she likes most to see older males, because they present with heart disease, diabetes, troubles in the prostate gland—conditions that interest her especially. Female patients, however, come in large numbers to her—to her and to Donna Conkling and to Sue Cochran and to Cynthia Robertson, because they are women. Over the *lakes and out of the forests, off every* kind of farm—jumping over catchment areas, ignoring larger hospitals, bypassing established medical tycoons—women seek the women of Skowhegan. Women come from Waterville. They come from beyond Augusta. They bring children and husbands with them. The Skowhegan group in its first ten months of practice wrote folders for a thousand families. "Some days it's all G.Y.N., or all peds and G.Y.N.," Dorney has complained. "My goal in medicine is a truly general practice."

The size of their practice notwith*standing, as businesswomen (and businessman)* these Skowhegan doctors can fairly be placed on Flake 9. They have had as much as fifty thousand dollars in accounts receivable and scarcely enough cash to buy their own food. At the end of the day at 34 Fairview Avenue, the doctors empty the wastebaskets and sweep the floor. Once a week, after hours, they have a group meeting. Sue Cochran—elongate, high-strung, swift of humor—sprawls on a couch in the reception room and breast-feeds her son, Matthiah. Cynthia Robertson, as trig as a flight attendant, is down from Bingham—twenty-four miles into the woods—where she works three days a week, discharging an obligation to the Public Health Service that she incurred to pay for her medical education. Donna Conkling—easygoing, unhurried, serene in manner—comes in and sets down her shoulder bag. It is made from a pair of overalls. The straps go over her shoulder. The legs have been amputated and sutured at the thighs. After sitting down, she nurses her son Will. Axelman does not assert himself with these women. He is a long, loosely assembled, bearded, and colloquial man with wide interested eyes suggesting a mind that requires no mask. It was decided at one of these meetings that obstetrical patients must be limited to twelve a month or the group might soon have a practice that was nothing much but O.B.-G.Y.N. At another meeting, after less than a year in practice, they discussed limiting the total number of patients of any kind, so large had the practice become. At these meetings, the conversation is not in Latin. Terms such as "weirdo" and "berserko"*—and "like" as like an adverb*—vastly outnumber such terms as "reticulation," "auscultation," and "contraindicated."

After serious matters have been dealt with, the really serious matters arise for discussion:

"Who took my wastebasket?"

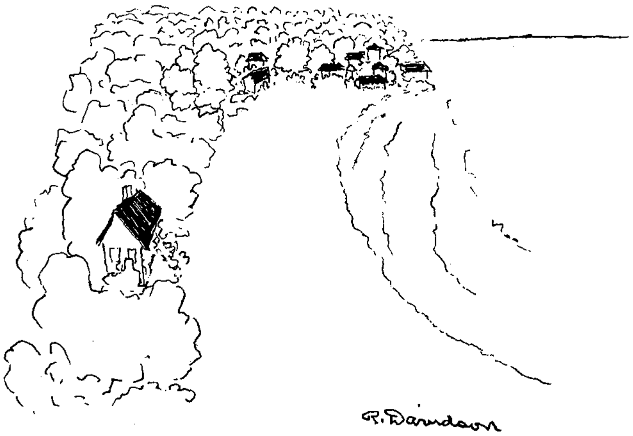
"My tape measure has disappeared from my examination room."

"I can't find my alcohol bottle."

Once a month, the meeting is expanded to include the doctors' significant others. This is known as an S. O. meeting. Dorney is divorced and Axelman has never married, but the *others' significant others include* Sue Cochran's husband, David Larkin, who is a carpenter in Skowhegan and is studying theology in Bangor; Bob Conkling, who is also a part-time carpenter; and Cynthia Robertson's husband, Bob McLaughlin. The two Bobs are scholars of varied dimension, experts on Maine Indians (Conkling has a degree in anthropology), and together they spent six months in training at the Augusta Mental Health Institute and additional time with a counsellor in Bangor in order to prepare to talk with patients whose physical complaints might be reduced through psychological counsel. In an upstairs room in the old house, they offer dual therapy.

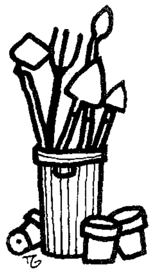
"The practice is too big—we're having to run them through like cattle," Sue Cochran remarks. Of all people, she is not exactly in a position to complain. She once stopped a family in a supermarket and recruited them as patients. She was drawn to them because they included two adopted children—one from Colombia, the other from El Salvador. When she was an undergraduate at Radcliffe, she took a course taught by Harvard medical students on the subject of corruption in American medicine. It eroded some of her familial, knee-spasm respect for the profession, and also started her on the way to her eventual conclusion that an American medical education is incomplete. She describes herself now as "cool toward the curative approach." She will explain, "Not enough is studied about how the body keeps well. Medicine treats symptoms and doesn't get at causes. Studying disease is a backward way to do medicine. When you treat an ulcer, you're not treating what caused it. Teaching such things to a patient should be ninety per cent of the practice of medicine. It's not—as done by most people. In the education of a doctor, finishing an orthodox residency ought to be only the first step. We have training, but not enough. I would like to learn acupuncture. We should be making full evaluations of all patients—their life styles, habits, dietary preferences. Asians do it. We should be doing it, too."

Donna Conkling, a birthright Quaker who grew up near Philadelphia, taught English in Celebes while her husband did research there. She contracted amoebic dysentery and was so sick that she experienced each of the classic stages of dying (shock and denial, anger, bargaining, depression, preparatory grief . . .) except the last. After returning to the United States, she prepared for and entered the Medical College of Pennsylvania. During her final year, she went to Maine to be interviewed by the Augusta residency and was impressed by the faculty's welcoming reaction to the fact that she was pregnant. Spontaneously, the director outlined for her various ways in which a second child could be planned during her time in the residency. "Just as I had used family practice as a divining rod for choosing a medical school, I used my big belly as a divining rod for a residency," she would say later. Augusta became her first choice, and meanwhile she rode her bicycle through the streets of Philadelphia almost up to the moment of the birth of Joel Conkling, then took six weeks



off to get him started, returned to the medical college, and finished with her class. It helped that Bob Conkling had gone out of anthropology and into carpentry, working on urban construction jobs. He stayed home to look after Joel. In Maine, he and David Larkin built an envelope house on land in Vassalboro that belonged to Ann Dorney. Everybody moved in. They grew their own vegetables under glass through the coldest weather. The envelope was so well sealed that they heated the place through the winter on less than half a cord of wood.

The Conklings, four in all, now live in a cabin up a trail in forest twelve miles from Skowhegan—a setting not unlike the bush-country homesteads of Alaska. Axelman and Dorney are out in the moose range, too, as are Sue Cochran, David Larkin, and Matthiah, who have been living beside a fire pit and a running brook, in a wall tent made of polyethylene sheets, on eighty acres of stunning land, where Larkin is constructing a house. Sue Cochran daydreams that someday all the doctors might live together again, on this property, and have "little pathways between houses, and stuff." In the office and hospital, meanwhile, she and Donna Conkling are attempting to work things out so that they share the equivalent of one full practice and retain the balance of their time to raise their children. The experiment is being watched with interest by physicians elsewhere in Maine, who, variously, believe that the idea is a good one or think it impossible to be a part-time doctor.



The pace of the practice as it has developed in Skowhegan is especially alarming to Donna Conkling. To see twenty or twenty-five patients in a day is not her idea of family practice. "I don't see myself as ever seeing that many patients," she says. "I'm too interested in learning what people's lives are like."

Ann Dorney does not have a lot of choice about how many people she sees in a day. She is there all the time, and patients keep coming through the door. Before they begin appearing, she makes rounds in Redington-Fairview—sees Deborah Kratzsch, for example, whose baby, Alan, is a few days old. Dorney touches Alan's cheek. His mouth forms an O and turns toward her hand. He is ready to suck. "That's the rooting reflex," Dorney comments. "Older people with strokes can have the rooting reflex, too."

Nellie Burns has a fast-growing tumor in her stomach which is beyond the skill of surgery. The two women, one of them aged thirty, the other seventy-five, begin a remarkably relaxed conversation—Dorney straightforward, her patient receptive and not alarmed.

"You have to think about what you are going to do. For instance, you have to think about where you want to die."

"How much time might there be?"

"It could be within a month."

"I will die at home."

In the corridor, Dorney remarks that cancer was diagnosed in both Nellie Burns and her husband at about the same time. Dorney stops at the bedside of Elizabeth Easler, seventy-seven, who came into the hospital with a myocardial infarction and suffered another heart attack—actually, an extension of the first one—four days later. Rounds completed, Dorney remarks that Redington-Fairview has equipment that some people might not expect—all sorts of things, from temporary pacemakers to Swan-Ganz catheters. "The quality of care can be every bit as good in a place like this as in a big-city hospital. The risk of a small hospital is that a poor physician can have more effect. A good one, on the other hand, can do more, and therefore be more effective. In a small hospital, quality of care can be easily changed by the coming or going of a couple of people. If you have good people, you can do wonders."

After walking from the hospital to the old clapboard house under the rock maples, she is involved right away with a two-week-old baby who has an infected navel, then a debarker's wife whose baby is due in four weeks, then a twenty-four-year-old man who presents with general fatigue. He is a last-puller in one of the shoe shops—as shoe factories are known in Maine. For two years, this gentleman's complete job description has been "pulling one shoe after another off a last." After he leaves, Dorney remarks, "Who would not complain of being tired?"

Ten-year-old male with allergy problems. When his father first brought him in, Dorney asked at length about the family's history, and the father happened to remark that now and again he took his own blood

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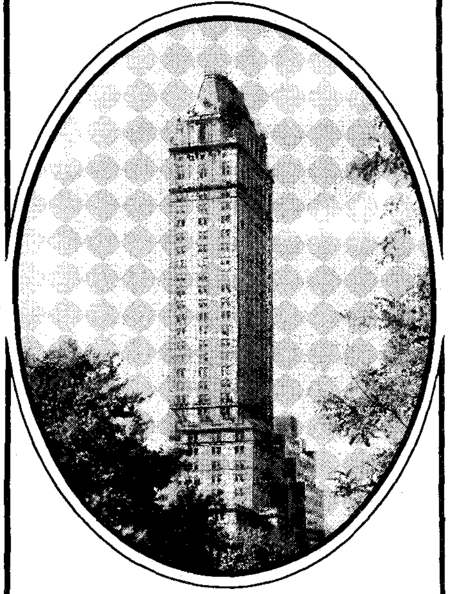

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pressure. The last time he did so, he had got a hundred and seventy over a hundred and ten. “Wow!” she said, and wrapped his arm and squeezed the bulb. A hundred and seventy over a hundred and ten. Subsequently, she discovered that he had adult-onset diabetes and was developing angina. Without the prescriptions and treatment that followed, the man would in all likelihood have died—as his brother had recently—of a myocardial infarction. It was a sequence of familial treatment that might not have happened in another kind of office.

A forty-four-year-old female, her weight in excess of three hundred pounds, presents herself to Dr. Dorney. The two are together for the better part of an hour. There are some prescriptions, a gift of sample cream. After the patient leaves, Dorney says, “That was the first complete physical and pelvic exam she has ever had.”

A twelve-year-old male presents with a large hydrocele around one testicle. To be sure that that is what it is, Dorney transilluminates it. His mother, standing by, says she would like to know, just out of curiosity, if a baby can be made with one testicle. The answer is affirmative. The mother has a second question: “Can a man make a baby if he’s been smoking pot?”

Asked how often she sees something in her practice that she did not see in her training, Dorney says, “About once a month. Most recently, it was umbilical cellulitis. We picked up all kinds of unusual things when we first came into the area. Most of our patients have not been transferring from other doctors.”

One who did transfer was a twenty-six-year-old female with a right-side kidney stone, who came to Dorney after deciding that a urologist was no help. The patient appears now—jeans, running shoes, terry-cloth shirt. She has developed an infection. Given the presence of the stone, the infection makes Dorney uneasy, and she insists on involving a new urologist. “The stone itself can carry an infection,” she explains after the patient leaves. “If it does, the stone must be removed. When a stone enters the ureter, there is severe pain. People writhe in pain, it’s so bad. It’s one of the worst pains there are.”

Mary Doherty and Joe Niemczura come in—she a redhead, he with a full blond beard—five days before the due date of their first child. She is a nurse, and so is he. He is chief nurse in the Redington-Fairview intensive-care unit. His wife has developed preeclampsia—protein in her urine, high blood pressure, swelling. Her feet and hands are grossly swollen. All this can lead not only to problems with the placenta but also to seizures that could be fatal to the mother. “The idea now is to move fast, induce labor, and avoid the problems,” says Dorney, and she writes on a hospital form, “39½ weeks gestation and preëclampsia, admitted for induction.”

“But I’m not ready!” screams Joe Niemczura.

Mary Doherty contemplates Joe for a moment, and then, with an affectionate smile, says, “Go take the cats to vet.”

Still another gestating mother appears. She is near term. The stethoscope moves from place to place on the beehive womb. Variously, the child sounds like a locomotive, like a swimmer doing laps, like water gurgling in a drain. Dorney lays a cloth tape measure over the womb, pressing one end on the pubic bone. The number of centimetres from the pubic bone to the far side of the uterus equals the number of weeks of pregnancy, she says. “It’s so consistent it’s uncanny. If it’s much farther, or short, the dates are probably off.”

Even God is on the metric system.

WHEN specialists talk about family practitioners and the family-practice movement, they tend not to speak as one.

“In the large teaching hospitals, we are essentially interlopers in people’s lives. We rescue people from death’s door and never see them again. Family practice is a very different form of medicine from what we practice.”

“It dates from the mid-sixties, when the government began fiddling around too much with medicine. Now they are cutting down on the funding, and family practice may blow away. Let’s hope so.”

“Family practice is the most inspired medical movement to develop over the past fifteen years.”

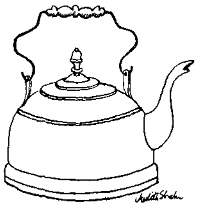
“It is a sad comment on the medical profession that it has not met the need without creating this polarization.”

“The movement is political in origin and not medically based. It has been a social necessity and a professional disaster.”

An obstetrician is likely to be quite negative, but not necessarily so, and a surgeon the reverse. They speak on various levels—the two principal strata being the level of medicine as science and the level of medicine as business. The one can be used to mask the other. An internist expressing antipathy to family practice may simply be reacting to economic threat. An obstetrician mentioning points of science and technique may be masking fear of competition or, on the other hand, may be genuinely worried about family practitioners’ dealing with obstetrical problems that are beyond the scope of their training. A surgeon speaking with enthusiasm about the family-practice movement and its benefits to society may be speaking essentially about its benefits to him. A family practitioner is a surgeon’s travelling salesman. In its fifteen years of formal existence, the family-practice “specialty” has been enduringly controversial in a profession where controversy seems to be the custom of the day and the interacting specialties are roughly as disputatious as lawyers are litigious.

The assembled dialogue that follows consists of comments, remarks, and explanatory anecdotes spoken or written by one or two medical students and physicians of various specialties and ages: doctors in Maine and in scattered other milieus, rural and suburban and city doctors—none of them in family practice.

“Say a patient has a heart attack and has two problems after he gets over it: he develops a dysrhythmia (he may be throwing ectopic beats) and he has a pain problem (he has angina from time to time). So he’s on four different medications, some of which can interact in deleterious fashion. I don’t think it’s possible for the family practitioner to get that patient on all the proper drugs, because to do so takes an enormous amount of experience. You can't just read a book and then for A you give A prime and for B you give B prime. But once the patient is stabilized and is on those four medicines the cardiologist can send him back to his family practitioner and say, 'Here's the situation. You ought to see how he does, and maybe you want to increase his Inderal or drop his Norpace.' That is an appropriate way to deal with it. The family practitioner has to know about these four drugs—what their complications are, which ones will interact, which cardiac drug will synergize the effect of an anticoagulant and create a problem, which ones produce mental depression, which ones cause urinary detention. If you're on a bunch of medications and can't pee, you may not need a urologist, you may need to stop a drug. The family practitioner can do that. The family practitioner has to know things, but not in the same depth as subspecialists. It's the difference between a guy who's good at building an outhouse and a guy who can make a Queen Anne chair."



"It is sad that family practitioners have such a thin coating of high tech, which makes them marketable in a very limited field."

"They're like the Edsel. In its design, it was a good car, but its market was overestimated."

"Family medicine is a fad."

"Other physicians don't know what the role of the family practitioner is. Other physicians tend to think, Family practitioners can't know everything; therefore, they know nothing. The role of the family practitioner is *not* to know everything but to be a primary-care physician to a family, to provide continuity of health care from cradle to grave—a unique role in our society."

"People's expectations of what family practitioners will do are not real. For example, people want family doctors to come out and see them, but house calls are pointless. Family doctors are as high-tech as anyone else, and are probably making no more house calls than internists do. Maybe the family doctors can train their patients not to demand it. But the people who yearn for the good old family physician are the same people you hear saying, 'Damn, you just can't hire good help to clean up your house anymore.' "

"If you're a family practitioner, most of your people—over time, you know them. If Mrs. Smith calls and says she's having a heart attack, you may know from past experience that it's her angina and that she's probably had a fight with her husband. So you don't have to admit her to the hospital, put her in the coronary-care unit, and run up a big bill. Whereas if Mrs. Smith comes into the emergency department, where they've never seen her before, she doesn't say she has angina and had a fight with her husband, and it's three thousand bucks before you know it."

"Family practitioners do not have anything special to offer patients beyond a mix of superficially developed clinical skills."

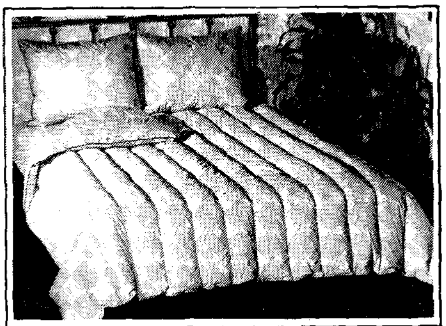
"They do not possess much of the implicit information about patients and their families to which they lay claim in their self-descriptions."

"A woman takes her husband to an internist because he's been having chest pain—and after the checkup and the electrocardiogram the wife says, 'Oh, by the way, I have been having a vague belly pain.' That means the doctor is going to have to talk with her a little bit, and I think if it were anyone other than a family practitioner the matter would get sloughed off. 'Six weeks from Tuesday we have an open appointment'—you know what I mean. The family practitioner, though, is going to upset his schedule and settle that question right now, because he feels his commitment to take care of a family. All his appointments get pushed back, but he has a tendency to deal with such things then and there. It takes you a while to learn that following people in a longitudinal sense is the way to deal with both acute and chronic illness. None of us learn that as residents. Following people over time—rather than ordering a vast number of studies—is really the answer. Even as a surgeon, I find myself spending more time talking to people, and investing less time in high-technology answers."

"High-tech medicine is geared toward end-stage disease, not toward health care across the span of life."

"Health is more than sheer physical well-being. It has psychological and social underpinnings, and to understand these things is to help prevent sickness from happening. Family practitioners have more influence on health than any other doctors."

"The pediatrician is not going to be



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delirious about having a family practitioner come and do all the well-babies stuff. The internist is not going to be delirious about losing the once-a-month congestive heart failure or the diabetic who has to come in to have medications regulated. But about half of such specialists, interestingly enough, do support the family-practice movement. A couple of pediatricians here in town are delighted to have the family practitioners around, as long as they recognize a sick kid—a meningitis, a pneumonia not responding to antibiotics—and don't try to deal with that."

"I think people want to relate to somebody who can provide their health needs ninety per cent of the time and direct them to somebody else for the complex problems that are a one-shot thing."

"The family practitioner is not going to do colostomies and brain tumors or take out bleeding ulcers, but he sure is going to know when somebody may have those problems."

"There are certain kinds of problems where it's better not to be in the hands of a surgeon. Duodenal ulcer, for example, is not a surgical problem unless you bleed, perforate, obstruct. Certain kinds of thyroid problems don't need to be operated on. Those things can be followed by family practitioners. It is a fact of life that if a surgeon is two years out of training and has four children indications for operation are likely to be rather broad. If you're middle-aged, like me, and don't have kids to support in school, you can afford the luxury of total honesty and say to someone, 'You don't need an operation.' That's unfortunate, but to deny that it happens is crazy. The family practitioner keeps patients from falling into that kind of situation."

"Does this give us back our good family doctor? Of course not! That would require re-creating the social context within which our family doctor was 'at home.' In an age where our medicine has attained such gigantic dimensions, any attempt in this direction can only spread us too thin, dilute our efforts, and lower our standards."

"If the old-time family doc had been meant to survive, he would have appropriately adapted in the evolution of American medicine."

"With remarkable perceptiveness, a hundred years ago, Dostoyevski satirically forecast the day when a medical specialist in problems of the right nostril would refer patients whose problem is on the left side."

"What the family practitioner is doing is routing people in the proper direction, finding the right person for the given diagnostic problem. Hiatus hernia is a good example, where there's a little relaxation and the stomach slides up into the chest and you may have a little heartburn. You can always find somebody who will operate on that. The family practitioner very quickly learns what surgeons will listen to that patient, treat him medically, and say he doesn't need an operation."

"They've got the right string but the wrong yo-yo. They are of the post-flower-child era—young people sincerely interested in being advocates for the patient and wanting to return to being complete physicians. They are well motivated but have only the artificial support of the society."

"I spend more time in the office listening to people than most surgeons do, because I like to know what's going on in their heads. If you have to take out their gallstones and you know their mother died after a gallbladder operation, you can deal with it. If you don't know that, you just say, 'My dear, you have gallstones and we'll operate Tuesday.' If that patient doesn't do well, you don't know what the hell is going on. Many people tell me about problems they should have told their internist. I don't see the same thing happening when they've been to family practitioners. They're sympathetic, sensible—sort of a counsellor type, if you will. Internists are like the rest of us specialists. They want to do something about a problem and move on to the next one."

"Internists do what family practitioners do, but they only do it with adults. An oncologist does mostly oncology, true, but if you've got a cardiologist in a group of internists maybe thirty per cent of what he sees will be cardiology and thirty per cent of what the guy next to him sees will be cardiology, too. The difference is that within a group you maneuver and reallocate so that the more difficult cardiology patients wind up with the cardiologist. Same with gastroenterology. Everybody sees the same number of G.I. cases. It's just that the Crohn's disease and the ulcerative colitis will go to the gastroenterologist. That is why internists say, 'What is family practice all about? We do that all the time. We do the same thing. We just don't take care of screaming, snotty-nosed kids.' "

"You can't have screaming children side by side with geriatric patients. You can't run an efficient office that way."

"You have an old man who's developing Alzheimer's disease. He is forgetful and spills peas on his shirt. You get a CAT scan and decide that Alzheimer's is the problem. You can then go on and on reconfirming the diagnosis. This is what happens when you get into the hands of a specialist. Next month, we get an electroencephalogram. Then we go to glucose tolerance to be sure we're not missing something—when all the patient needs is somebody to talk to."

"A person who's motivated to be with people in that way and who also knows when to tell you to go see a specialist—that's how it should work. That is the ideal of family practice. The only thing is: Can you take somebody who's in the top two per cent of intelligence in the United States and keep that person happy for forty years doing that?"

"Traditionally, the Harvard mission has been to train leaders in academic medicine. Leaders in academic medicine do not go to Presque Isle, Maine. In Amphitheatre E, at Harvard Medical School, our professors are always saying something like 'In this lecture hall sat Louis Diamond, who outlined the problem of Rh incompatibility between mother and child. One of you will one day make such a discovery, too.' They never say to us, 'One of you will go out and become the best doctor some little town ever had.' That is never said at Harvard Medical School, and never will be said. Harvard does not have a family-practice department. Once a year, there is a family-practice dinner, but the school provides little if any support. Despite the fact that the dean and the rest of the faculty do not like family practice, thirteen students from last year's class went on into family-practice residencies. An anomaly in Harvard's medical philosophy is that Harvard courses sometimes stress prevention, which is the particular province of family practice, and then they denigrate family practice. Roman DeSanctis, professor of medicine at Harvard and director of clinical cardiology at Massachusetts General—who has been celebrated as the physician of Henry Kissinger, the physician of John Wayne—gave a lecture about technological advances. As he ended, he said he would list the three most important things in cardiology: No. 1—prevention. No. 2—prevention. No. 3—prevention. He said, 'Often, by the time these people get to me, there isn't all that much I can do for them.' That sort of thing is said in lectures—and at the same time they belittle the people who are out there doing the prevention."

"Canada has a lower death rate than we do, and broader medical care. Canada has doctors everywhere, in all the small towns. Sweden does, too. Meanwhile, we have all these high-tech doctors in cities with their machines. The United States is thirteenth on the life-expectancy list. Why is that? If we are doing things so right, how come we are thirteenth?"

COMING down the west side of Penobscot Bay and crossing the bridge over the mouth of the Passagassawakeag River, you see Belfast—red brick cubes spread up a hill above a harbor full of trawlers. By the water is a chicken factory and the marine terminus of the Belfast & Moosehead Lake Railroad, hauler of grain to feed the chickens. A road sign at the bridge says:

BELFAST
BROOKS
FREEDOM

At first glance, it appears to be some sort of pronouncement. Belfast is the home of Waldo County General Hospital, forty-nine beds, with a catchment of twenty-five thousand. This is where David Thanhauser—who still lives alone on his fifty acres six miles back from the sea—eventually decided to practice, after concluding that (in his words) "you don't have to be a superspecialist to do a good job." "Peyton Place" was filmed on location nearby—interesting milieu for a doctor trained in the health care of whole families. Among the people's occupational hazards are musculoskeletal and skin diseases that result from standing in one place doing the same thing all day long, such as yanking lungs out of chickens.

To an office on Northport Avenue, just behind the hospital, about twenty patients a day come to see this young doctor with his stethoscope draped around his neck like a collegiate scarf. He has full, thick, curly hair, an analgesic mustache, and he is likely to be wearing a button-down shirt (no tie), gray slacks, and Wallabees. Working alone, he moves from examining room to examining room, patient to waiting patient—and while waiting for him to appear virtually no one is shy to discuss him. "In order to treat a patient, it's vital to know the family environment," remarks Debbie Paradis, a large attractive tawny-haired woman who has come in with a hurting back that has been aggravated by her weight. Her husband, who is a pressman, and her son, Josh, are Thanhauser's patients, too. She was four when her parents died, and now says, "Sometimes I feel God cheated me. He took my parents young." She grew up a ward of the state, and, perhaps as a result, she speaks with a directness that has an ever-present cutting edge and no apparent guile. One believes her when she says of herself and Thanhauser, "We've batted heads a few times. But he's honest. That's why I know I can trust him. We felt a lot of doctors out before we picked David. He doesn't always tell you what you want. You call him, he's always there. He's been to our house more than once. I'm accident prone. All in the last four years, I stepped in a dog hole and broke my right foot, my appendix ruptured, I had Josh cesarean. David plays on a softball team. We love to walk by and watch him play. We feel he's almost one of the family. We know he's there for us when we need him. And not just for physical things. If you have a fight with your husband, he helps you try to understand that. Belfast is like Peyton Place. Do something when you're young, you have no second chance."

Man comes in with a cast on his leg and a maddening itch after five weeks. He has refrained from attempting to cut away the cast with his chain saw. "People do come in here who have tried to take off casts with chain saws," Thanhauser comments. Benefi-

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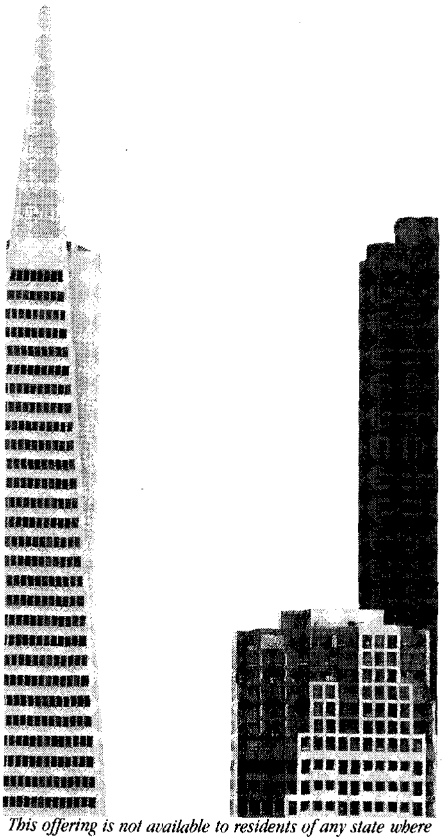

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cially, such patients, while removing their casts, have thus far failed to remove their legs.

A young officer from a regional bank presents, as he has before, with a "pressure-type pain" in his chest.

"I continue to think that it's not your heart," Thanhauser tells him, attempting to treat the man's explicit fear. "Your discomfort disappears with food. On balance, it sounds like ulcer-type things. When you lie down, acid goes into the esophagus, causes heartburn—peptic-acid disease—and there is no burn in the stomach. That is classic. But if everything were classic this would be an easy job."

Lilly Greenleaf comes in with her husband, Lucky. She is a crab picker, nearing term, and he is an earth-science teacher. Indoors and out, he wears a five-gallon hat, and looks a good bit like a cowboy. "Some critter!" he says, listening through Thanhauser's stethoscope to the thundering heartbeats in Lilly's womb.

Lilly says, "From what I've read, the baby will have my allergies. It shares them with me in the womb."

"I don't know," Thanhauser replies. "I don't know how to answer that."

Routinely, he asks her if the baby will be under his care or if she will choose a pediatrician.

"Pediatrician," she says. "That's his specialty, isn't it?"

Amy Barden follows, carrying her three-month-old son, Rowen, who was born at home, with a midwife attending and a gathering of relatives present. Amy Barden is a robust woman of thirty with her hair in a bun. She began her day washing down the "parlor" in the family barn and doing what she calls calf chores—variously feeding her calves milk, hay, grain. The Bardens live twenty miles from Belfast, on three hundred and fifty acres. They have seventy milkers in their herd.

Thanhauser says he wants to give Rowen a D.P.T. shot. The P. stands for pertussis (whooping cough), the vaccine for which can cause a baby to become retarded. This happens to an extremely low percentage of babies. The vaccine, however, prevents whooping cough, which can also cause retardation—more frequently than the vaccine. Amy Barden refuses the D.P.T. Thanhauser reminds her that Maine law requires the shot and if she wishes to avoid it she must put her request in writing. He also says, "You are asking me to stick with an old medical philosophy, which is 'First, do no harm.' "

"Essentially, yes," says Amy Barden.

"Then maybe I'll get to see a case of whooping cough."

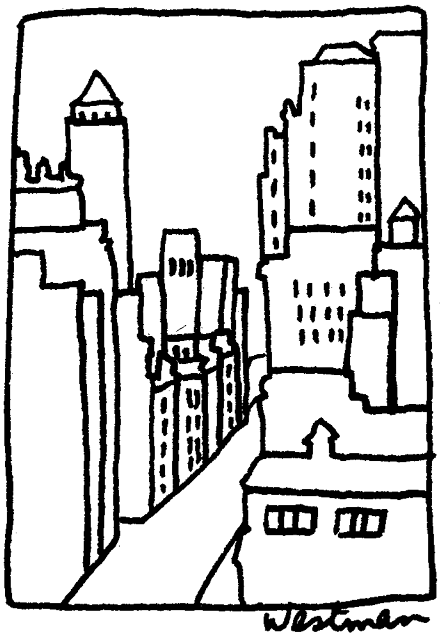
"My mother had it, and she is alive to tell about it."

"Not everyone dies from whooping cough. In England, they stopped giving D.P.T. shots for a time, and discovered that more people were hurt by disease than had been by the shots."

Amy Barden listens politely and again refuses the shot.

People who refuse D.P.T. shots, polio drops, and the like depress Thanhauser. What depresses him, he remarks after she has gone, is not the refusal but the fact that the refusal makes him angry at his patient.

Waiting in an examining room is possibly the best-dressed baby in Maine, wearing a rose pastel dress and white leather shoes. The shoes keep her feet down. They tend to flex up. When she was born, Thanhauser sent her immediately to Portland, where a neurosurgeon did all he could to correct a spina bifida—a failure of fusion of posterior elements, which had left an opening between her central nervous system and her skin. Hydrocephalic as well, she underwent a shunt procedure, and now a tube is visible running beneath her skin from the top of her head to her abdomen. Her mother, an attractive woman in her early thirties, has in her appearance a suggestion of gauntness, a beleaguered look in her eyes. She and her husband and all three of her daughters are Dr. Thanhauser's patients. The family lives on a dirt road about a mile from the nearest telephone or commercial source of electric power. They built their house themselves, on eighty acres—a five-year project only recently completed. Now they will sell the place and move to town. The baby has essentially no muscles in the backs of her legs, and will—at best—require braces to walk. Her eyesight has been affected, too, but might respond to surgery. There is nothing David Thanhauser can do for her in an ophthalmological or neurosurgical way, but he can do something no less beneficial. Between major medical events, he can watch, examine, explain. He can select referrals and guide the parents. He can be there when no one else would be.



Emily Hamilton, who is sixty-two, comes in with Einger West, who is eighty. Thanhauser prepares to give Einger West a flu shot. "He gives a good needle," Emily Hamilton says, in her voice the ring of promise.

"I'd like to put a little fat on your bones," Dr. Thanhauser says to Einger West, who replies, "I eat like a . . . like a . . ."

"Bird," Emily Hamilton says.

Einger West is wearing a bright-red pants suit, cream-colored clogs, and tinted glasses. Her husband died twenty years ago. She lives alone, and wants to go on living alone. Of all the things she might be persuaded to give up, the last would be her independence. Sometimes she has "spells." Her heart pounds, she feels as if she were "going away," the top of her head seems to be coming off, and she passes out. Thanhauser mentions hypoglycemia and adjustments in diet. He suggests Meals on Wheels.

"I can cook," Einger West snaps. "I can take care of myself."

Emily Hamilton says, "You have no muscles. You're just skin hanging off your bones. That's all you are, Mama."

Einger West weighed a hundred and twenty-five pounds a few years ago; she now weighs ninety-two. Thanhauser asks her if she has given up smoking.

"Certainly not," she says.

"How much are you smoking?"

"A package a day. I take Vitamin C for the smoke."

"Alcohol?"

"I don't drink alcohol. You know that."

"How is your breathing these days?"

"It's all right. I walk to the mailbox. I can't hurry."

"May I have a look at those cataracts?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, they don't bother me."

In the end, Thanhauser successfully insists on arranging for Meals on Wheels. And, as a final item, Emily Hamilton says, "Check her ears. She don't hear good."

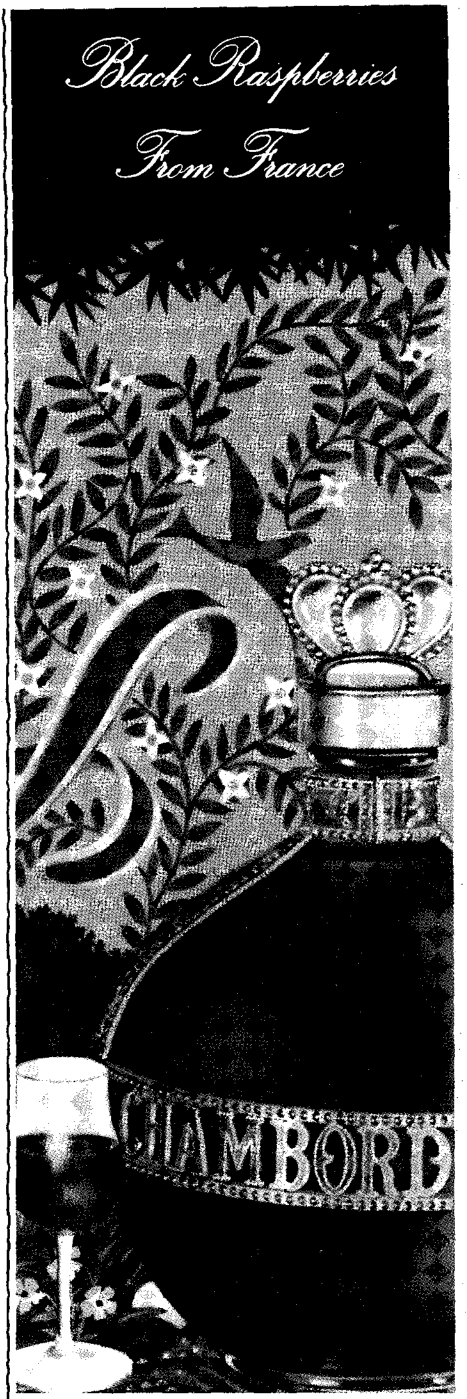
"May I look in your ears?" Thanhauser says to Einger West.

And she says, "Yes, if you don't look too far."

ONCE a week, Thanhauser goes to Augusta and teaches in the residency of which he is a product. Occasionally, he sits in with residents as they see their patients—or, from another room (and with the patient's permission), watches them on closed-circuit television. Sometimes he videotapes a session, so that he and the resident can review it. If the resident uses terminology that the patient obviously does not understand, Thanhauser will remark on it, as he does if a resident gives a patient short shrift or, conversely, explores peripheral details to the point of wasting time. When a resident, full of programmed knowledge, delivers some sort of rehearsed recitation about the factors in a case while missing points and issues the patient would obviously like to raise, Thanhauser notes that, too. If a resident is made anxious by a patient's medical problem, the intimacy of television will reveal to Professor Thanhauser the resident's anxiety being transmitted to the patient. The residency has a faculty, full-time and part-time, approaching a hundred physicians. David Shinstrom and James Schneid, family practitioners, teach full time, as do Helen Mitchell, a pediatrician, and Daniel Onion, an internist. Paul Forman and Forrest West, from Albion, teach there, too, as do Donna Conkling and Ann Dorney, from Skowhegan.

In late afternoon, residents and faculty collect around a conference table and review some of the items the day has brought and what was done about them—an aortic aneurysm, for example, and a spontaneous pneumothorax, and a sixteen-year-old who is both hypertensive and pregnant, and a fourteen-year-old who wanted contraceptive pills. Jargon flies about. "Technical virgins" have been the subjects of "curbside consultations" (a curbside consultation happens when one doctor stops another in the hall), and "emotional fire drills" are agreed to be as shrewdly precautionary as "engineering parents out of the room." Sometimes a topic vanishes into deep syntactical thickets: "She is sixteen and sexually active but only with one person at a time."

Residents in other specialties receive virtually no outpatient training. Even internists are expected—after leaving their residencies and entering practice—to pick up empirically the craft of dealing with the people who walk into their offices. Over three years, the Maine-Dartmouth residents spend about half their time in their own three-story Family Medicine Institute, in Augusta, high above the river and just across a parking lot from the Kennebec Valley Medical Center. The F.M.I., as it is known—with its multiple waiting rooms, laboratories, examining rooms, and television cameras—is something more than the educational conscience of the hospital across the way. Eight or ten residents hold office hours there on any given day, seeing nearly two thousand people a month who have learned that the young doctors in that brick building on East Chestnut Street are cheap, competent, and available—and prepared to take adequate time to explore a family history or explain as fully as possible the details of a disease. In fourteen years, the F.M.I. has metamorphosed the Kennebec Valley Medical Center from a community hospital into a teaching hospital—if not into a medical center. (The term "medical center" has spread to the most remarkable places—all in homage to urban-academic complexes like Beth Israel and Columbia Presbyterian, whose importance has created the resonance in the term. Little clapboard clinics in woods somewhere will call themselves medical centers, as do community hospitals in numerous cities and towns. Such widespread use of the term is no less legitimate than it is hubristic. The great teaching hospitals do not own those words. There would be no violation of fact if, up a trail in the Adirondacks, the owner of a log cabin were to call it the Empire State Building.) The Kennebec Valley hospital's quality as a congregation of working doctors has been elevated by the presence of the residency in part because, as a teaching hospital, it is a place where more questions are going to be asked than would be asked if the residency were not there. In teaching rounds, scheduled conferences, and other forms of interaction, the residents engender a running dialogue that tends to draw specialists



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together. While there is no way to quantify the effect of all this on the hospital—the summary enhancement of the level of patient care—it can be expressed anecdotally, and I am indebted to the residency's Alan Hume, vascular and general surgeon, for the following remarks and anecdotes: "A resident is always bugging you, asking things. If someone asks me a question and I don't know the answer, I come back tomorrow with an answer. This makes me a better doctor, and the patient gets better care. The resident is a built-in audit. . . . A resident is there when staff doctors are not. A first-year resident at the bedside is more valuable than a doctor on the telephone who has twenty years' experience. Even when the staff doctor is there, two heads are better than one. Suppose you've got a G.I. bleeder admitted. You do X-ray studies. The resident suggests, 'Check the clotting mechanism. Maybe this patient has liver disease and isn't clotting properly.' Not infrequently, that's the problem. We all know that's one of the things you do, but—people being people, and not computers—you forget. Not long ago, an emergency situation came up—post-op on a ventilator, blood gases deteriorating. Patient getting a little confused. A resident suspected a spontaneous pneumothorax, and thought to stop the ventilator, get a good X-ray, and prove the diagnosis. He called me. I put a tube in the patient's chest to reëxpand the lung. The thing turned right around. Without the resident, that would have been picked up twelve hours later, and the patient would not have done as well."

"Not done as well?"

"Not done as well. Which includes maybe not recovering. Residents quickly develop perceptions about who has the smarts in a given sphere. Ten per cent of any medical staff are not competent. They haven't kept up. The residency is at the heart of the continuing education of the medical staff. Ironically, some of the staff are not interested."

Looking back on her days in the F.M.I., Ann Dorney has remarked, "At the end of my second year, I felt I could handle anything. At the end of my third year, I was beginning to wonder." Early in the program, a family-practice resident develops a sense of the very wide range of patients who do not require attention that is beyond the competence of a family practitioner. In fact, roughly half the problems that are presented to a family doctor are not even organic in nature. Gradually and experientially, the residency also shows the new doctors their individual limitations. David Axelman has said, "One thing they're good at training you in is what you don't know. To be honest about it. Not to think you can do too much. Not to think you're a superman." In any field of medicine, doctors will vary not only in basic knowledge but also in manner, approach, and skill. In the words of Paul Forman, "Medical school is where you learn to be a doctor. The residency is where you learn what kind of doctor you are—where you mold your style. In family practice, the trick is knowing when to refer."

Referral is the fulcrum of the family practitioner's craft. From case to case—situation to situation, medical topic to medical topic—the exact position of the fulcrum varies with the doctor. One who too readily refers patients to assorted specialists is suffering a loss of science—giving up one chance after another to add experience in manageable situations. An ideal family practitioner works not just within but also up to the limits of her competence, his competence—knowing precisely where those limits are. Forman says, "You try to make the right scientific diagnosis with the least steps, try to make a good quick history that doesn't miss things. This is the real challenge of family practice. You know the health resources available to you. You don't hold on to patients too long out of pride or ignorance. The talent is in knowing when to give them up."

In some ways, a good family practitioner is not unlike a good bush pilot. There is no dearth of self-confident, highly skillful, bad bush pilots who cross the margins of heavy weather and whang into mountains. The good pilots know when to choose not to fly—know their own limitations and the limitations of their craft—and are unembarrassed by their decisions. "In the past year and a half, I have helped salvage six planes that were wrecked by *one* pilot," a very good bush pilot once said to me. "Why do passengers *go* with such pilots? Would they go to the moon with an astronaut who did not have round-trip fuel? If you were in San Francisco and the boat to Maui was leaking and the rats were leaving, even if you had a ticket you *would not go*. Safety in the air is where you find it. Proper navigation helps, but proper judgment takes care of all conditions. You say to yourself, ‘I ain’t going to go today. The situation is too much for me.’ And you resist all pressure to the contrary.”

When outpatients appear in the F.M.I. with problems that are beyond the competence of the residents, they are routinely referred to specialists and subspecialists on the staffs of Kennebec Valley and other hospitals. They can be referred up the system to Portland and beyond. When something perplexing suggests neurology, however, the residents can step to an intercom and call upstairs, asking for their director, Alexander McPhedran.

Here, for example, Tim Clifford, a second-year resident, sees a patient whose name is Elaine Ladd. She is twenty-two years old, small, slim, light on her feet, with uncorrected teeth, a sweeping and engaging smile. She wears a print dress. Her blond hair is gathered in a band. She reports what Clifford records as a six-month history of right-leg weakness. As she got out of bed one day, she fell to the floor. Another day, she fell, unaccountably, on a flight of stairs. There have been similar occasions, in all of which, when the leg collapsed, the knee did not buckle. At these times, her right foot and leg felt heavy, her toes tingled, and the sole of her right foot was numb. She has had some pain but has taken no medicines. She has minor curvature of the spine, Clifford notes. Three years ago, when she was nineteen, she gave birth to a baby—experiencing a normal delivery—and now this pretty and curly-haired child runs in the F.M.I. hallway and bounces in and out of the examining room while Tim Clifford examines her mother. The cranial nerves are intact. There is no arm drift. Her gait is normal. Her biceps and triceps are normal. Clifford excuses himself and, with the help of the intercom and the magic of beeperology, asks Alex McPhedran to join him. The two doctors meet in the first-floor hallway. Clifford says he can find nothing to suggest a problem. If it were not for the stories of the patient’s repeated falling, he would call her absolutely normal.

McPhedran follows Clifford into the examining room and, with Elaine Ladd, is soon in a dialogue much encircled by her child.

“Three times I have fallen—once

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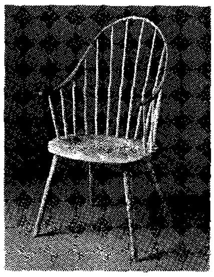

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when I got up to chase my daughter."

"Do you exercise regularly?"

"No. I just walk."

"When you walk, how far do you go?"

"Ten miles."

"Does the tingling go away as you walk?"

"Yes."

"This has been going on for six months?"

"Yes."

"Why are you here now?"

"I'm scared. I'm scared when I have no feeling in my toes. I've never told this to anyone before: I paint. Sometimes, when I am doing something very delicate, my hand shakes. Also, I faint."

"Frequently?"

"Yes."

"Does your hand shake at other times—for example, when you are putting a pin in a diaper?"

Elaine Ladd contemplates Dr. McPhedran. Her look is quizzical. "A pin?" she says.

"Oh," says McPhedran, perceptibly taken aback. "I guess I am showing my age. People don't put pins in diapers anymore. Sorry about that."

McPhedran, in his fifties, is a large-framed, pleasant man with a long toss of hair, a bemused smile, and a look which suggests, correctly, that he rises early, works late, and worries on Sunday. He asks to see Elaine Ladd's back and, with a broad-nibbed pen, draws a line down her spine. He says, "Is there someone who can clean this off for you?"

"No," she answers. "But I have a back-scrubber."

A nurse comes into the room and hands McPhedran a slip of paper. He looks at it and learns of the birth of his first grandchild. He sets aside his reactions, making no remark. He opens a safety pin and asks Elaine Ladd to say, as he presses it against this and that place on her feet and lower legs, whether the sensation is dull or sharp. In random choice, he turns the pin, as she says, "Dull, shop . . . Dull, shop . . . Shop, shop, dull, dull, shop."

He breaks a tongue depressor to obtain a short sharp stick, and with considerable pressure he scrapes the stick across the soles of her feet. "I'm sorry," he says. "I know it's sort of irritating."

She tells him not to be concerned.

When he scrapes the bottom of her right foot, her toes do not go down.

Soon McPhedran and Clifford withdraw to a porch at one end of the F.M.I. In the course of their conversation, McPhedran explores the case rhetorically, asking himself questions: "Is it in a peripheral nerve? Is it a cord lesion?"

And Clifford tells him, "I see no way to go further without involving her in your thinking."

McPhedran, for the moment, continues to think aloud. He says, "You can test sensory-evoked potentials without hurting the patient at all. This is what the space age has done for neurological physiology."

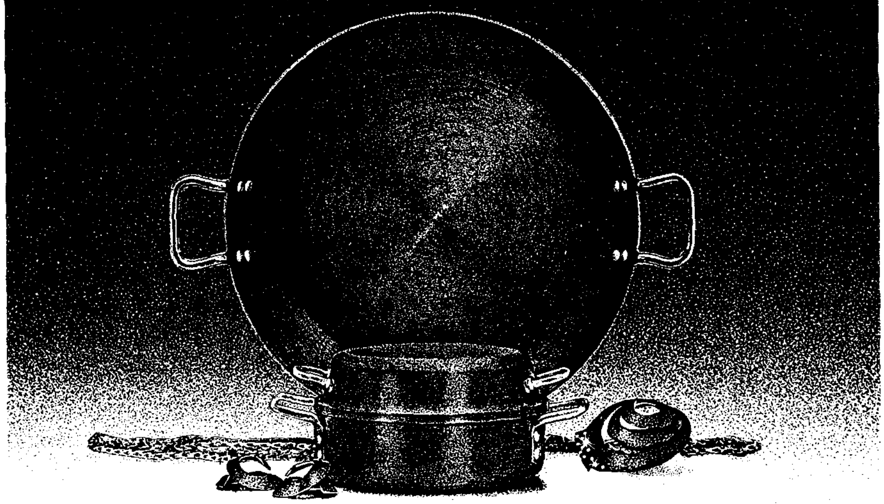
Clifford says, "I think the patient should hear right away what someone thinks. She can't just go home and sit around."

McPhedran agrees, but, returning to the examining room, follows his intuition. He mentions a spinal tap, a lumbar puncture, and tests of the eyes he would like her to have. "It's a good idea to find out about it," he goes on. "You wouldn't have come in if it weren't a nuisance. And I think we ought to pursue it."

Elaine Ladd meets his gaze brightly, agreeably, and seems not to be dissatisfied with the quantity of what he is saying. She frames no question. He has edged up to and around his thoughts, which, for the time being, he elects to keep to himself. This could be a meningioma of the spinal cord. He does not think so. It could be scoliosis—progressing, and affecting the nervous system. He does not think so. He thinks her problem is multiple sclerosis.

McPhedran is in many ways a walking microcosm of the family-practice movement, a man whose professional career is a CAT scan of the medicine of his time. He grew up in the Germantown section of Philadelphia, the son of a specialist in pulmonary diseases, and was educated at Harvard College and Harvard Medical School. As a medical student, he was interested principally in developing general competence, so he gravitated toward internal medicine. Even more, he was drawn to doing clinical teaching in a big city—this because he admired his teachers and the role they were playing in the medical system. The most interesting teachers, he thought, were the neurologists, probably because so much of what they did depended on interviewing, examining—activities that framed the whole patient. Under the influence of these academic neurologists, his interests gradually narrowed and deepened. Following two years of residency in internal medicine at Beth Israel in Boston, he added three years in neurology at Massachusetts General and one year in Harvard Medical School's laboratory of neurophysiology. Ready to teach, he was hired by Emory University, in Atlanta, as, in his words, "their neurophysiology person." He taught there for ten years. He taught medical residents, neurosurgical residents, and neurologists, meanwhile concentrating his own special interest ever more exclusively on electromyography—electrical studies of the nervous system. As a member of the Department of Medicine, he was an attending physician on the medical floor; nonetheless, as he became increasingly subspecialized in neurology he saw a diminishing variety of patients. "Gradually, you get to know more and more about less and less," he comments. "Eventually, I realized that I could not even manage a person with hypertension. There were many medical problems I knew nothing about. I felt a slipping, or lost, competency in general medicine. Even in neurology, my competency was narrowing. I did no pediatric neurology, for example. I felt my general competence slipping away while I became ever more adept with oscilloscopes and amplifiers, measuring the electrical activity of nerves and muscles, diagnosing neuromuscular diseases or establishing that the nerves and muscles were healthy. An electromyographer has no patients of his own. An electromyographer does tests for someone else. On the economic side of it, the sad fact is that people who want to make a high income in medicine learn to do things like electromyography. More than science attracts people to such fields. In Maine, the present cost for an electromyogram is two hundred and forty dollars. The procedure takes about as long as a complete physical exam and costs at least three times as much. The money in medicine these days is in tests and procedures, and this leads to conflicts of interest—to tests that are not necessary. To be part of the system, an electromyographer does not say that an electromyogram is unnecessary and refuse to do one. Patients, for their part, never protest charges for tests. The public seems to value tests and procedures to an extent that is not justified by their relative scientific value. Good clinical judgment is more important than tests."

As doctors in increasing numbers went into tests and procedures, their vernacular changed, too, and they began to chat intensely about the "mar-



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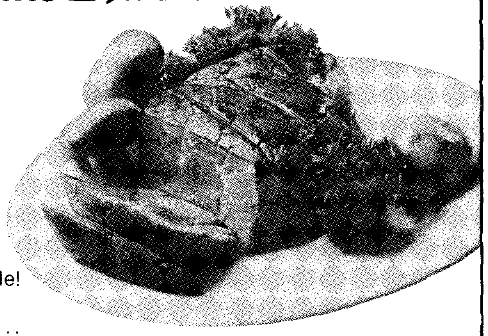

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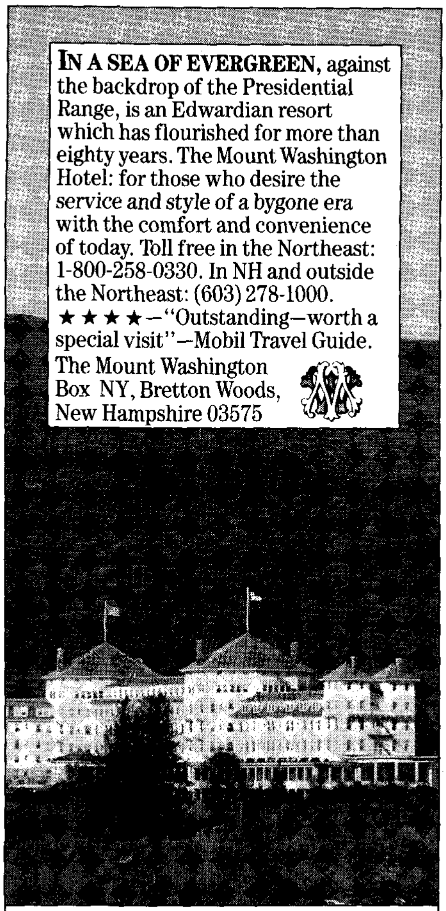

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keting of services." The phrase did not rest comfortably on Celtic sensibilities. When McPhedran heard metropolitan-hospital doctors saying things like "How can we market our services to the people upcountry so that they *will send us patients?*" he *wondered* who might actually be out there seeing the patients upcountry.

McPhedran was appointed to the National Advisory Council for Regional Medical Programs, went to Washington regularly, and made site visits all over the United States. On these journeys, what he discerned most immediately was that primary-care physicians were disappearing. He visited regions where there were no physicians at all. Elsewhere, everybody was a "consultant." Almost everyone was in a city, running tests. "In many places, there were specialists, but no one was responsible for continuing care of patients. While the O.B.-G.Y.N.s were taking care of women's procreative organs, many patients were without a regular doctor. Internists were doing it. But they were not around in sufficient numbers to take care of everyone. Also, they did just adults."

Back home, he often found himself asking someone, "Who is your doctor?"

The person would say something like "I had a doctor, but he moved away. Can you take care of me?"

And McPhedran would say, "No. I'm a consultant in neurology at the Emory Clinic."

On one of his federal assignments, he happened into Maine—a state with no medical school and a scarcity of rural doctors, a state attempting to set up a family-practice residency that would siphon new doctors out of the megalopolis and sprinkle them through the northern countryside. By teaching in such a residency, he decided, he could help train physicians for primary care, continue to do neurology, and possibly regain the medical perspective he felt that he had lost. In his strong reaction to the increased subspecialization of his own career, he gave up university teaching, abandoned the developing subtleties of electromyography, moved to Maine, and soon began preparing for family-practice board examinations. When he took them and passed, he became a family practitioner. Not a few people were saying that family practice was a fad. McPhedran saw it as a trend—a change in the profession's view of itself.

McPhedran's manner amuses his students, who regard his politeness as bordering on the eccentric—a man who apologizes to patients for scratching the bottoms of their feet, who says to patients, almost apologetically, "Did I answer your question? Did I tell you what you wanted? I'm grateful to you for asking questions. I'd rather have you ask them than go away wondering." For all his super-subspecialized neurological skills, he is the quintessential family doctor, listening closely, empathetic—out of the basements of neurology, into the world. To be sure, he still spends a good deal of time reading electroencephalograms, and not a little reading music.

For the F.M.I.'s standard twenty-five-dollar office-visit fee, Alexander McPhedran now spends forty-five minutes with a woman who will leave him feeling as if he had been with her all day. The gulf between them is wide indeed. She wants—insists upon—neurosurgery. He suggests that she try Anacin instead. The neurologist in him knows that surgery is contraindicated for her type of facial pain. The neurologist could say that and be done with it. As a family practitioner, though, he will try to deal with the pain—and with a mind that is set in the direction of a surgical fix.

"When I go to a doctor, I expect to be given something, and I expect it to work," she says. "If I need surgery, I expect to have surgery. I have had this pain for two months, and I want it over with."

McPhedran tells her in a flat voice that no reputable neurosurgeon would operate on her. She looks doubtful. She says she will check that out. McPhedran admits the possibility that Anacin might fail her. In that eventuality, he says, he recommends Excedrin. After she leaves, he remarks, "The placebo effect of surgery is high. A sham operation might do it for her. But I have to protect her from such a procedure if I can."

Amy Hufnagel comes in, breezily says "Hi" to Dr. McPhedran, tells him she is a bit pressed to be on time for a field-hockey game, and sticks out her tongue. Amy Hufnagel is a robust, athletic, attractive teen-ager with long brunette hair, an overt sense of humor, and an ability to score goals. She wears a tartan shirt, a green corduroy skirt. There are two pearls in each ear. About her tongue she is not at all self-conscious. In the corridors of Winthrop High School, she enjoys cornering some unsuspecting friend and saying, "Look! Do you want to see something gross?" With which she sticks out her tongue. It is wrinkled up like a calf's brain. It has a caved-in side. It twitches. As she sticks it out now for McPhedran, a large part of the surface, on the left side, leaps and bubbles like boiling soup. A part of it has atrophied as well—a baylike indentation. The tongue dances. It humps. Amy laughs. Her speech is not affected. She has difficulty eating some foods but no additional inconvenience. McPhedran tests—as he has on other occasions—the nerves and muscles of her mouth, face, and eyes. All are normal. The pharynx nerve is normal. In recent months, there has been some clicking in her left ear. He has no idea what to make of that. He does not know what to make of the whole situation. She has been his patient for more than a year. He calls her condition hemiatrophy of the tongue, but that is merely a description. Something is apparently going on in the twelfth nerve on the left side, but he cannot say what it is. Could it be mononeuropathy multiplex? In nearly thirty years in neurology, he has not seen the like of it.

When to refer. If a capacity for making that decision is the supreme talent of the family practitioner, it is no less relevant from time to time in the experience of a subspecialist. This neurologist—of course—has long since referred this patient to higher authority. When McPhedran comes upon something that is beyond his range, his reading, his neurological comprehension, he sends the patient to his own incomparable mentor—Raymond D. Adams, of Harvard University and Massachusetts General Hospital, a master of clinical analysis. Adams is unfailingly accommodating. He knows he will see something interesting if it comes from Alex.

Amy, her mother, and her father went to Boston. They spent two days there and returned to Augusta. Afterward, Raymond D. Adams wrote to Alexander McPhedran, "The Hufnagels are a delightful family." That was the extent of his diagnosis. He had absolutely no idea what was wrong with Amy's tongue. —JOHN MCPHEE

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Adv. in the Chicago Tribune*]

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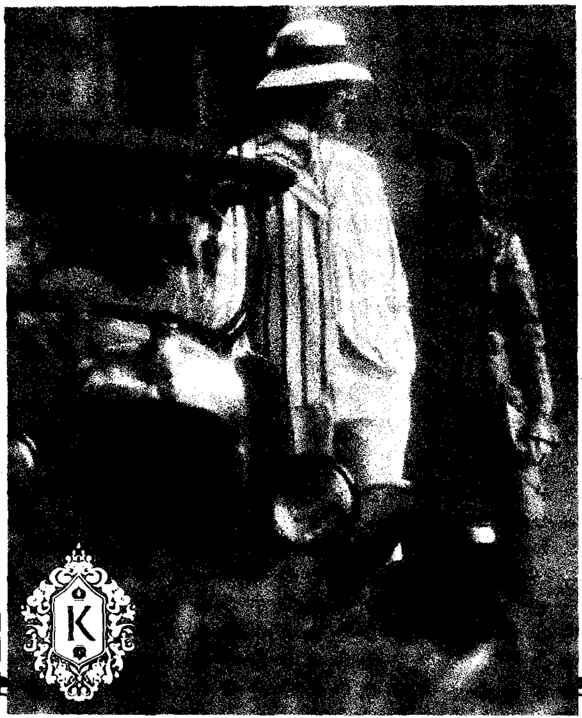

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JAZZ

Wein-Weary

Friday, June 22nd: The Kool Jazz Festival, formerly the Kool Newport Jazz Festival, formerly the Newport Jazz Festival–New York, formerly the Newport Jazz Festival, is thirty years old, which matters largely because of the attrition that has taken place on the heights and in the ranks during those years—Billie Holiday, Lester Young, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Don Byas, Pee Wee Russell, Art Tatum, Charles Mingus, Gene Krupa, Bill Coleman, John Coltrane, Willie the Lion Smith, Charlie Parker, Eddie Costa, Eddie Condon, Sidney Bechet, Thelonious Monk, Zutty Singleton, Edmond Hall, Earl Hines, Jack Teagarden, Duke Ellington, Clifford Brown, Red Allen, Louis Armstrong, Johnny Hodges, Eric Dolphy, Sidney De Paris, Count Basie, Oscar Pettiford, Mary Lou Williams, Scott La Faro, Erroll Garner, Bud Powell, and on. This has diminished the festival, and so has George Wein's increasingly mundane programming, which leaves unused both veteran and new musicians and depends year after year on the same old skirts and sweaters.

The pianist Kenny Barron summoned up Tatum, Powell, Garner, Teddy Wilson, and Tommy Flanagan at the first of the late-afternoon Carnegie Recital Hall concerts. He played six numbers, and most were displays of his formidable technique—accelerating and decelerating arpeggios, brick-wall chords, swollen ground basses, a press of notes that kept forcing the listener back. Standing out clearly, though, were Monk's "Misterioso," which Barron made into a very slow blues a dozen choruses long and full of melancholy single-note phrases and exhilarating rococo turns, and his own "Calypso," a rocking merengue that swayed back and forth between the melody and sunny single-note legato figures.

A celebration of the great Belgian Gypsy guitarist Django Reinhardt was offered at Carnegie Hall tonight. (He died in 1953, at the age of forty-three.) Reinhardt specialized in being elusive. His prime period lasted less than ten years. His style was delicate and shimmering and spidery. He was often late or simply didn't turn up, and he would disappear for prolonged periods. Nor did he materialize tonight. Charlie Byrd, Herb Ellis, and Barney Kessel did half a dozen numbers, and only Byrd—his twanging tone notwithstanding—had anything in common stylistically with Reinhardt. Stéphane Grappelli, accompanied by the guitarists Marc Fosset and Martin Taylor and the bassist Brian Torff, demonstrated his careful grace and fluidity, his way of making his improvised melodies sound like compositions. He also demonstrated that—long the classical foil for Reinhardt's romanticism—he has successfully disentangled himself from the Reinhardt mythology: we no longer hear Reinhardt in our heads when we listen to Grappelli. Mike Peters, a young American guitarist, brought on a septet called Django's Music, which was abetted by Bob Wilber and by such old Reinhardt associates as Benny Carter and Tommy Benford. The best of its materials were by Reinhardt, who was a gifted and original melodist. Then Bireli Lagrene, a seventeen-year-old Gypsy guitarist from Alsace-Lorraine who has been touted as Reinhardt's heir, appeared with a bassist and the English guitarist Diz Disley. Lagrene made his first recording when he was thirteen, and he has Reinhardt's tone, his quavery attack, and his habit of rushing up to and falling away from certain phrases. He also has more technique than Reinhardt, and thirty years of musical discoveries to pick and choose from. But Lagrene, a shy, dark, handsome boy, seemed nervous and somewhat askew, and the amplification system was no help. He played with his trio, by himself, and with Peters' group, and he played all over his surfaces. The evening was produced by Ira Gitler.

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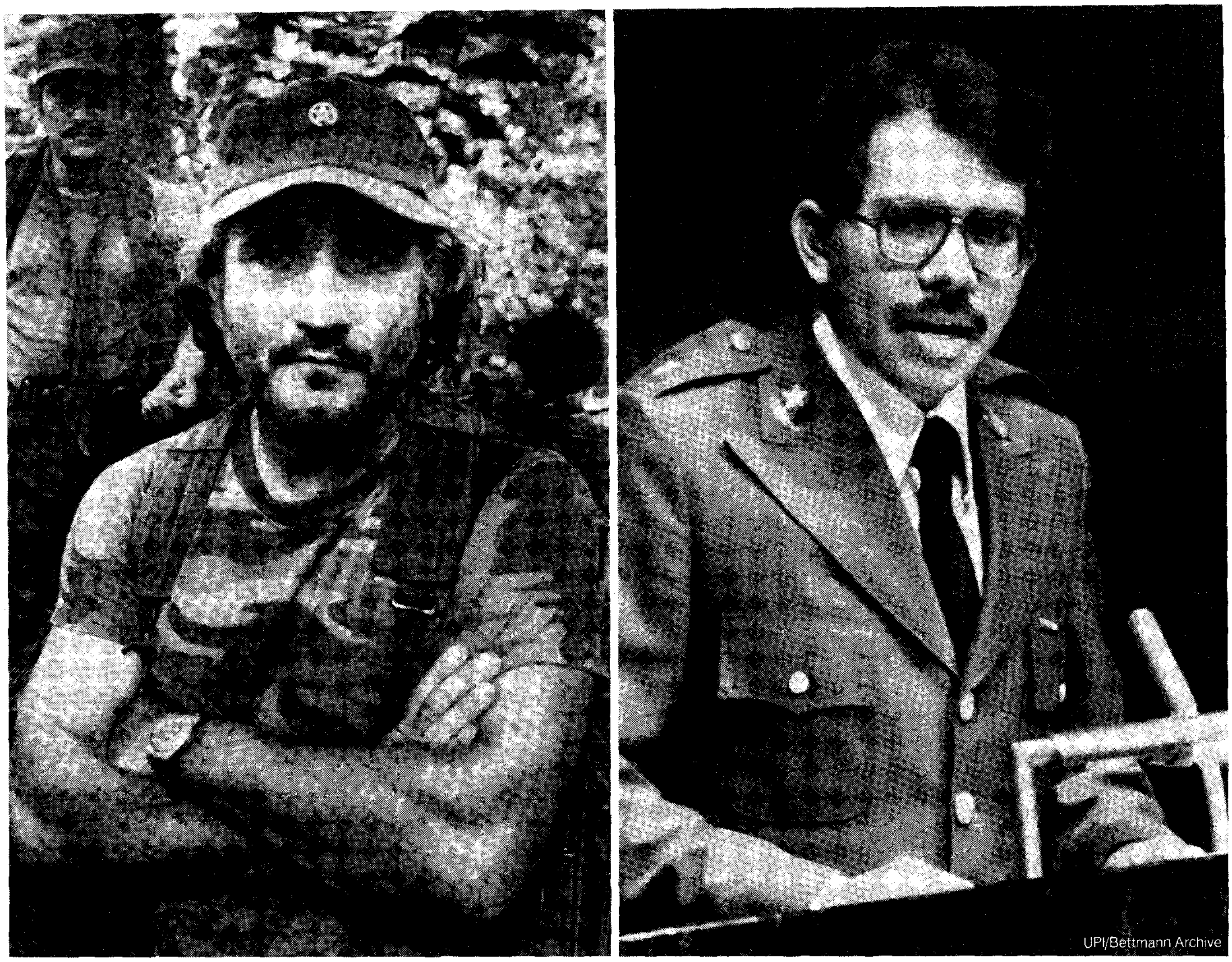
Miles Davis and Gil Evans, each with his own group, gave two concerts at Avery Fisher Hall tonight. At the second one, Davis appeared with his current band—Bob Berg on reeds, Bobby Irving on keyboards, John Scofield on guitar, Daryl Jones on bass, Al Foster on drums, and Steve Thornton on percussion. It played for an hour and a half, and Davis took most of the solo space. He played muted and open horn, he used thick low notes, bony shrieks, Clark Terry passages, Snooky Young passages, and even Louis Armstrong passages. He played as well as he ever has, and he



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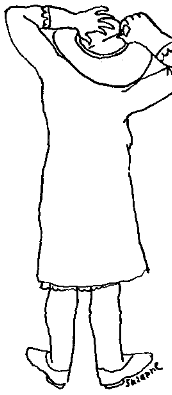
played with a spirit and momentum he has not shown since the sixties. He wore baggy striped pants, a baggy white jacket, and a white yachting cap, and much of the time he looked like a yellow-crowned night heron.

Evans, with an eleven-piece band, plugged himself in some years ago—rock guitars, synthesizers, electric keyboards—and his music now has almost none of the Edwardian richness and texture that once made many people look at it rather than listen to it.



June 23rd: The gods were out of kilter at Carnegie Hall tonight. Michel Petrucciani, Joe Williams, and Sarah Vaughan held forth, backed by his or her own trio. Petrucciani did three ballads and an up-tempo number, and not much happened except for a clump of clarion upper-register single notes that bloomed near the end of the third ballad, like daylilies by the road. Joe Williams couldn't decide whether he was going to be Williams the blues singer or Williams the balladeer, and he finally came down on the side of blues singing, which is too bad, because he is a consummate ballad singer. He did do Benard Ighner's "Everything Must Change" and Johnny Mandel's "Close Enough for Love," but the rest of the time was taken up by blues and by numbers like "I Had Someone Else Before I Had You and I'll Have Someone Else When You're Gone" and "It's Not Easy Being White." Williams can do anything with his great bass-baritone voice, but tonight he flirted with us, giving us a couple of cannon tones, some falsetto, some middle-register scat-singing, some mock trumpet playing, and some Johnny Hodges glissandi. And Sarah Vaughan couldn't decide whether she was going to be the operatic singer or the straight popular singer. She either swallowed her words or sang the wrong ones, and the songs that she vocalized had few enriching intervals or glissandi. She played Miss Prim. She told the audience she was on her way to Europe to record some songs based on poems written by the Holy Father as a young man. Perhaps she was saving her pipes for the Pope.

June 24th: Cecil Taylor, prefacing his arrival onstage at Carnegie tonight with rattlings and chants, played solo for an hour. Taylor founded the jazz avant-garde almost thirty years ago, and he is still its president. His pianistic strength and passion are undiminished, as is his invention, and he remains unique, despite the obeisances of pianists like Don Pullen and Stanley Cowell. Taylor's solos are like mountain ranges. There are great peaks and deep, peaceful valleys, and nothing is motionless. He loves roaring low-register chords and chordal arpeggios played by both hands—the hands side by side and the notes struck by the index and second fingers, held at an eighty-degree angle, like the posts of a sextant. These strange four-legged creatures move up and down the keyboard in a blur, and after a time they grow tired, the hands flatten, and Taylor sails into serene single notes, breaking them with cloud chords and an occasional tremolo. His in-the-valley passages invariably suggest that melodies are idling along just beneath the surface—some Ellington, some Monk, some Bartók—but in disguise, because that's what avant-gardes are supposed to do: put new masks on old faces. There were more valleys than usual tonight, and they were wide and beautiful. They suggested that the anger and fear that used to stare out of Taylor's music have begun to cool.

Oscar Peterson, accompanied by Niels-Henning Orsted Pederson on bass and Martin Drew on drums, preceded Taylor. He played nine huge numbers, and one marvelled, as always, at his feather touch, his speed, and his endurance but bemoaned his inability to sustain a coherent improvised melodic line. In the final, very fast number, right after Drew's solo Peterson fashioned several intense and graceful sotto-voce single-note choruses. Then he suddenly went into a meaningless stride passage, and what he had begun was gone.

June 25th: "An Evening of the Music of Harold Arlen," the indicatively long-winded title of the concert at Carnegie Hall tonight, presented forty-two Arlen songs, played and sung by fourteen instrumentalists and nine singers. Bobby Short organized and was host of the affair, and sang, in his increasingly Ciceronian way, "Lydia, the Tattooed Lady," "Hooray for Love," "Fun to Be Fooled," "Evelina," and "What's Good About Good-Bye?" Josephine Premice talk-sang "Legalize My Name," "Two Ladies in the Shade of a Banana Tree," and "Napoleon's a Pastry." The tap dancer Honi Coles sang three numbers, including "Let's Fall in Love" and "It's Only a Paper Moon," and he sang so far behind the beat that he gave the impression he was still finishing his previous song. Jane White was respectful and very old-fashioned in her four songs (she has a genuine two-inch nineteen-twenties vibrato), and Jimmie Daniels was gentle and precise in his three. Julie Wilson and Jackie and Roy were, in different ways, mannered and brittle in their six songs. Mel Tormé sang "Ridin' on the Moon," "It Was Written in the Stars," and "Last Night When We Were Young" with a formality that implied that they had just met. Arlen's music is peculiarly susceptible to instrumental treatment; songs like "As Long As I Live," "Get Happy," and "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" seem scanted if they are sung rather than played. The players on hand tonight included the Amherst Saxophone Quartet, which in "Rhythmic Moments" and "Between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea" called up the gently swimming counterpoint of Alec Wilder's octets; Warren Vaché, who soloed on "A Sleepin' Bee" and "Stormy Weather;" Marian McPartland, who did "Ill Wind" and "My Shining Hour;" and Stan Getz, who failed to dilute the inherent fulsomeness of "Over the Rainbow." Which brings out this puzzle about Arlen: there is no such thing as a jazz song, but Arlen, who had great sympathy for jazz (he was a good jazz singer), wrote songs that tend to swing even before they are touched; at the same time, certain Arlen songs are completely unjazzlike and have an almost cloying melodiousness.

There is a Paderewski inside every jazz pianist, and he escaped during three concerts in Carnegie Recital Hall. On Saturday, Walter Davis, Jr., talked of how much he owes Bud Powell and Thelonious Monk, and played ten tone poems. On Sunday, Johnny O'Neal revealed how much he likes Art Tatum and Erroll Garner, and played ten tone poems. Denny Zeitlin, demonstrating his affection for Bill Evans, Lennie Tristano, and Tatum, did the same this afternoon. The jazz writer Todd Selbert has put forward a sensible notion about these concerts: let those pianists who need rhythmic support have it, as long as there are no bass or drum solos.

June 26th: Two concerts were jammed into one at Carnegie Hall this evening. The first was in honor of Benny Carter, and the second was in honor of Illinois Jacquet. What more is there to say of Carter, who has now clocked fifty years in jazz? His alto-saxophone playing retains its bland elegance and his all too rare trumpet playing its elegance and eloquence. His arrangements resemble comfortable, well-appointed rooms, in which the soloists are honored guests and the written melodies are waxed and gleaming. Tonight, he had a pickup band, made up of such musicians as Jon Faddis, Harry Edison, Frank Wess, Seldon Powell, and Oliver Jackson. They played six numbers, all but one by Carter, and the most persuasive were his "Doozy," a fine blues exercise for saxophone section; the speed-of-light "Sleep;" and his lovely ballad "Blue Star." Four more numbers were done by two small groups. One group had Doc Cheatham and the other Dizzy Gillespie and J. J. Johnson—all are Carter alumni. Cheatham, pulling his slow-motion intervals and beauteous tone out of the air, took the blue ribbon.

Jacquet is one of the big-toned Southwestern tenor saxophonists distinguished not as improvisers but as tonal embellishers who wear their sounds. Taking his rich colorations from Herschel Evans and Ben Webster, he nonetheless became notorious in the late forties by screeching and honking his way through his solos at Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts, thus beating the avant-garde reed players by ten years. Jacquet was also given a big band tonight, but most of his concert was occupied by two small bands. One was modelled on a group he led in the forties, and had Cecil Payne, Joe Newman, Al Grey, Russell Jacquet, and Gus Johnson. The second was a reconstituted J.A.T.P. contingent, and included Dizzy Gillespie, Harry Edison, Grey, Flip Phillips, and a rhythm section of Hank Jones, Ray Brown, and Alan Dawson. They played the customary J.A.T.P. opening blues, a ballad medley, and "Perdido," the J.A.T.P. anthem. There was no shrieking, the solos were economical, and the whole had the atmosphere of a fortieth reunion, where stairs are taken slowly, faces peered into, and drinks measured.

Terry Waldo said during his ragtime concert at the Recital Hall this afternoon that Eubie Blake, with whom he studied for eleven years, told him that he had written his "Charleston Rag" (1899) on the black keys because he was afraid to use the white ones. And in Artie Matthews' "Pastime Rag No. 2," composed between 1913 and 1920, Waldo played an ascending left-hand arpeggio that is echoed in Albert Ammons' boogie-woogie number "Bass Goin' Crazy" (1939). Waldo's time was uneven, but it was a delightful concert.

June 27th: Artie Shaw had the best of all the big white dance bands. It was subtle and complex in a discreet way, it swung, it kept its melodies up front but had strong jazz underpinnings, it had unfailing taste, and it was blessed with Shaw's clarinet playing, which was highly original. (His solo on "Star Dust" is now regarded as classic.) The Shaw band made Glenn Miller sound old-maidish, Tommy Dorsey frenzied or sluggish, Benny Goodman synthetic, and Harry James lachrymose. Only Claude Thornhill's band was as intelligent and fresh. Shaw, of course, has been out of music thirty years, but six or eight months ago he put together a big band, and that band, made up largely of young musicians from the Boston area, had its New York début at Avery Fisher tonight. Shaw, though, is not playing. He occasionally fronts the band, but his clarinet parts are done by the reedman Dick Johnson. (Why Shaw has not picked up his clarinet again is a mystery. He says it would take him a year to get his embouchure back in shape. Some say the problem is his hearing, but that doesn't make much sense when one listens to the acute musical suggestions he makes to his band at rehearsals and when one considers Red Norvo, who, playing a more delicate instrument, has for many years surmounted his hearing difficulties.) Johnson did well enough tonight, particularly in re-creating Shaw's "Star Dust" solo, and so did the rest of the band, even though its sound was badly distorted by the amplification system. Some of its dozen numbers were welcome ("Back Bay Shuffle," "Traffic Jam," "Begin the Beguine") and some were arcane ("Moonray," "I Let a Song Go Out of My Heart," "Love Life"). Ho, Shaw! Back to the woodshed!

It did not seem amiss having the Philip Glass Ensemble at Carnegie Hall tonight. There are rhythmic and melodic similarities between jazz and Glass's music (he grew up with John Coltrane in his ear), and certainly it is, with its repeated, almost ritualistic patterns, simple counterpoint, and stripped-down Alex Katz melodies, often jazzier than such jazz avant-gardists as Anthony Braxton and Anthony Davis. Glass's music would wither without its electrical foundations, but he uses them well. His drone effects are not annoying, and his great pedal points have a cathedral power. His music—we heard excerpts from "Glassworks," "The Photographer," "Koyaanisqatsi," "the CIVIL warS," and "Glass Pieces"—is futuristic. Its sharp-yellow soprano-saxophone sounds and deep-black basses are light streaming through space.

June 28th: Mel Tormé gave his eighth festival celebration of American song at Carnegie tonight, and it was timed to the instant. In the first number—it turned out to be the best—Tormé, standing before closed curtains, sang a soft, subtle "You're Driving Me Crazy," accompanied only by George Shearing, and gave way to a muted Harry Edison solo. The curtains parted, revealing a big band. Marshall Royal, Count Basie's lead alto saxophonist, played a solo, and was replaced by a vocal quartet, Rare Silk, made up of three women and a man. It did four numbers and proved that it likes dissonance and Egyptian poses. The soprano Maureen McGovern, who has about six octaves (the highest of them beyond dog range), did eight numbers, the last a duet with a clarinettist on "I Got Rhythm." When she is not grandstanding, she sounds like Julie Andrews. Harry Edison and Shearing reappeared for a duet on "Ain't Misbehavin'," in which Shearing clump-clump-clumped behind Edison, who played the minimum number of notes allowed by the union on a standard jazz trumpet solo. Shearing did a couple of numbers, and Tormé took over. For whatever reasons, he couldn't get

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past his mannerisms. He inserted his Ella Fitzgerald *nyeh-nyeh-nyeh* connective phrase in "Just One of Those Things" (and in several other songs), and he superimposed some Bach effects on "Pick Yourself Up." He tacked a falsetto ending on a Stevie Wonder song, and he ballooned his vowels on "That Old Feeling."

JUNE 29TH: An all-star bebop quartet (Dizzy Gillespie, J. J. Johnson, Tommy Flanagan, Ray Brown), plus two all-star swing ringers (Benny Carter, Louie Bellson), occupied the second half of this evening's concert at Carnegie Hall. (The ramshackle Sun Ra opened the concert.) There is a certain daily-bread level of excellence that most professional jazz players reach. They rarely fall below it; nor, unfortunately, do they often rise much above it. Over the years, they develop licks or phrases that they apply to the occasional bare spots in their solos. Sometimes they develop such a large supply of these props that they mix them together to make up entire solos. Dizzy Gillespie is a master of such precooked improvisation. He uses a variety of arpeggios, blaring notes that collapse into whispered runs, half-valve connective phrases, and a sense of dynamics which resembles constantly opening and closing doors. Tonight, he sounded sizzling on "A Night in Tunisia" and "Blue 'n' Boogie," and full of fireside warmth on "In a Mellotone." Benny Carter is different. He plays variations on a patented basic solo, and they always sound fresh and pressed. Tommy Flanagan was the best player onstage, and he had the least solo space. He worked hard, pushing at his improvisational boundaries, sampling new visions, always moving us.

JUNE 30TH: The "Salute to Count Basie" at Carnegie Hall tonight was originally built around Basie himself, but since his death, in April, it has been turned into a ragbag history of his career. The only prepossessing parts were inspired re-creations by Dick Hyman and a thirteen-piece band of four of the swinging, articulate sides made by Bennie Moten and his band in 1932, with Hot Lips Page, Ben Webster, and Basie, still a rampaging Fats Waller admirer; excerpts from two television films, one a 1968 Ralph Gleason program, in which Basie, accompanied by Sonny Payne, Freddie Green, and a bassist, plays the blues, and the other the 1957 CBS "Sound of Jazz" show, in which Basie, leading a band that includes Emmett Berry, Joe Wilder, Roy Eldridge, Ben Webster, Coleman Hawkins, Vic Dickenson, Dicky Wells, Benny Morton, and Jo Jones, plays a fast "Dickie's Dream;" the rhythm section of Gus Johnson, Freddie Green, and Eddie Jones, which appeared tonight on half a dozen numbers and was the heart of Basie's big band in the early fifties; and Jo Jones himself, ill of late, who played a ten-minute solo, in which he showed off his brushwork, his cymbal work, his snare-drum work, and, best of all, the clear, melodious, crisp sound he gets from a set of drums—a sound no other drummer has ever had or ever will have. The rest of the evening was filled with transparent versions of "Evenin'," "Goin' to Chicago Blues," "Blue and Sentimental," "Boogie Woogie," and "Oh, Lady Be Good," played in various combinations by Illinois Jacquet, Arnett Cobb, Frank Foster, Marshall Royal, Hank Jones (in glittering good form), and Joe Newman (who played an eloquent, stepping first chorus in his solo on "Goin' to Chicago"). The concert was closed by a jam-session version of "One O'Clock Jump," played by some twenty musicians, who by going on so long violated all Basie's carefully nurtured rules of brevity and wit. Nat Hentoff produced the program.

A young and unusual New Orleans group, the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, played on festival ferryboat rides this morning and afternoon. It is made up of two trumpets, trombone, tenor and baritone saxophones, tuba, snare drum, and bass drum, and it superimposes modern and traditional jazz materials on jazzed-up marching-band rhythms: Herbie Hancock; Duke Ellington's "Caravan;" "Night Train;" "St. James Infirmary;" Professor Longhair's "Go to the Mardi Gras;" "Little Liza Jane;" and "South Rampart Street Parade." There are occasional solos, but much of the time the group uses unison ensembles or riffs split between the brass and the reeds. It is primarily a dancing band, which is what New Orleans marching bands have become, and one wishes it would go two steps farther—add a clarinet or a soprano saxophone to lighten its "bottom," and allow itself to spill over into collective improvisation. Time and again, it surges up to a point where a jammed ensemble, rather than a Horace Silver unison one, would carry it into irresistible swinging. But maybe that's exactly what it's trying to get away from.

Joe Bushkin brought the piano concerts at Carnegie Recital Hall to a close this afternoon with pretty much the same act he has been doing for the past thirty years: stampeding versions of "Get Happy," "The Lady Is a Tramp," and "The Man I Love," vocal versions of his "Oh! Look at Me Now" and "How Can You Do This To Me?," and lullaby renditions of "I Can't Get Started" and "I've Got a Crush on You." His famous descending arpeggio was on view, and so were his jokes: "I just want to prove that Linda Ronstadt is not the only person who knows the verse of 'I've Got a Crush on You.' " During the past three days, Jorge Dalto and the guitarist Kenny Burrell have appeared at the Recital Hall, as has the composer-pianist Stanley Cowell, who did eight tone poems.

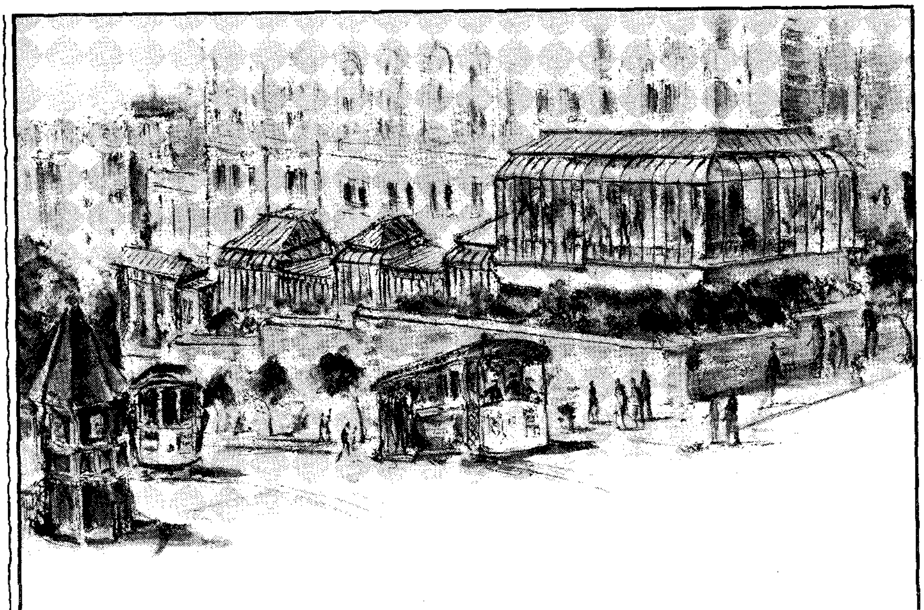
JULY 1ST: Two years ago at the festival, the Swiss composer, bandleader, and pianist George Gruntz played excerpts from a jazz opera called "Money," which he and Amiri Baraka had written. The libretto leaked, but Gruntz's music, played by a fourteen-piece onstage band, was swinging and to the point. Tonight, Gruntz brought his seventeen-piece Concert Jazz Band, made up of musicians from America, Denmark, Finland, East Germany, Switzerland, and Argentina, into Carnegie Recital Hall for the final concert of the festival. The group had ten brass, including a bass trombone and a tuba, plus a fender bass, an electric piano, and a muscle-bound drummer, and the arrangements were full of braying trombones, overwrought French horns, and punching trumpets. The principal exception was the playing and arranging of the Argentine bandoneon player Dino Saluzzi (the bandoneon is related to a concertina), who showed in both endeavors a delicate and busy lyricism. Big jazz bands tend to be either urban (Ellington, the later Basie, Kenton) or rural (early Basie, Lunceford, Andy Kirk). Gruntz's is not only urban but industrial.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

Mustafa Hamsho filed suit to prevent world middleweight champion Marvin Hagler from defending the title in Brooklyn Federal Court yesterday.—*Boston Herald.*

No imagination.



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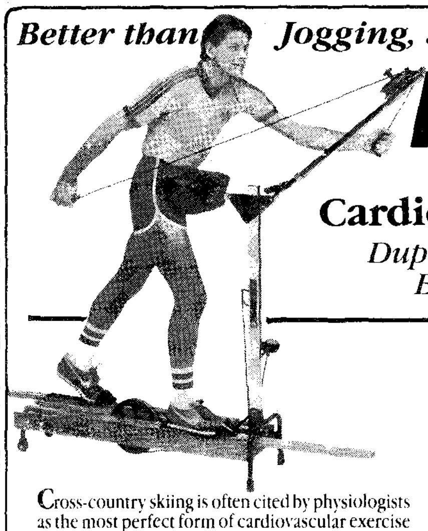

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

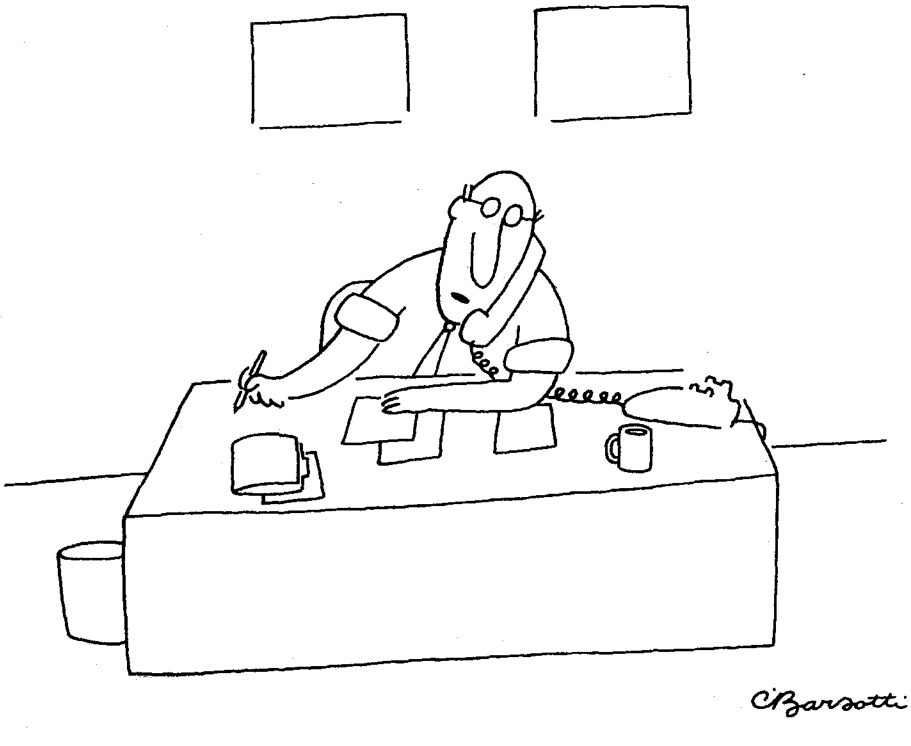
Ethnics

"THE POPE OF GREENWICH VILLAGE" is like a doughy plum cake with wonderful plums sticking out of it. The plums are the performers. The movie has colorful "ethnic" dialogue—Italian and Irish—by Vincent Patrick, whose script is based on his 1979 book, and the actors run with it. One of them, Geraldine Page, as a crooked cop's tough, caustic old mother, does more than that: she exults in it, and she gives an enthrallingly hammy performance, smoking, boozing, and picking horses. She seems to be from another picture, and the tension she brings to her two scenes is jolting. But viewers (me included) are delighted, because there have been scenes with no tension at all. The acting—and the overacting—gives "The Pope of Greenwich Village" its only vitality. Directed by Stuart Rosenberg, it's a moderately entertaining bad movie (and of considerably more interest than the novel).

Like Richard Price's "Bloodbrothers," Vincent Patrick's book was influenced by the Martin Scorsese film "Mean Streets," and Patrick's work, too, reads like a movie. But Patrick's talent is almost all in his ear, and the story is no more than a tabloid-style, broad-humored variation on Scorsese's subject: the ties among small-time Catholic hoods. The half-Italian, half-Irish Charlie (Mickey Rourke) and the Italian Paulie (Eric Roberts), distant cousins and pals from childhood, work for a living, but they expected to grow up into a world of unimaginable luxury and they're proud of knowing how to spend money. So they're always in debt, and caught up in chiselling and part-time thievery. Charlie is the more responsible of the two. He explains his fondness for Paulie in terms of tribal loyalty, and he's protective of Paulie, who at times seems so ignorant you could take him for retarded.

At first, Mickey Rourke seems in fine control of his character. He has a confidential, flirty softness in his voice and an angelic, secret smile; his lips dimple up at the corners—he seems to be smiling in his head. The discreet Charlie is the maître d' of a Village restaurant, and he enjoys being suave and professional, and puckering up to signal a kiss to the hat-check girl across the room. He's a smoothie with women—it's easy to see what has attracted Diane (Daryl Hannah), his Wasp girlfriend from Maine, who teaches aerobics. Eric Roberts' Paulie, who holds his job as a waiter because of Charlie but skims so much off his checks that he gets both of them fired, is a thin, nervous, jumpy mess, and the performance may seem irritatingly mannered. Besides, you can't help dreading the violent consequences of the stupid robbery that he involves Charlie in. But whether through the fault of the director, or the way Charlie's role is written, or Rourke himself, Charlie doesn't appear to have enough interior life to sustain audience interest. He's slightly withdrawn—maybe a little passive—and he lets the babbling, crazily extroverted Paulie talk him into things. Then, when he's disgusted with himself for having let Paulie louse up his plans, he bops Paulie, slapping him around in the manner of the Three Stooges. It's a tiresome, unpleasant reflex—a limited man's reflex—and he uses it repeatedly, without variations (which suggests that Rourke is a limited, repetitive actor). When Diane walks out on Charlie, he punches the wall in rage and dismay, and his readiness to explode seems no more than a convention of the genre. Rourke's light, soothing vocal range works against these explosions; when he goes into a rage, nothing ever snaps—there doesn't seem to be anything in him that *could* snap. His rages are polished. And we don't feel that he really has all that much pent-up energy—that he's keeping the lid on something. Rourke has humor (which counts for a lot), and he plays his scenes several shades cooler than they require—that's his style. But he isn't as daring here as he has been in smaller roles (the professional arsonist in "Body Heat," Boogie the girl chaser in "Diner"), and he doesn't take himself a quarter of an inch further than he has gone before. He may be miscast: his Charlie seems too rational to put up with Paulie. Probably what we need to see is that although Charlie thinks he's hip and in control, in the back of his head he has the suspicion that maybe Paulie's demented ideas will work, and so he's the eternal patsy—something in him wants to be caught up in folly.

Paulie is childishly (and pitifully) dependent on Charlie, but it's clear that Paulie has a spark—that he's the leader (even if only in getting them in trouble). And Eric Roberts' weird, out-at-the-edge performance gives the picture whatever drive and point it has. Roberts dominates the film; what goes on between the two actors seems to parallel what goes on between the characters. Roberts is trying for something outré: he goes way past realism into a stylized, exaggerated clowning.

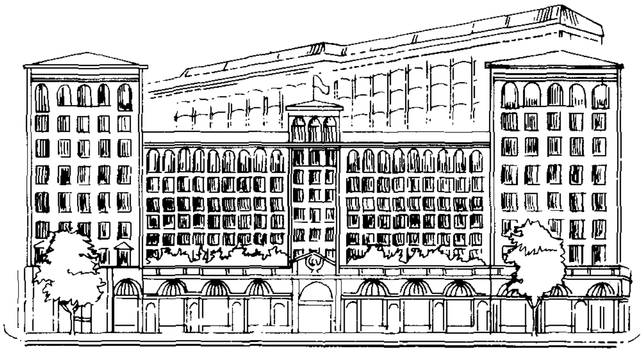


"Oh, it's you, John. Since when are you J.B.?"

It may be that Rourke's cool is what makes Roberts go so far; Roberts may be trying to shake Rourke up, so he'll have something to play against. His head covered with tight curls, he has an androgynous quality here, and in his tight, hot-shot clothes (no hip pockets, tan shoes) he looks like a Pre-Raphaelite pimp. His manner is often heady and nonchalant; his words seem to get tangled in his upper lip, but when they come out they're bitchy and persnickety. And there are scenes in which, despite Charlie and Paulie's tough-guy talk about women and their ritualized contempt for "fags," Paulie calls up echoes of Chris Sarandon's nakedly desperate candidate for a sex-change operation in "Dog Day Afternoon." Roberts keeps us guessing: Are these overtones a deliberate choice, or is it that he was having fun with the cliché role, trying to make it work, and it went nelly on him? Two macho Italian fellows aren't likely to walk with their arms around each other in the Village—especially in the Village. Are we supposed to see Charlie and Paulie's arm-in-arm saunter as a put-on of some sort? Are the actors kidding buddy-buddy movies, or are Charlie and Paulie pretending to be so supremely confident of their masculinity that they can tease the world? Paulie's head is held high; he sniffs the air like a dowager. There's no way to be sure how we're meant to take this display.

Roberts succeeds in bringing off some wild effects, though. When Paulie gets scared, he has to urinate. With his bloodshot eyes and anxious expression, he's like a toy dog—a neurotic little poodle—that needs to go out all the time. He shifts from leg to leg, in the nervous rhythm that he has anyway—this is just another part of him that gets jazzed up. Roberts made me laugh in surprise several times, and I don't know of any other young actor who could give this role the final, impervious-to-reason charm that he does. I don't know of anyone else who goes so far from himself in a role. He's barely recognizable as the star of "King of the Gypsies" and "Raggedy Man" and "Star 80;" all I remember from "King of the Gypsies" is that he glowered proudly, but, whatever the range of his other roles, he has always been at its extreme end, reaching further into the character than seemed possible. In "Raggedy Man," he went to an extreme of openness—he went to the heart of openness. Here, as Paulie, he goes to the heart of gaga op-

Always a superb choice



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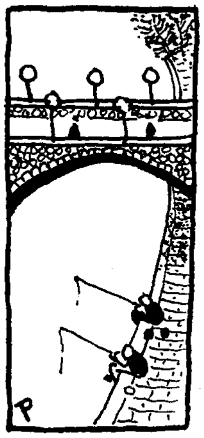
timism. Roberts doesn't keep his feet firmly on the ground; that's what makes him initially hard to take. But he's probably the most imaginative high flier of the younger actors. He has the audacity to risk going too far for the audience, and maybe even bewildering it. I've heard people say that he spoils this picture, but if he had given a less original performance the picture would be deadly.

Bad as the movie is, it's fun to watch these two—Rourke being fatherly and tolerant, Roberts spinning off into space. "The Pope" is like those old studio-factory melodramas, where you can't figure out what the director and the actors had in mind, or whether it was anything like the same thing. In one scene, Charlie, worried about Paulie's health, fixes him food and feeds him, and the scene goes on long enough to make you wonder if Stuart Rosenberg is trying to suggest a deep, loving attachment between the two or if he's just being clunky. Scene after scene makes you uneasy, because the director doesn't appear to take into account the meanings that are floating around. (Checking in the book is no help; you just get into a book-movie "Rashomon.") The picture is by no means carelessly made; a great deal of planning has gone into the thriving Little Italy atmosphere, and the imagery (John Bailey was the cinematographer) has a shine, though the interiors may be a bit too elegantly dark and "rich." But "The Pope" is a pointlessly handsome production; it's a shallow movie that gives itself heavyweight airs. It's a candied "Mean Streets," evenly and impersonally paced; it has no temperament—it doesn't even have any get-up-and-go.



That's what the performers help to compensate for. As the detestable lump of a Mafia boss Bedbug Eddie, Burt Young is better than he has been in years; sitting at a table in the back room of an Italian men's "social club," he leans forward to conduct an inquisition on Paulie, and his mad little porcine eyes are outposts of Hell on earth. As Geraldine Page's conniving cop son who has put in his twenty years on the force, Jack Kehoe has just the right kind of cagey, sallow anonymity. Tony Musante, M. Emmet Walsh, Philip Bosco, and several other actors have big moments. Kenneth McMillan, who has slimmed down about fifty pounds, has been handed a role that's drenched in pathos: he's Barney, the old safecracker who needs to pull off one last job in order to provide for his retarded son. Honorable actor that he is, McMillan dries it out; it's a sly, astute performance—the ex-con Barney lets others speak first while he gauges how far he can trust them. The director, though, can't resist shooting the scenes so that you'll admire McMillan's demonstration of restraint. Stuart Rosenberg must really like actors who pour it on; when they have too much pride, he pours it on for them.

He doesn't do much for Daryl Hannah, though. She isn't given anything more to play than Diane, the aerobics teacher. That's the kind of occupation moviemakers select for a woman now, because it allows them to get some movement into her scenes; Diane is a blank—essentially, she's a physically stronger version of the sexy schoolmarm of earlier movies, and that makes Charlie and Diane a dull pair. Maybe the moviemakers think blankness *is* Diane's character—that could be how they think of a Wasp (without considering what goes on underneath). In the scheme of the movie, Diane stands for hypocritical Wasp preachiness. But shouldn't she at least have some qualities that make it apparent why the guy who is attached to Paulie is also attached to her? It would certainly be livelier if, say, Diane were as much of a nut case as Paulie but in a hidden way and in an opposite direction—if, maybe, she were as security-mad or as respectability-mad as Paulie is blithely unaware that there's a next week. (Teaching aerobics might be what a security-minded girl would feel safe in, on the theory that people will always need to be healthy.) Actually, Daryl Hannah does have a big scene, but it's not a display of her acting. Diane has a conversation with Charlie while she's standing in front of a mirror trying on clothes. That way, each time she's down to her undies the audience gets to see her fore and aft. When Charlie and Paulie fuss over their outfits, the scenes are about what clothes mean to the characters; the Daryl Hannah scene is about giving the audience an eyeful. The director's obvious manipulation has the quality of a joke being played on the actress, but the joke backfires, and part of the audience laughs—not at Daryl Hannah, who's so great-looking that she can take people's breath away, but at the lack of finesse of the director, who couldn't find a better way to show her off.

A pretty good case could be made that "The Pope of Greenwich Village" is really a consumer-oriented movie about food and clothing. It's full of scenes featuring people eating or talking about eating. Paulie the bum is an aesthete on the subject of cuisine; he's haughty and offended when he's expected to eat ordinary fare. And the film opens with Charlie putting on his sharpest duds to go to his job at the restaurant; the music that accompanies him is Frank Sinatra's record of "Summer Wind," with that Sinatra phrasing that sounds so sexy and easy. The connection is made for us: that's the way Charlie wants to feel—he wants that buoyant, graceful high. And that's how Paulie *does* feel when he's dressed in spiffy leather and eating fine food and sipping good cognac; everything else goes out of his head. These two hoodlum connoisseurs of food and fabrics are soft; they're infantile narcissists who steal so they can dress up. And with so much attention given to Charlie and Paulie's coquettish wardrobes, there may be some potential comedy in the fact that Diane is in leotards most of the time. Part of what makes this a contemporary movie is that Charlie and Paulie care more about what they're wearing than the women do. Diane doesn't need to worry about clothes. —PAULINE KAEL

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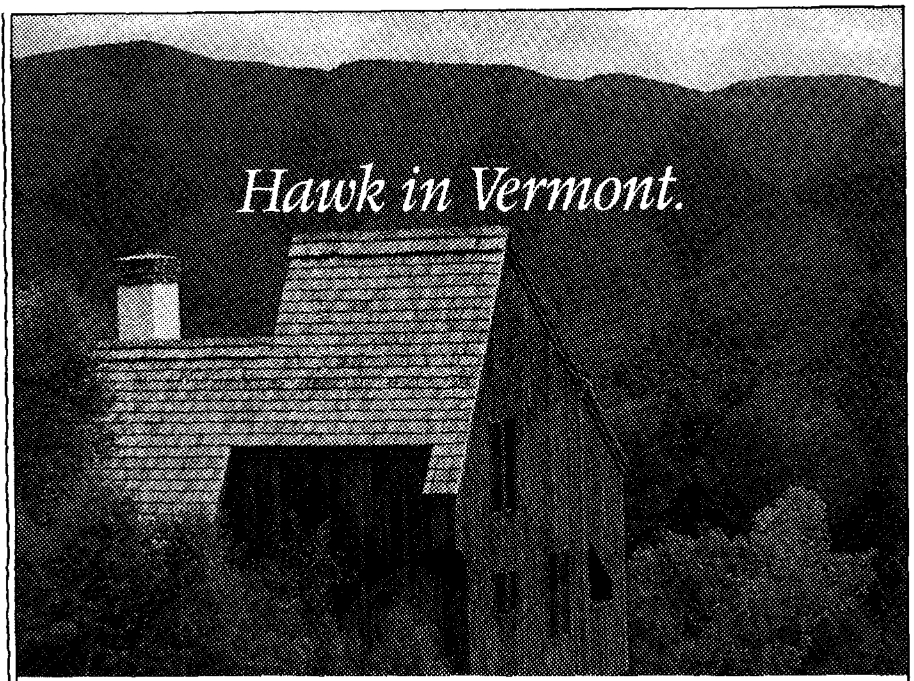
Most of the $600 million difference between the House and the Senate on life insurance industry taxation was the off-the-top deduction allowed from income. The House version was 25 percent, while the Senate, which wanted to limit the revenue loss, called for 25 percent. The conferees chose the 25 percent.—*The Times.*

Way to go, conferees!

•

The American Henley is a premier rowing race that promises to attract competitors from all over the United States and Canada. Over 300 racers are expected and if the weather is favorable local spectators will be high.—*The Communicator, newsletter of the Greater Corning (N.Y.) Area Chamber of Commerce.*

Some started a little early.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

Clipped Wings

MY fondness for "Madama Butterfly," one of the first operas I saw, has never faltered. I'm prepared to defend the piece against all detractors, to praise its formal structure, scoring, subtlety, emotional honesty, relevance to modern life. But what I defend and praise is not always what gets performed. Most accounts of the opera declare simply that a first-night failure was followed a few months later by a revised version, which triumphed. In fact, there are four main versions of "Butterfly." I'll refer to them as "Milan," "Brescia," "Washington," and "Paris."

The fiasco of the first performance, at La Scala in February, 1904, is a mystery of music history more puzzling than the failures of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "La Traviata," the Paris "Tannhäuser," and Britten's "Gloriana" at their opening nights. Plausible reasons—if not justifications—for the initially bad reception of those operas can be found, but no reasons sufficient to explain why "Butterfly" should have been received with such derision that Puccini immediately withdrew it. Critics by no means deaf to the merits of the opera seemed equally surprised. Giovanni Pozza, in the *Corriere della Sera*, reported that "the public that had assembled in the theatre in the assurance of witnessing a new triumph for its favorite composer passed without transitions from excessive optimism to harsh criticism, condemning without consideration."

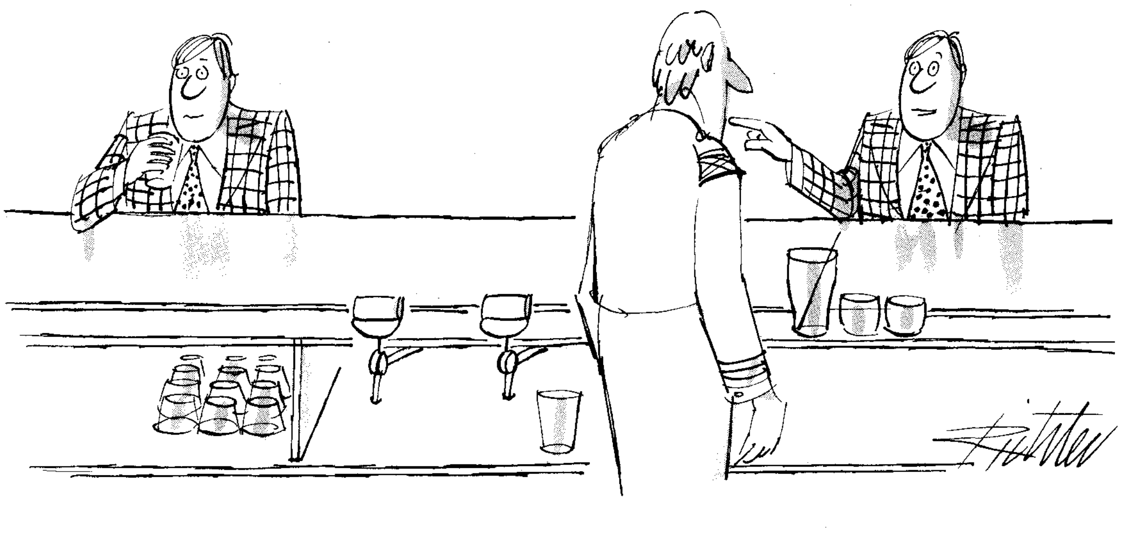
There was a strong cast: Rosina Storchio in the title role, Giovanni Zenatello as Pinkerton, Giuseppe De Luca as Sharpless—singers whose accomplishment can still be admired on records. The second act (which in modern librettos and most modern performances is divided into Acts II and III) was long, it is true. Puccini himself while scoring it had called it "eternal." Giuseppe Giacosa, who collaborated on the libretto with Luigi Illica, had called it "interminable" and "against common sense." Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the manager of La Scala, tells in his memoirs of an animated discussion, after the pre-dress rehearsal, about whether the act should be divided. Puccini was against it. Back in 1902, he had insisted to Illica that there should be only two acts—"reaching the end having held the public nailed to their seats for an hour and a half! Monstrous, but the life of the opera depends on it." Act I was based on John Luther Long's story "Madame Butterfly" (1898), Act II on the one-act play David Belasco made from it (1900). And Belasco thought Butterfly's night-long vigil (where in the opera the second intermission would come) the supreme achievement of his theatrical career. In "The Theater Through Its Stage Door," he wrote:

> To portray this episode, Blanche Bates was compelled to hold the stage for fourteen minutes without uttering a word. . . . There was not a dissenting voice in the criticism of that scene. My experiment was hazardous, but it succeeded, and its success was due entirely to its imaginative appeal.

Puccini saw Belasco's production in London in 1900. He clad the famous scene in his humming chorus and the orchestral interlude depicting daybreak, the stirring of activity in the port below, and the thoughts passing through Butterfly's mind as she stands there in her wedding dress, awaiting her errant husband's return. The composer, like the playwright, set great store by the scene. His experiment was hazardous, and it did not succeed: to the dawn birdsong, the Milanese audience added its own chorus of avian and animal noises.

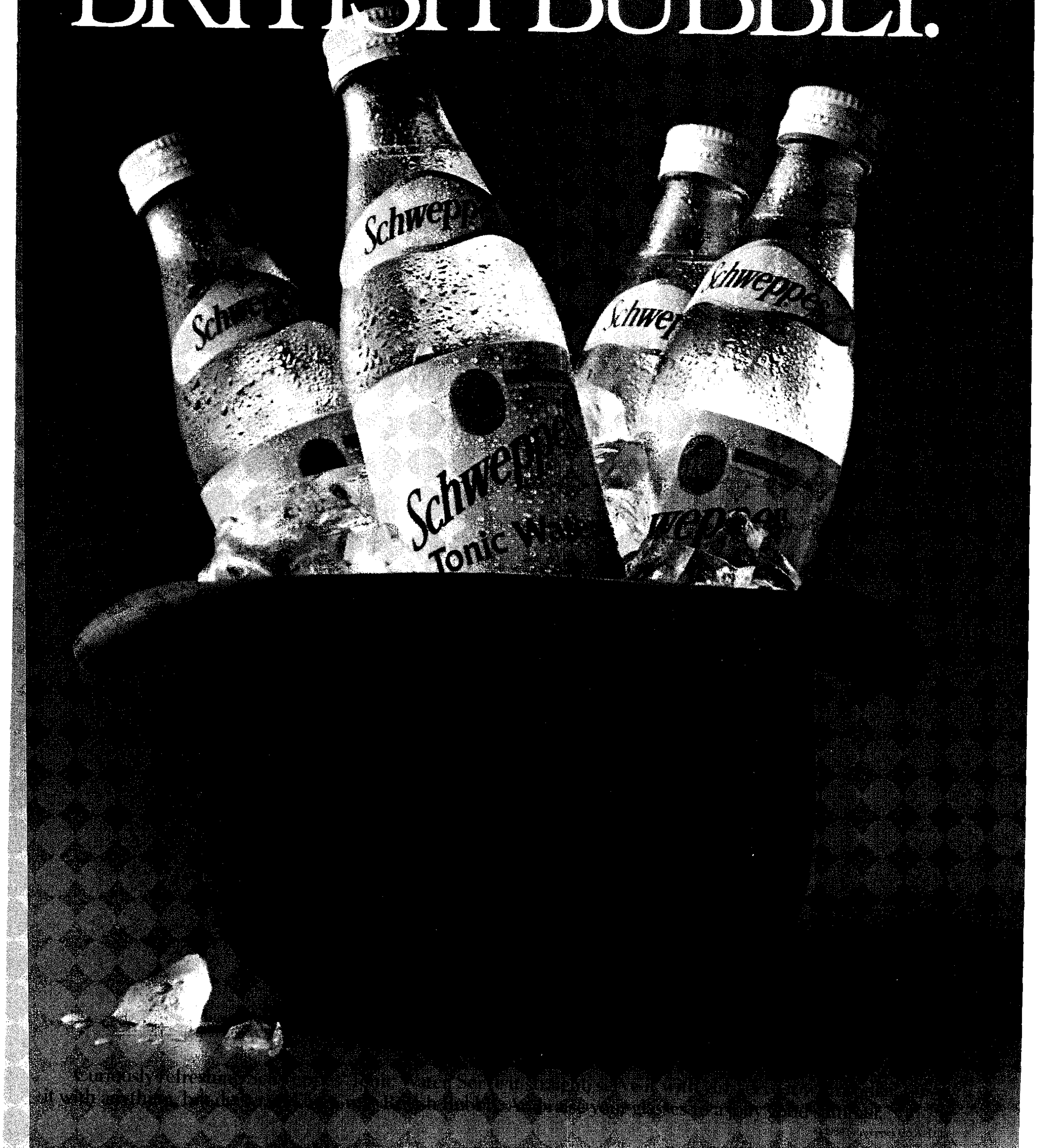
Three months later, "Butterfly" appeared at Brescia, with a new heroine, Salomea Krusceniski, but the same Pinkerton and Sharpless and the same conductor, Cleofonte Campanini. Then, in July, Toscanini conducted "Butterfly" in Buenos Aires, with Storchio, Edoardo Garbin (the first Fenton), and Pasquale Amato. These very successful performances made "Butterfly" the repertory opera it has been, nationally and internationally, ever since. The controversial Act II was now divided by an intermission. Puccini rewrote the principal motif of Butterfly's entrance song, whose earlier kinship to a phrase of Mimi's the Milanese audience had been quick to spot and mock, and rewrote key phrases in the final scene. A few cuts were made (the only substantial ones being Goro's presentation to Pinkerton of the bride's friends and relations en masse and Uncle Yakusidé's drunken song). The tenor arietta "Addio fiorito asil" was added. The show must have lasted longer than the Milan première, for several numbers were encored, among them "Un bel dì," the letter duet, the flower duet, and the humming chorus. (In Milan, added reasons for the spectators' displeasure had been the composer's refusal to come onstage for a call after the flower duet—one piece that did please them—and the absence of an encore.) A revised score ("Brescia") was published.

In 1906, "Butterfly" had its first English-language performances, in America. The Savage Opera Company took it on a six-month coast-to-coast tour, opening in Washington in October and playing New York in November. Tito Ricordi, who had directed the Scala première, came over to supervise it. A third, bilingual score ("Wash-



"I'll have whatever he's having."

SCHWEPPES. THE GREAT BRITISH BUBBLY.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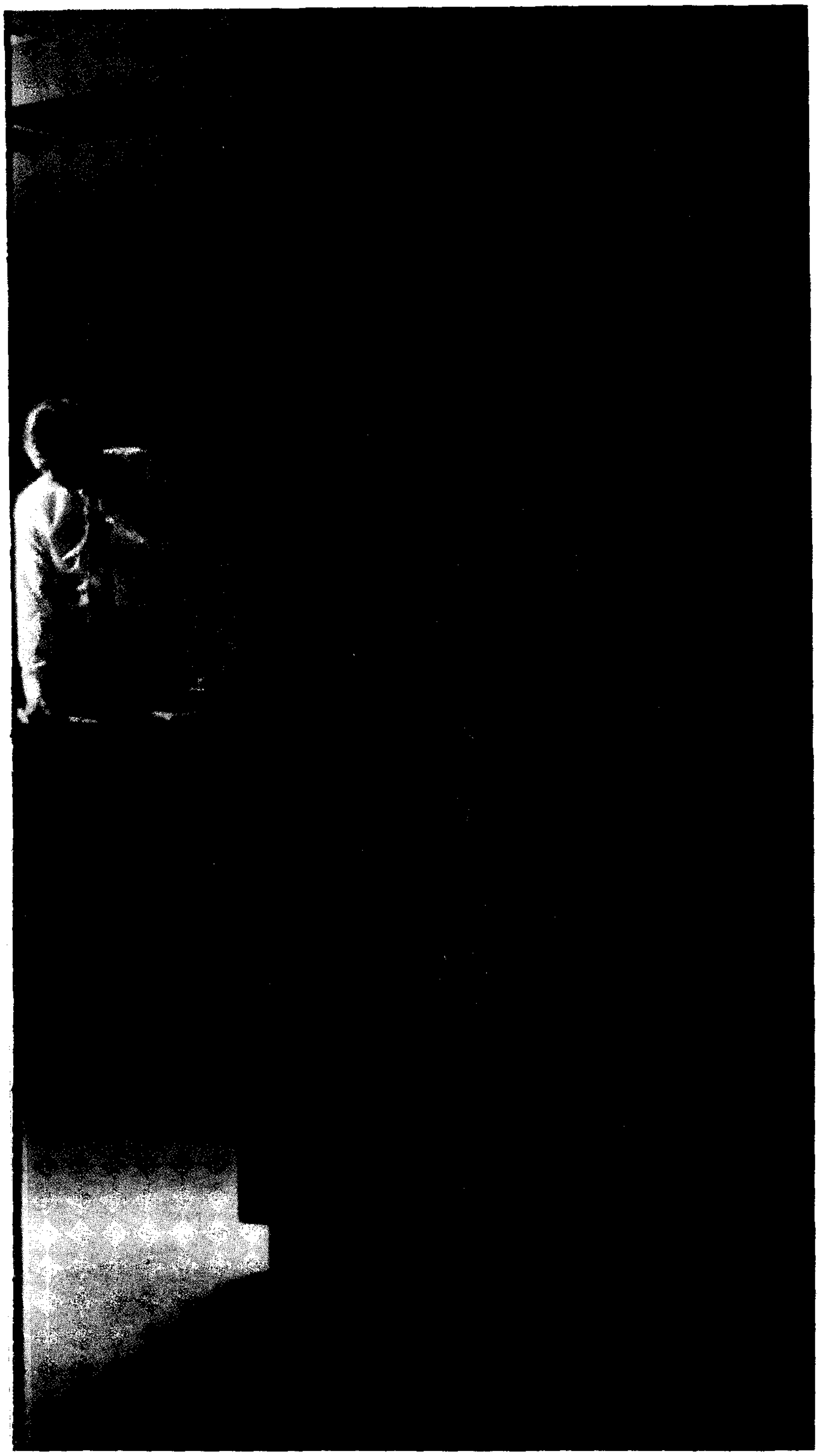

You could say Rhett Butler has been a member of the Business Class since he was 17. That's when he decided to become an international businessman. By 38 he had not only built a career in international business, he also was president of GTE Directories Corporation. Today that means he manages over 5000 people in 16 countries on five continents.

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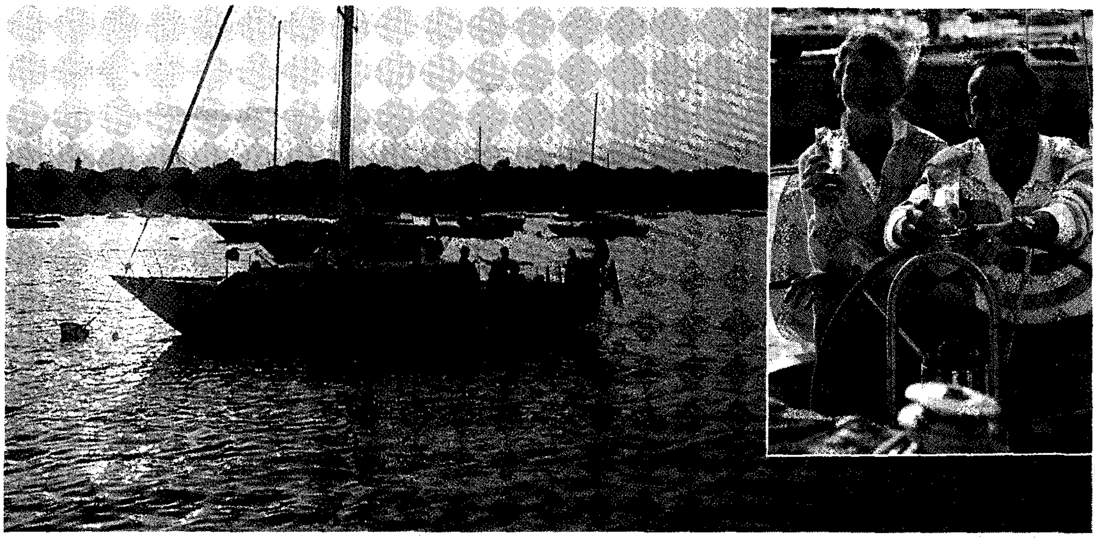
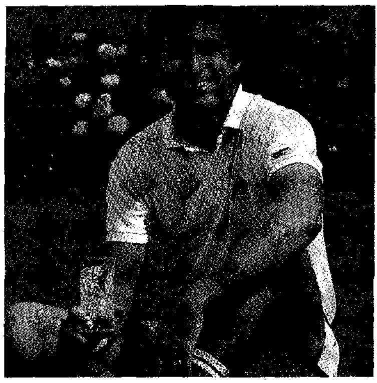


For "Jazz" skipper John Fisher, there's no better sailing than breezy Marblehead. And no better way to celebrate sailing than with a Puerto Rican white rum and tonic. Crew member Grace Rowe obviously agrees.

Above Seattle's Lake Washington, architect Ray Merriwether and wife Barbara enjoy rum and tonic.



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For free "Light Rums of Puerto Rico" recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. NR-1, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, N.Y., NY 10104 ©1984 Government of Puerto Rico ington") was published. Five further cuts had been made: two more scraps of the wedding scene, a stretch of the flower duet, Butterfly's little song to the baby before the vigil, and the episode in which with quiet dignity she refuses the pay-off money that Pinkerton has left with Sharpless.

So far, the characterization of Butterfly has not changed, though she loses some telling passages. "Addio fiorito asil" gives the tenor more to sing but, with its repeated "Son vil!," makes a callous, cowardly fellow maudlin as well. The drastic alteration of "Butterfly" was done for the Opéra-Comique production of December, 1906. Numerous cuts were proposed by its director, Albert Carré, and his wife, Marguerite, who sang Cio-Cio-San. Puccini accepted them, despite his initial doubts; he had nicknamed Marguerite Carré Mme. Pomme de Terre. Two more large cuts were made in the wedding scene. Pinkerton was further "prettified": he no longer decided to call the servants Mugs 1, 2, and 3; no longer ordered them to serve candied spiders and flies and other disgusting dainties of *Nipponeria* to the bridal party. Kate Pinkerton was all but written out of the final scene. (Sharpless and Butterfly take over most of her lines.) Eighteen orchestral bars were inserted into the flower duet, to allow more time for floral arrangement. Mme. Pomme de Terre's role was lightened, and she was simplified into a straightforwardly pathetic heroine. All this had a sentimentalizing effect: passages that are sharp, ironical, critical, or dramatically intricate have gone. The French Cio-Cio-San no longer says that, since she has cost Pinkerton a hundred yen, she will make it up to him by living frugally. In the love duet, she skips thirty-seven bars—the shy confession that when the marriage-broker first approached her she was reluctant to be sold to a foreign barbarian. From the suicide scene she drops her murmuring of an old song (accompanied by bare parallel fifths):

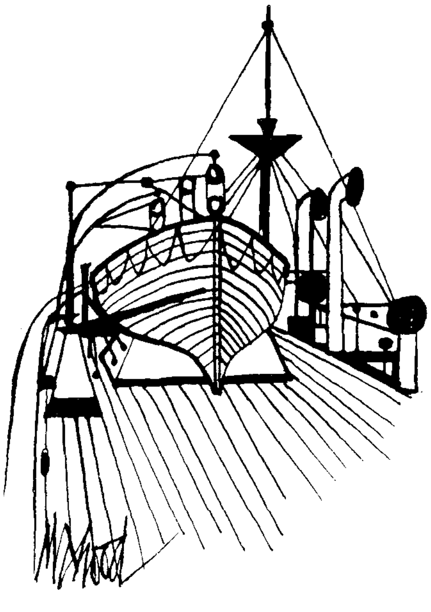
> He entered the closed gates,
> took the place of everything—he left—
> and left nothing behind,
> nothing but death.

The Paris "Butterfly" was a success. Puccini now had a surefire, performer-proof version, less adventurous and less interesting than the work he first composed but unproblematical and easier to stage. A fourth score ("Paris") was published, and became the definitive version. Julian Smith, who has edited a new edition of the opera for Ricordi, summed it up thus, in a paper read to the Royal Musical Association in 1980:

> The original "Butterfly" was a daring opera, unconventional in its structure, and unsparing in its delivery of what for its time was an unusually pointed moral and social message. The Milan audience of 1904 rejected the former, and Albert Carré, on behalf of the bourgeois Parisians, successfully diluted the latter. And so Puccini's original "Butterfly" underwent a tragic metamorphosis, from which it emerged perilously close to sentimental melodrama.

Since the sentimental melodrama has been delighting audiences for seventy-seven years, the work's vicissitudes in the three years before that might seem to be old history that can be left to academe. Not so, however: opera companies the world over have begun to abandon unquestioned adherence to the standard version—the Berlin Comic Opera, the Welsh National, the Opera Company of Boston, the English National, the Paris Opera. In eleven days of 1982, La Fenice, in Venice, played four performances of "Milan" and four of "Paris" in alternation. Recently, the Opera Theatre of St. Louis produced "Washington" (closer to "Brescia" than it is to "Paris"), while City Opera's revival of "Paris" afforded a comparison.

But not a straight comparison. If the St. Louis production proved far more enjoyable, interesting, and moving, this was not solely because "Washington" is a richer score. The show started with three other advantages (and one disadvantage). It was sung in English; it had principals with fresh young voices; and the director, Bliss Hebert, had directed the opera Puccini wrote. (On the other hand, since the pit is too small to hold Puccini's orchestra, Ettore Panizza's reduced score was used. It is skillfully made, but the climaxes lack emotional punch.) The City Opera had the full orchestra, but the piece was sung in Italian; the soprano and the tenor sounded frayed; and Frank Corsaro had directed a variation on Puccini's drama which was at many points at odds with the music and in most points less effective than the original. Neither décor was pleasing, but Allen Charles Klein's, in St. Louis, was at least practicable. In New York, Lloyd Evans awkwardly divides Butterfly's dwelling into two buildings.



In St. Louis, Maria Spacagna was a touching, detailed, and delicate heroine. Sopranos of every kind have undertaken the role with success—from (at Covent Garden) Emmy Destinn, an Aida, to Maggie Teyte, a Mélisande; from (at the Met) Destinn and Elisabeth Rethberg to Renata Scotto and Teresa Stratas. Storchio, Puccini's first Butterfly, made her Scala début in 1895, aged eighteen, as Sophie (in "Werther"). She was a Susanna, a Manon, Toscanini's Gretel. Krusceniski, the second Butterfly, was Toscanini's Salome and Isolde at La Scala, and a Brünnhilde. The heavy Butterflies excel in emotional force and tragic power, the light ones at portraying the fifteen-year-old "plaything" (as Mrs. Pinkerton, in the story and the play, calls Butterfly) whose trust, dignity, maternal tenderness, and depth of feeling shame the insensitive, patronizing Westerners. Miss Spacagna is a young lyric soprano whose tones are still sweet, true, and unforced. In her phrasing, her acting, and her use of the words she covered, as if by instinct, a wide emotional range. The lullaby was particularly beautiful. Tonio DiPaolo, the Pinkerton, had some brave ringing notes, but the voice did not flow effortlessly, and his mind seemed to be more on his singing than on the character. Joseph Rescigno conducted a performance admirably responsive to the singers' phrasing.

The City Opera staging—Mr. Corsaro's production has been revived by Christian Smith—is a bag of tricks. At the start, Pinkerton has brought three tippling shipmates along with him—three stooges who pour whisky down the servants' throats, who clown mutely except for an enthusiastic shout of "Whisky!" when Pinkerton offers the consul milk punch or whisky. In Act II, Butterfly has adopted American dress, a tall American demeanor, a Louise Brooks bob, a pump-handle way of *shaking* hands. She decides *not* to wear her wedding dress during the vigil. There are several bits of "cameo" scene-stealing to take the attention off the principals and what they are singing: by a natty Western photographer, who lights a cigarette and is chided for doing so by Suzuki; by Kate Pinkerton, who runs a finger over some steps to see if they are clean enough to sit on (while the trio, an emotional peak of the drama, is being sung). The raid on the garden, to fill every corner of the house with flowers, yields just one posy in a vase and a single chrysanthemum, whose petals are scattered over the king-size futon Cio-Cio-San has spread in readiness. The production—first staged in 1967, with Francesca Roberto and Placido Domingo—was no doubt once coherent. I hadn't seen it before. It is now an unappealing parade of undergraduate touches sticking out from a background of routine chorus work—in marked contrast to the vivid, musically and dramatically focussed playing of the St. Louis comprimari and choristers. Some of Mr. Corsaro's ideas can be traced back to Long and Belasco; they would be better served by an earlier version of the score. Catherine Lamy's tone broke up and became impure under pressure, and her pitch was often unsure. Riccardo Calleo's timbre was bleak and prosaic. (In 1907, the Savage company recorded the principal numbers, for Columbia; through the heavy surface there rise shining, unforced streams of free, steady sound—and also very clear words. The singers—Renée Vivienne as Butterfly, Vernon Stiles as Pinkerton—were not famous; they achieve a purity and beauty of tone rarely heard, or even sought, today.) Christopher Keene's conducting was alert to the instrumental marvels but emotionally somewhat thin-blooded.

After St. Louis, the "Paris" version seemed impoverished. But straight "Washington" is perhaps not the ideal version for audiences readier than those of 1904-06 to appreciate what Puccini called "the most modern of my operas." As with all works surviving in multiple but not mutually exclusive versions, one must distinguish critically between evident improvements (the "Brescia" rewriting of Butterfly's entrance and of "O a me, sceso dal trono," in the final scene) and compromises of the initial vision made to satisfy a particular singer, director, or

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audience. Some things are perhaps not in doubt: "Butterfly" is better without a second intermission and without "Addio fiorito asil." (The preceding trio does all that is dramatically needed there.) How much of the wedding scene is retained must depend, in part, on the rehearsal time available. How much of Butterfly's role—and what exactly she sings—must depend, in part, on the individual artist. (Destinn, in her 1909 recording of the final scene, keeps the phrase "fior di giglio e di rosa" in the lower octave; for Carré, and the definitive edition, it was raised an octave.) At the Fenice, straight "Milan" was generally deemed inferior to "Paris," but that was a confrontation of extremes. Joachim Herz's blending of "Milan" and "Brescia" (in Berlin and Cardiff) and the English National's similar "best of both" approach seem wiser.

In telling the tale of the four main versions, I have left out much detail. Other scores, old records, and old librettos reveal various transitional stages. What St. Louis performed should perhaps be called "Washington 2"—the third version slipped with two pages containing the "Paris" addition to the flower duet. This score remains in print (Kalmus) and, in fact, has never quite disappeared from English-language stages. (It's the "Butterfly" I got to know at Sadler's Wells and at Covent Garden.) The State Theatre had two different librettos on sale: in the lobby, Souvenir Book Publishers' reprint of the current Ricordi libretto ("Paris," with Ruth and Thomas Martin's English translation) was on sale, and at the box office something more interesting—a reprint, by the Program Publishing Company, of a 1906 Ricordi libretto, basically "Washington" but including some "Milan" lines and even some lines Puccini never set. The libretto to have, however, is that in the English National Opera/Royal Opera *Opera Guide*, No. 26, edited by Nicholas John; it provides the full "Milan" text, with the subsequent cuts and revisions recorded in footnotes. The *Guide* also includes Long's story.

—ANDREW PORTER

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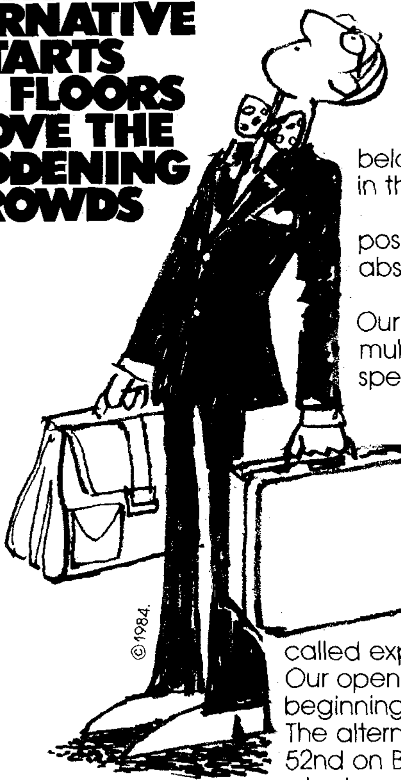

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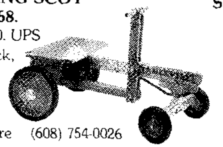

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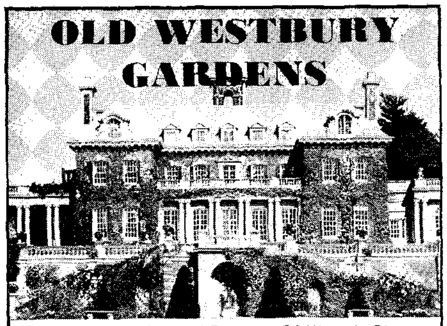

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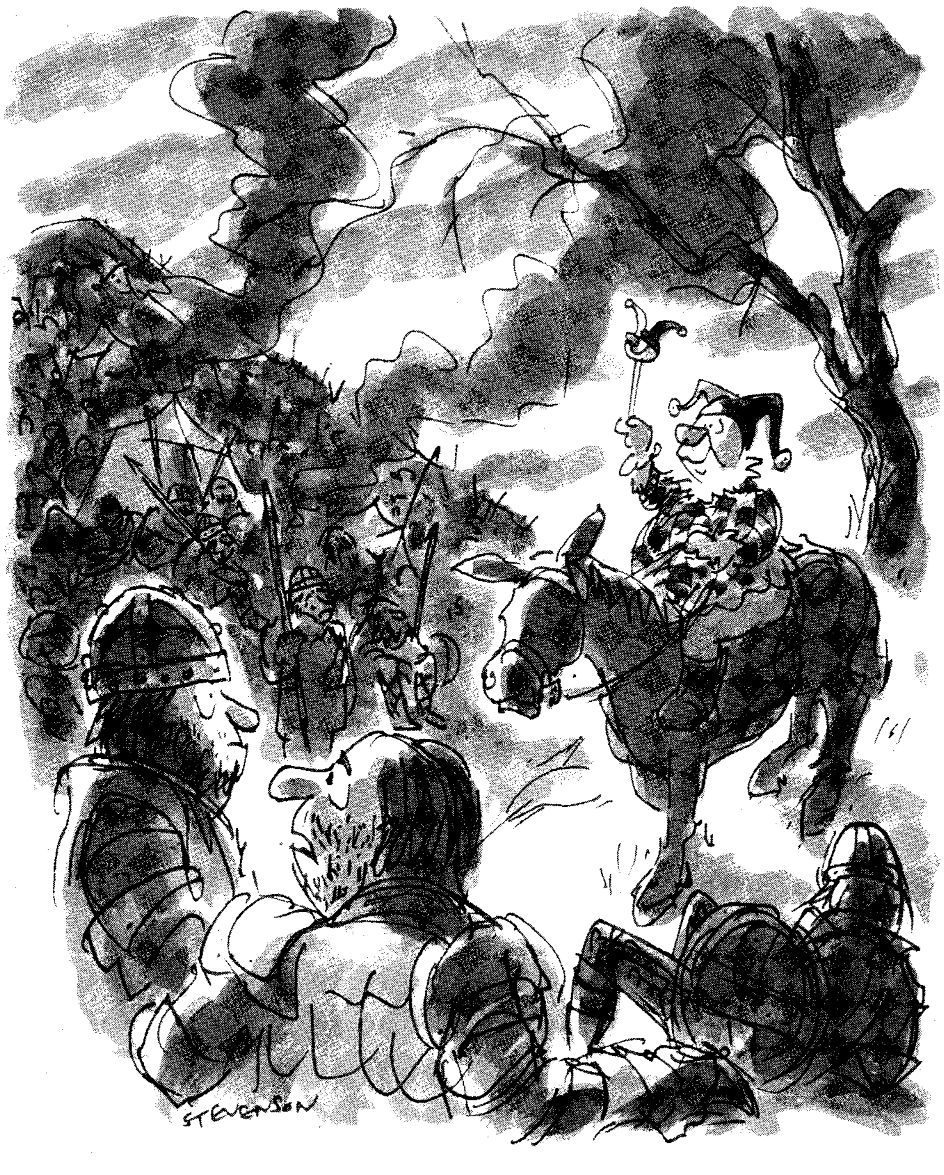
BOOKS

A Romp with Job

Muriel Spark's writing always gives delight; the sentences march under a harsh sun that bleaches color from them but bestows a peculiar, invigorating, Pascalian clarity. Her new novel, "The Only Problem" (Putnam; $14.95), begins:

> He was driving along the road in France from St. Dié to Nancy in the district of Meurthe; it was straight and almost white, through thick woods of fir and birch. He came to the grass track on the right that he was looking for. It wasn't what he had expected. Nothing ever is, he thought.

The thinker is an English clergyman-turned-actor, Edward Jansen; he is going to visit his brother-in-law, Harvey Gotham, a very rich Canadian who has left his elegant wife, Effie, in order to live in a shabby stone cottage in France and compose a monograph upon the Book of Job and the problem of suffering. "For he could not face that a benevolent Creator, one whose charming and delicious light descended and spread over the world, and being powerful everywhere, could condone the unspeakable sufferings of the world; that God did permit all suffering and was therefore, by logic of his omnipotence, the actual author of it, he was at a loss how to square with the existence of God, given the premise that God is good. 'It is the only problem,' Harvey had always said. Now, Harvey believed in God, and this was what tormented him. 'It's the only problem, in fact, worth discussing.' "

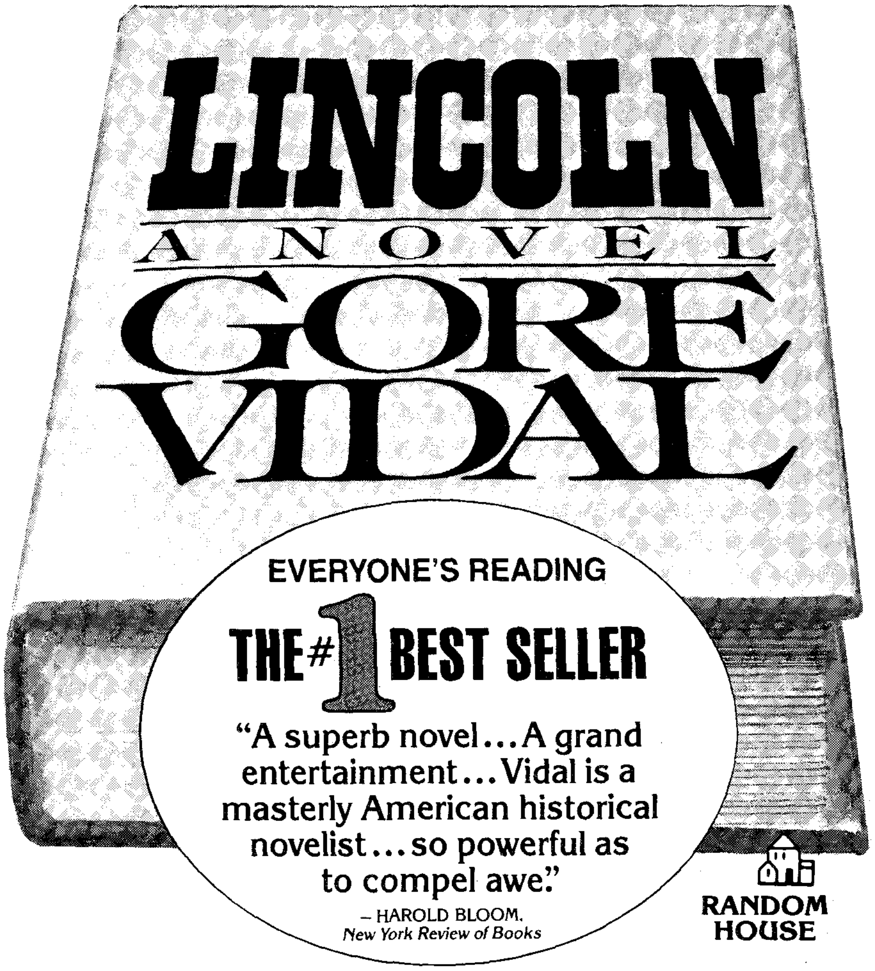


"Here's old What's-His-Name again to entertain the troops."

Mrs. Spark, she has confided to interviewers, composes her novels in small, lined notebooks that she orders from Edinburgh, where she was once a schoolgirl. A scholastic mood of nicety and stricture controls her sentences; notice, for instance, in the long sentence above, how the second half manages to parse, "he was at a loss how to square" picking up the earlier "that God did permit." Unlike all but a few modern writers, Mrs. Spark uses the verb "comprise" correctly, as synonymous with "comprehend" rather than, as often supposed, with "constitute"—"Love comprises among other things a desire for the well-being and spiritual freedom of the one who is loved." Sentiments so firmly phrased issue steadily from the mouths of her characters, who yet never sound pedantic—merely concerned with main things, and efficient in expressing this concern. It is Harvey who tells Edward about love: "If there's anything I can't stand it's a love-hate relationship. . . . The element of love in such a relation simply isn't worthy of the name. It boils down to hatred pure and simple in the end. Love comprises, etc." The author herself can put a moral paradox in a nutshell of an image. A flashback recalls the critical moment, a year before the opening events of "The Only Problem," when Effie offended Harvey by stealing two chocolate bars from a snack bar on an Italian autostrada:

> Effie said, "Why shouldn't we help ourselves? These multinationals and monopolies are capitalizing on us, and two-thirds of the world is suffering." She tore open the second slab, crammed more chocolate angrily into her mouth, and, with her mouth gluttonously full of stolen chocolate, went on raving about how two-thirds of the world was starving.

The problem, perhaps the only problem, with Mrs. Spark's novel is that her habit of pithiness squeezes all softness of feeling from her story, and leaves us with a skeleton of plot that dances to little but comic effect. Harvey Gotham is meant to be a modern Job, but he doesn't seem to suffer. He has no boils; his wealth never departs; and his feelings toward Effie, though indicated as belatedly fond ("Are you still in love with Effie?" "Yes." "Then you're an unhappy man. Why did you leave her?" "I couldn't stand her sociological clap-trap"), do not affect the rather sulky waiting game he plays. While ensconced in his cottage with his research materials on Job, he is visited by a number of comforters, beginning with Edward Jansen in April, and including by August Edward's estranged wife, Ruth, and an infant, called Clara, whom Effie, while away from Harvey, conceived with a lover named Ernie Howe, "an electronics expert." Ruth persuades Harvey to buy the château on whose property the cottage sits, and by Christmas they are visited there by Nathan Fox, a young, educated, and unemployed man previously attached to the Jansens. As Effie's offstage activities heat up, policemen and a policewoman join the throng, not to mention Harvey's London lawyer and his Auntie Pet, all the way from Canada. Yet, somehow, nothing builds. For instance, Nathan Fox is carefully described at the outset ("He was a good-looking boy, tall, with an oval face, very smooth and rather silvery-green in color—really olive. . . . He had a mouth like a Michelangelo angel and teeth so good, clear, strong and shapely it seemed to Edward, secretly, that they were the sexiest thing about him"), and one expects he will blossom into one of this author's great leeches, along the lines of Hubert Mallindaine in "The Takeover" and Patrick Seton in "The Bachelors;" but Nathan manifests few machinations and little presence, and quickly becomes, with Effie, an offstage character. Again, Harvey is said to have developed a fondness for the baby Clara, but she is never shown as anything other than a background squalling, a tiny bundle of greed and noise. Most of Mrs. Spark's characters tend to be such bundles, in varying sizes, and perhaps her overriding message is—to quote Harvey—"the futility of friendship in times of trouble." Her comforters do not comfort, her lovers do not love. And her actors, though she suggests that much of life is "putting on an act," do not, in this book, often act. A number of characters are intently described only to drop utterly from sight: "a lean-faced man with a dark skin gone to muddy grey, bright small eyes and fine features" in "a black suit, shiny with wear; a very white shirt open at the neck; brown, very pointed shoes" is studied by Harvey in a police station, but "who he was, where he came from and why, Harvey was never to know." On the other hand, many pages are consumed by stark and repetitive police grilling. So gappy a narrative fabric



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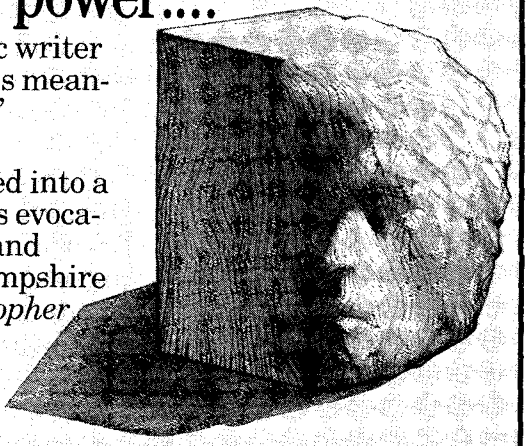

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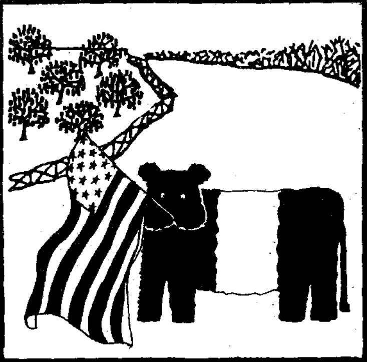

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allows Mrs. Spark's supernatural to peek through; a reality so diminished bespeaks a great Diminisher. Modern Catholic novelists—Graham Greene, Flannery O'Connor, Evelyn Waugh, François Mauriac—commonly present human interplay as unrewarding, as arid, desultory, futile, and often farcical. One answer to "the only problem" which lurks unstated in Mrs. Spark's novel of ideas is that we human reeds are such flimsy, dirty bits of straw we deserve all the suffering we get.

Another answer is offered by Harvey, when he asks himself, "Is it only by recognizing how flat would be the world without the sufferings of others that we know how desperately becalmed our own lives would be without suffering? Do I suffer on Effie's account? Yes, and perhaps I can live by that experience. We all need something to suffer about." This insight comes late in the novel, and presumably represents an advance over his earlier proposal that "the only logical answer to the problem of suffering is that the individual soul has made a pact with God *before he is born, that* he will suffer during his lifetime. We are born forgetful of this pact, of course; but we have made it. Sufferers would, in this hypothesis, be pre-conscious volunteers." Harvey jeers at the solution to the problem apparently advanced by the Book of Job: "God as a character comes out badly, very badly. Thunder and bluster and I'm Me, who are you? Putting on an act." Harvey ignores what seems to me God's crucial challenge, presented in Verse 40:8: "Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous?" That is, God, the creator of Leviathan and Behemoth, Who laid the foundations of the earth and each day shows the dawn its place, will not accept moral subordination to Man; He declines to take instruction from his creature and to be graded by him (A+ for sunsets and flowers, C– for insects and deserts, F for plagues and earthquakes). Expressed non-theologically: existence, including our own, is a mystery, and a critical attitude toward it is not fruitful. The immense notion of Atonement, foreshadowed in Isaiah and enacted in the New Testament, whereby the Creator involves Himself in suffering, does not intrude upon the speculations in "The Only Problem," nor does the possibility that an afterlife rights all earthly imbalances. The world, for Mrs. Spark as for the whirlwind God of Job, is somewhat

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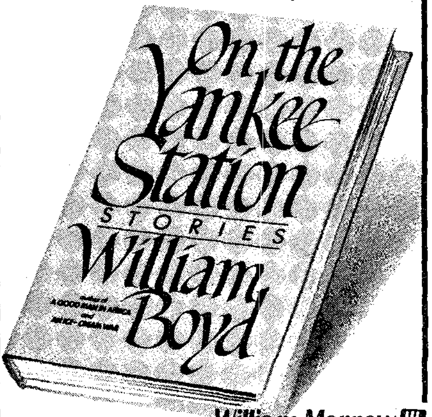

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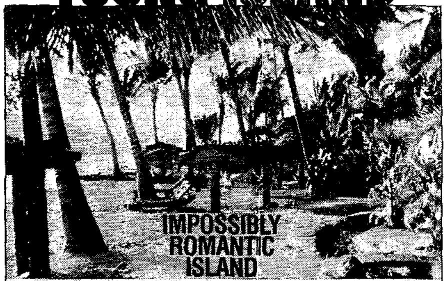

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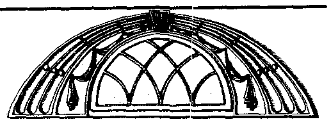

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bigger than hypothetical balances of justice. Harvey and Ruth have this exchange:

> "A matter of justice. A balancing of accounts." This was how Ruth put it to Harvey. "I'm passionate about justice," she said.
>
> "People who want justice," Harvey said, "generally want so little when it comes to the actuality. There is more to be had from the world than a balancing of accounts."

And Effie is specifically linked, by way of a painting by Georges de La Tour, "Job Visité par Sa Femme," which Harvey studies in the museum at Épinal, to Job's wife; Effie strikingly resembles La Tour's representation of the Biblical woman, who advised her husband, "Curse God and die." Social protest, whose extreme form is terrorism, is equated thus with cursing God. The opposite, the holier alternative, is acceptance, even when affluence—the curious state of being rich, more central to Mrs. Spark's later novels than the state of grace—is what must be accepted. Harvey might be speaking of himself when he says of Job, "His tragedy was that of the happy ending."

A good and profound novel lies scattered among the inklings of "The Only Problem," but the author seems distracted and abrupt and to be gazing, often, at other problems. Her first novel, "The Comforters," alluded to Job in its title and was about distraction and the need to write. The heroine heard a typewriter clacking in her head; so does this novel's closest approach to a heroine, Ruth. "Ruth's mother was a free-lance typist and always had some work in hand . . . Ruth used to go to sleep on a summer night hearing the tap-tapping of the typewriter below, and wake to the almost identical sound of the woodpecker in the tree outside her window. Ruth supposed this was Effie's experience too, but when she reminded her sister of it many years later Effie couldn't recall any sound effects." Such differences in hearing make the difference between a terrorist and an artist; Mrs. Spark's last novel, "Loitering with Intent," overtly concerned the heroine's literary vocation, and the religious issue of vocation underlies much of her fiction, more so than the problems of suffering and belief. Suffering and belief are settled matters; vocation requires an active search. Ruth seduces Harvey into buying the château because a woodpecker outside a bedroom window reminds her of a typewriter. To its happy sound she wakes every morning. We are never out of touch, in a Spark novel, with the happiness of creation; the sudden willful largesse of image and wit, the cunning tautness of suspense, the beautifully firm modulations from passage to passage, the wonderfully blunt yet stately dialogues all remind us of the author, the superintending intelligent mind. Though her characters are often odious, and given so parsimonious a portion of sympathy as to barely exist, the web they are caught in is invariably tense and alive.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

AN UNCOMMON MAN: THE TRIUMPH OF HERBERT HOOVER, by Richard Norton Smith (Simon & Schuster; $22.95). A biography of a man and his reputation, this volume examines the reasons Herbert Hoover was first worshipped, then despised, and at last respected. The author recalls the orphan boy who made himself a mining magnate; the administrator of relief in Europe and of the food program in the United States during and after the First World War; the go-ahead Secretary of Commerce in the Old Guard Administrations of Harding and Coolidge. All these successes were—so the country and Hoover himself believed—fittingly rewarded by the Presidency. Elected in 1928, Hoover had only a few months in office before the crash of 1929. His conduct during the next years destroyed his reputation, and Mr. Smith scrutinizes his policies, showing that he was concerned with the suffering of individuals but was wedded to his own ideas and rigidly unwilling to change his mind, take advice, or confide in the American public. His repudiation at the polls in 1932 convinced him only that the voters were wrong. To a deplorable extent, Mr. Smith picks up some of Hoover's attitudes toward the New Deal, portraying it as crackpot radicalism led by the sly F.D.R. Hoover was filled with rage and hatred, and determined upon vindication; he tried to win the Republican nomination in 1936 and in 1940, and criticized other Republican standard-bearers—Landon, Willkie, Dewey. His political judgment was terrible—he supported MacArthur and discovered Nixon—but he never doubted it. This ironic and readable account, rich in detail, reminds us that Hoover's restoration was begun by a Democrat, Harry Truman,

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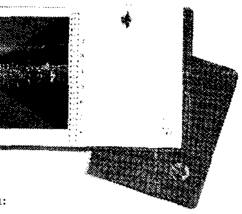

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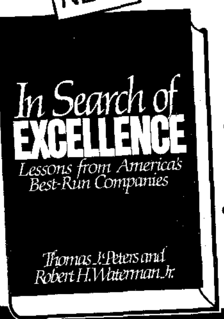
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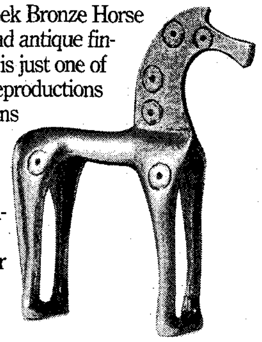

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who asked him to head a commission on government reorganization. In Hoover's old age—he died in 1964, at ninety—public animosity softened. Americans were more chivalrous than their former President, who maintained his vendettas against the living and the dead to his last breath.

D.V., by Diana Vreeland, edited by George Plimpton and Christopher Hemphill (Knopf; $15.95). Diana Vreeland's tall tales—the Chinese chef and the boa constrictor, Josephine Baker and the cheetah—pirouette and slip away like mannequins on a fashion-show runway. A hint of autobiography—shifting from London and Paris to New York—shimmers like moiré under italics-riddled anecdotes, in which Marion Davies is likened to Nell Gwynn, Buffalo Bill to Edward VII, Nijinsky to a pet griffin, and Clark Gable's eyelashes to a Shetland pony's. There is *Harper's Bazaar* ("I was the most economical thing that ever happened to the Hearst Corporation"), and then there is *Vogue* ("I had a leopardskin carpet, I think, and leopardskin upholstery. And scarlet walls. It wasn't at all exotic"), and somewhere in there is the Birth of the Thonged Sandal. There might also have been the Death of the Handbag, but *Harper's Bazaar's* editor said, "Do you realize that our income from handbag advertising is God knows how many millions a year?!" Animals are a favorite motif—zebras at San Simeon, white peacocks in Tunisia—but colors are what Mrs. Vreeland adores, and they linger, unfading, in the reader's eye: greige, an extinct shade of couturier nightgowns; the enigmatic pinks and blues of Mont Blanc at dawn; the red of a demimondaine's camellias; taxicab yellow.

•

DR. WALLACE: School is out and I can't ask my favorite (also smartest) teacher this question so I'm asking you.

I've started collecting coins and on some of them is printed the phrase "E PLURIBUS UNUM." I know it's Greek but I want to know what it means.—TODD, SULPHUR SPRINGS, TEXAS

● The phrase is Latin and means "One out of money." This was an early motto meaning many states—one nation.—*Dr. Wallace, in the Colorado Springs (Colo.) Gazette Telegraph.*

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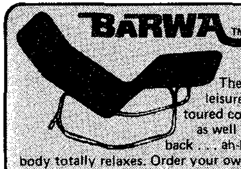

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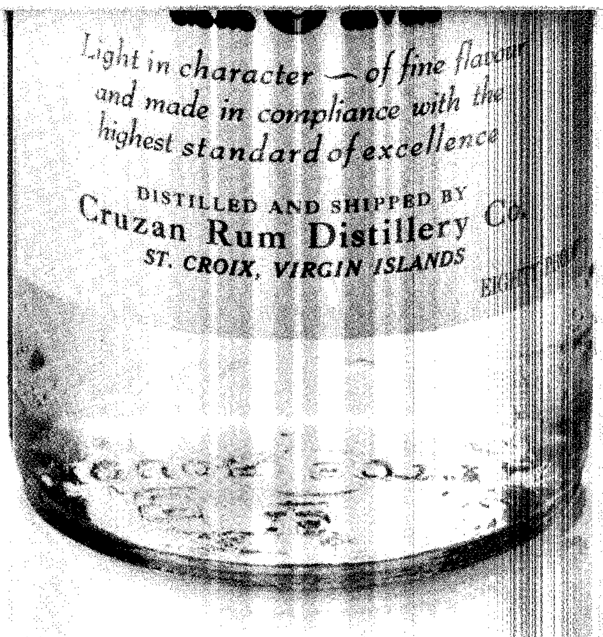
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